THE HISTORY OF *TOM JONES*, A FOUNDLING.

VOL. III.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

——*Mores hominum multorum vidit*——

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THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII. *Containing the Space of twelve Days.*

CHAP. I. *An Invocation.*

COME, bright Love of Fame, inſpire my glowing Breaſt: Not thee I call, who over ſwelling Tides of Blood and Tears, doſt bear the Hero on to Glory, while Sighs of Millions waſt his ſpreading Sails; but thee, fair, gentle Maid, whom *Mneſis*, happy Nymph, firſt on the Banks of *Hebrus* didſt produce. Thee, whom *Mæonia* educated, whom *Mantua* charm'd, and who, on that fair Hill which overlooks the proud Metropolis of *Britain*, ſat, with thy *Milton*, ſweetly tuning the Heroic Lyre; fill my raviſhed Fancy with the Hopes of charming Ages yet to come. Foretel me that ſome tender Maid, whoſe Grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when under the fictitious Name of *Sophia*, ſhe reads the real Worth which once exiſted in my *Charlotte*, ſhall, from her ſympathetic Breaſt, ſend forth the heaving Sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foreſee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future Praiſe. Comfort me by a ſolemn Aſſurance, that when the

little Parlour, in which I ſit at this Inſtant, ſhall be reduced to a worſe furniſhed Box, I ſhall be read, with Honour, by thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee.

And thou, much plumper Dame, whom no airy Forms or Phantoms of Imagination clothe: Whom the well-ſeaſoned Beef, and Pudding richly ſtained with Plumbs, delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a *Trachtchugt* in ſome *Dutch* Canal the fat Ufrow Gelt, impregnated by a jolly Merchant of *Amſterdam*, was delivered: In *Grubſtreet*-School didſt thou ſuck in the Elements of thy Erudition. Here haſt thou, in thy maturer Age, taught Poetry to tickle, not the Fancy, but the Pride of the Patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and ſolemn Air; while Tragedy ſtorms loud, and rends the affrighted Theatres with its Thunder. To ſooth thy wearied Limbs in Slumber, Alderman Hiſtory tells his tedious Tale; and again to awaken thee, Monſieur Romance performs his ſurprizing Tricks of Dexterity. Nor leſs thy well fed Bookſeller obeys thy Influence. By thy Advice the heavy, unread, Folio Lump, which long had dozed on the duſty Shelf, piece-mealed into Numbers, runs nimbly through the Nation. Inſtructed by thee ſome Books, like Quacks, impoſe on the World by promiſing Wonders; while others turn Beaux, and truſt all their Merits to a gilded Outſide. Come, thou jolly Subſtance, with thy ſhining Face, keep back thy Inſpiration, but hold forth thy tempting Rewards; thy ſhining, chinking Heap; thy quickly-convertible Bank bill, big with unſeen Riches; thy often-varying Stock; the warm, the comfortable Houſe; and laſtly, a fair Portion of that bounteous Mother, whoſe flowing Breaſts yield redundant Suſtenance for all her numerous Off-ſpring, did not ſome too greedily and wantonly drive their Brethren from the Teat. Come thou, and if I am too taſteleſs of thy valuable Treaſures, warm my Heart with the tranſporting Thought

of

of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy Bounty, the pratling Babes, whoſe innocent Play hath often been interrupted by my Labours, may one Time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked Pair, this lean Shadow and this fat Subſtance, have prompted me to write, whoſe Aſſiſtance ſhall I invoke to direct my Pen?

Firſt, Genius; thou Gift of Heaven; without whoſe Aid, in vain we ſtruggle againſt the Stream of Nature. Thou, who doſt ſow the generous Seeds which Art nouriſhes, and brings to Perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the Hand, and lead me through all the Mazes, the winding Labyrinths of Nature. Initiate me into all thoſe Myſteries which profane Eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult Taſk, to know Mankind better than they know themſelves. Remove that Miſt which dims the Intellects of Mortals, and cauſes them to adore Men for their Art, or to deteſt them for their Cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the Objects only of Ridicule, for deceiving themſelves. Strip off the thin Diſguiſe of Wiſdom from Self-Conceit, of Plenty from Avarice, and of Glory from Ambition. Come thou, that haſt inſpired thy *Ariſtophanes*, thy *Lucian*, thy *Cervantes*, thy *Rabelais*, thy *Moliere*, thy *Shakeſpear*, thy *Swift*, thy *Marivaux*, fill my Pages with Humour: 'till Mankind learn the Good-nature to laugh only at the Follies of others, and the Humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almoſt the conſtant Attendant on true Genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender Senſations. If thou haſt already diſpoſed of them all between thy *Allen* and thy *Lyttleton*, ſteal them a little while from their Boſoms. Not without theſe the tender Scene is painted. From theſe alone proceed the noble, diſintereſted Friendſhip, the melting Love, the generous Sentiment, the ardent Gratitude, the ſoft Compaſ-

ſion, the candid Opinion; and all thoſe ſtrong Energies of a good Mind, which fill the moiſtened Eyes with Tears, the glowing Cheeks with Blood, and ſwell the Heart with Tides of Grief, Joy, and Benevolence.

And thou, O Learning, (for without thy Aſſiſtance, nothing pure, nothing correct, can Genius produce) do thou guide my Pen. Thee, in thy favourite Fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling *Thames* waſhes thy *Etonian* Banks, in early Youth I have worſhipped. To thee, at thy birchen Altar, with true *Spartan* Devotion, I have ſacrificed my Blood. Come, then, and from thy vaſt luxuriant Stores, in long Antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich Profuſion. Open thy *Mæonian* and thy *Mantuan* Coffers, with whatever elſe includes thy Philoſophic, thy Poetic, and thy Hiſtorical Treaſures, whether with *Greek* or *Roman* Characters thou haſt choſen to inſcribe the ponderous Cheſts: Give me a while that Key, to all thy Treaſures, which to thy *Warburton* thou haſt entruſted.

Laſtly, come, Experience, long converſant with the Wiſe, the Good, the Learned and the Polite. Nor with them only, but with every Kind of Character from the Miniſter at his Levee, to the Bailiff in his Spunging-Houſe; from the Dutcheſs at her Drum, to the Landlady behind her Bar. From thee only can the Manners of Mankind be known; to which the recluſe Pedant, however great his Parts, or extenſive his Learning may be, hath ever been a Stranger.

Come all theſe, and more, if poſſible; for arduous is the Taſk I have undertaken: And, without all your Aſſiſtance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to ſupport. But if you all ſmile on my Labours, I hope ſtill to bring them to a happy Concluſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. II. *What befel Mr.* Jones *on his Arrival in* London.

THE learned Dr. *Miſaubin* uſed to ſay, that the proper Direction to him was, *To Dr.* Miſaubin, *in the World*; intimating, that there were few People in it to whom his great Reputation was not known. And perhaps, upon a very nice Examination into the Matter, we ſhall find that this Circumſtance bears no inconſiderable Part among the many Bleſſings of Grandeur.

The great Happineſs of being known to Poſterity, with the Hopes of which we ſo delighted ourſelves in the preceding Chapter, is the Portion of few. To have the ſeveral Elements which compoſe our Names, as *Sydenham* expreſſes it, repeated a thouſand Years hence, is a Gift beyond the Power of Title and Wealth; and is ſcarce to be purchaſed, unleſs, by the Sword and the Pen. But to avoid the ſcandalous Imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom No-body knows*, (a Scandal, by the by, as old as the Days of *Homer* *) will always be the envied Portion of thoſe, who have a legal Title, either to Honour or Eſtate.

From that Figure, therefore, which the *Iriſh* Peer, who brought *Sophia* to Town, hath already made in this Hiſtory, the Reader will conclude, doubtleſs, it muſt have been an eaſy Matter to have diſcovered his Houſe in *London*, without knowing the particular Street or Square which he inhabited, ſince he muſt have been one *whom every Body knows*. To ſay the Truth, ſo it would have been to any of thoſe Tradeſmen who are accuſtomed to attend the Regions of the Great: For the Doors of the Great are generally no leſs eaſy to find, than it is difficult to get Entrance into

* See the 2d Odyſſey, v. 175.

into them. But *Jones*, as well as *Partridge*, was an entire Stranger in *London*; and as he happened to arrive firſt in a Quarter of the Town, the Inhabitants of which have very little Intercourſe with the Houſeholders of *Hanover* or *Groſvenor* Square, (for he entered through *Grays-Inn* Lane) ſo he rambled about ſome Time, before he could even find his Way to thoſe happy Manſions, where Fortune ſegregates from the Vulgar, thoſe magnanimous Heroes, the Deſcendants of antient *Britons*, *Saxons*, or *Danes*, whoſe Anceſtors being born in better Days, by ſundry Kinds of Merit, have entailed Riches and Honour on their Poſterity.

Jones, being at length arrived at thoſe terreſtrial *Elyſian* Fields, would now ſoon have diſcovered his Lordſhip's Manſion; but the Peer unluckily quitted his former Houſe when he went for *Ireland*; and as he was juſt entered into a new one, the Fame of his Equipage had not yet ſufficiently blazed in the Neighbourhood: So that after a ſucceſsleſs Enquiry, 'till the Clock had ſtruck Eleven, *Jones*, at laſt, yielded to the Advice of *Partridge*, and retreated to the *Bull* and *Gate* in *Holborn*, that being the Inn where he had firſt alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that Kind of Repoſe, which uſually attends Perſons in his Circumſtances.

Early in the Morning he again ſet forth in Purſuit of *Sophia*; and many a weary Step he took to no better Purpoſe than before. At laſt, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her Power to diſappoint him, he came into the very Street which was honoured by his Lordſhip's Reſidence; and being directed to the Houſe, he gave one gentle Rap at the Door.

The Porter, who, from the Modeſty of the Knock, had conceived no high Idea of the Perſon approaching, conceived but little better from the Appearance of Mr. *Jones*, who was dreſt in a Suit of Fuſtian,

and

and had by his Side the Weapon formerly purchaſed of the Serjeant; of which, though the Blade might be compoſed of well-tempered Steel, the Handle was compoſed only of Braſs, and that none of the brighteſt. When *Jones*, therefore, enquired after the young Lady, who had come to Town with his Lordſhip, this Fellow anſwered ſurlily, 'That there was no 'Ladies there.' *Jones* then deſired to ſee the Maſter of the Houſe; but was informed that his Lordſhip would ſee no Body that Morning. And upon growing more preſſing, the Porter ſaid, 'He had poſitive 'Orders to let no Perſon in; but if you think pro-'per,' ſaid he, 'to leave your Name, I will ac-'quaint his Lordſhip; and if you call another Time, 'you ſhall know when he will ſee you.'

Jones now declared, 'that he had very particular 'Buſineſs with the young Lady, and could not de-'part without ſeeing her.' Upon which the Porter, with no very agreeable Voice or Aſpect, affirmed, 'That there was no young Lady in that Houſe; and,' conſequently, 'none could he ſee;' adding, 'Sure 'you are the ſtrangeſt Man I ever met with, for you 'will not take an Anſwer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular Deſcription of *Cerberus*, the Porter of Hell, in the 6th *Æneid*, *Virgil* might poſſibly intend to ſatyrize the Porters of the great Men in his Time; the Picture, at leaſt, reſembles thoſe who have the Honour to attend at the Doors of our great Men. The Porter in his Lodge, anſwers exactly to *Cerberus* in his Den, and, like him, muſt be appeaſed by a Sop, before Acceſs can be gained to his Maſter. Perhaps *Jones* might have ſeen him in that Light, and have recollected the Paſſage, where the Sybil, in order to procure an Entrance for *Æneas*, preſents the Keeper of the *Stygian* Avenue with ſuch a Sop. *Jones*, in like Manner, now began to offer a Bribe to the human *Cerberus*, which a Footman overhearing, inſtantly advanced,

advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. *Jones* would give 'him the Sum propoſed, he would conduct him to 'the Lady.' *Jones* inſtantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the Lodging of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, by the very Fellow who had attended the Ladies thither the Day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill Succeſs than the near Approach to Good. The Gameſter, who loſes his Party at Piquet by a ſingle Point, laments his bad Luck ten Times as much as he who never came within a Proſpect of the Game. So in a Lottery, the Proprietors of the next Numbers to that which wins the great Prize, are apt to account themſelves much more unfortunate than their Fellow-Sufferers. In ſhort, theſe Kinds of Hair-breadth Miſſings of Happineſs, look like the Inſults of Fortune, who may be conſidered as thus playing Tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herſelf at our Expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolickſome Diſpoſition of the Heathen Goddeſs, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like Manner: For he arrived at the Door of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, about ten Minutes after the Departure of *Sophia*. He now addreſſed himſelf to the Waiting-Woman belonging to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; who told him the diſagreeable News, that the Lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the ſame Anſwer he afterwards received from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* herſelf. For as that Lady made no doubt but that Mr. *Jones* was a Perſon detached from her Uncle *Weſtern*, in Purſuit of his Daughter, ſo ſhe was too generous to betray her.

Though *Jones* had never ſeen Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, yet he had heard that a Couſin of *Sophia* was married to a Gentleman of that Name. This, however, in the preſent Tumult of his Mind, never once recurred to his Memory: But when the Footman, who had conducted him from his Lordſhip's, acquainted him with

with the great Intimacy between the Ladies, and with their calling each other Couſin, he then recollected the Story of the Marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was preſently convinced that this was the ſame Woman, he became more ſurprized at the Anſwer which he had received, and very earneſtly deſired Leave to wait on the Lady herſelf; but ſhe as poſitively refuſed him that Honour.

Jones, who, though he had never ſeen a Court, was better bred than moſt who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt Behaviour to a Lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory Denial, he retired for the preſent, ſaying to the Waiting-Woman, 'That if this was an improper Hour to 'wait on her Lady, he would return in the After-'noon; and that he then hoped to have the Honour 'of ſeeing her.' The Civility with which he uttered this, added to the great Comelineſs of his Perſon, made an Impreſſion on the Waiting-Woman, and ſhe could not help anſwering, 'Perhaps, Sir, you may:' and, indeed, ſhe afterwards ſaid every Thing to her Miſtreſs, which ſhe thought moſt likely to prevail on her to admit a Viſit from the handſome young Gentleman; for ſo ſhe called him.

Jones very ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that *Sophia* herſelf was now with her Couſin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her Reſentment of what had happened at *Upton*. Having, therefore, diſpatched *Partridge* to procure him Lodgings, he remained all Day in the Street, watching the Door where he thought his Angel lay concealed; but no Perſon did he ſee iſſue forth, except a Servant of the Houſe. And in the Evening he returned to pay his Viſit to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, which that good Lady at laſt condeſcended to admit.

There is a certain Air of natural Gentility, which it is neither in the Power of Dreſs to give, nor to conceal. Mr. *Jones*, as hath been before hinted, was poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of this in a very eminent Degree. He met, therefore, with a Reception from the Lady, ſomewhat different from what his Apparel ſeemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper Reſpects, was deſired to ſit down.

The Reader will not, I believe, be deſirous of knowing all the Particulars of this Converſation, which ended very little to the Satisfaction of poor *Jones*. For though Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ſoon diſcovered the Lover, (as all Women have the Eyes of Hawks in thoſe Matters) yet ſhe ſtill thought it was ſuch a Lover, as a generous Friend of the Lady ſhould not betray her to. In ſhort, ſhe ſuſpected this was the very Mr. *Blifil*, from whom *Sophia* had flown; and all the Anſwers which ſhe artfully drew from *Jones*, concerning Mr. *Allworthy*'s Family, confirmed her in this Opinion. She therefore ſtrictly denied any Knowledge concerning the Place whither *Sophia* was gone; nor could *Jones* obtain more than a Permiſſion to wait on her again the next Evening.

When *Jones* was departed, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* communicated her Suſpicion concerning Mr. *Blifil*, to her Maid; who anſwered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too 'pretty a Man, in my Opinion, for any Woman in 'the World to run away from. I had rather fancy 'it is Mr. *Jones*.'——'Mr. *Jones*,' ſaid the Lady, 'what *Jones*?' For *Sophia* had not given the leaſt Hint of any ſuch Perſon in all their Converſation: But Mrs. *Honour* had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her Siſter *Abigail* with the whole Hiſtory of *Jones*, which this now again related to her Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* no ſooner received this Information, than ſhe immediately agreed with the Opinion of her Maid; and, what is very unaccountable, ſaw Charms in the gallant, happy Lover, which ſhe had overlooked in the ſlighted 'Squire. '*Betty*,' ſays ſhe, 'you are certainly in the right: He is a very pretty

'Fellow,

'Fellow, and I don't wonder that my Couſin's Maid 'ſhould tell you ſo many Women are fond of him. 'I am ſorry now I did not inform him where my 'Couſin was: And yet if he be ſo terrible a Rake as 'you tell me, it is a Pity ſhe ſhould ever ſee him any 'more; for what but her Ruin can happen from 'marrying a Rake and a Beggar, againſt her Father's 'Conſent. I proteſt, if he be ſuch a Man as the 'Wench deſcribed him to you, it is but an Office of 'Charity to keep her from him; and, I am ſure, it 'would be unpardonable in me to do otherwiſe, who 'have taſted ſo bitterly of the Misfortunes attending 'ſuch Marriages.'

Here ſhe was interrupted by the Arrival of a Viſitor, which was no other than his Lordſhip; and as nothing paſſed at this Viſit either new or extraordinary, or any Ways material to this Hiſtory, we ſhall here put an End to this Chapter.

CHAP. III. *A Project of Mrs.* Fitzpatrick, *and her Viſit to Lady* Bellaſton.

WHEN Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* retired to Reſt, her Thoughts were entirely taken up by her Couſin *Sophia* and Mr. *Jones*. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the Diſingenuity which ſhe now diſcovered. In which Meditation ſhe had not long exerciſed her Imagination, before the following Conceit ſuggeſted itſelf: That could ſhe poſſibly become the Means of preſerving *Sophia* from this Man, and of reſtoring her to her Father, ſhe ſhould, in all human Probability, by ſo great a Service to the Family, reconcile to herſelf both her Uncle and her Aunt *Weſtern*.

As this was one of her moſt favourite Wiſhes, ſo the Hope of Succeſs ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that nothing remained but to conſider of proper Methods to accompliſh her Scheme. To attempt to reaſon the Caſe

Caſe with *Sophia*, did not appear to her one of thoſe Methods: For as *Betty* had reported from Mrs. *Honour*, that *Sophia* had a violent Inclination to *Jones*, ſhe conceived, that to diſſuade her from the Match, was an Endeavour of the ſame Kind as it would be, very heartily and earneſtly to entreat a Moth not to fly into a Candle.

If the Reader will pleaſe to remember, that the Acquaintance which *Sophia* had with Lady *Bellaſton*, was contracted at the Houſe of Mrs. *Weſtern*, and muſt have grown at the very Time when Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* lived with this latter Lady, he will want no Information, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* muſt have been acquainted with her likewiſe. They were, beſides, both equally her diſtant Relations.

After much Conſideration, therefore, ſhe reſolved to go early in the Morning to that Lady, and endeavour to ſee her, unknown to *Sophia*, and to acquaint her with the whole Affair. For ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt, but that the prudent Lady, who had often ridiculed romantic Love, and indiſcreet Marriages, in her Converſation, would very readily concur in her Sentiments concerning this Match, and would lend her utmoſt Aſſiſtance to prevent it.

This Reſolution ſhe accordingly executed; and the next Morning, before the Sun, ſhe huddled on her Clothes, and at a very unfaſhionable, unſeaſonable, unviſitable Hour went to Lady *Bellaſton*, to whom ſhe got Acceſs, without the leaſt Knowledge or Suſpicion of *Sophia*, who, though not aſleep, lay at that Time awake in her Bed, with *Honour* ſnoring by her Side.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* made many Apologies for this early, abrupt Viſit, at an Hour 'when,' ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe ſhould not have thought of diſturbing her Lady-'ſhip, but upon Buſineſs of the utmoſt Conſequence.' She then opened the whole Affair, told all ſhe had heard from *Betty*; and did not forget the Viſit which *Jones* had paid to herſelf the preceding Evening.

Lady

Lady *Bellaſton* anſwered with a Smile, 'Then you 'have ſeen this terrible Man, Madam; pray is he ſo 'very fine a Figure as he is repreſented? For *Etoff* 'entertained me laſt Night almoſt two Hours with 'Him. The Wench I believe is in Love with him 'by Reputation.' Here the Reader will be apt to wonder, but the Truth is, that Mrs. *Etoff*, who had the Honour to pin and unpin the Lady *Bellaſton*, had received compleat Information concerning the ſaid Mr. *Jones*, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her Lady laſt Night (or rather that Morning) while ſhe was undreſſing; on which Accounts ſhe had been detained in her Office above the Space of an Hour and half.

The Lady indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the Narratives of Mrs. *Etoff* at thoſe Seaſons, gave an extraordinary Attention to her Account of *Jones*, for *Honour* had deſcribed him as a very handſome Fellow, and Mrs. *Etoff* in her Hurry added ſo much to the Beauty of his Perſon in her Report, that Lady *Bellaſton* began to conceive him to be a kind of Miracle in Nature.

The Curioſity which her Woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who ſpoke as much in Favour of the Perſon of *Jones*, as ſhe had before ſpoken in Diſpraiſe of his Birth, Character and Fortune.

When Lady *Bellaſton* had heard the whole, ſhe anſwered gravely, 'Indeed, Madam, this is a Mat-'ter of great Conſequence. Nothing can certainly 'be more commendable than the Part you act, and 'I ſhall be very glad to have my Share in the Preſer-'vation of a young Lady of ſo much Merit, and for 'whom I have ſo much Eſteem.

'Doth not your Ladyſhip think,' ſays Mrs. *Fitz-patrick* eagerly, 'that it would be the beſt Way to 'write immediately to my Uncle, and acquaint him 'where my Couſin is?'

The

The Lady pondered a little upon this, and thus anſwered—'Why, no, Madam, I think not. *Di* 'Weſtern hath deſcribed her Brother to me to be ſuch 'a Brute, that I cannot conſent to put any Woman 'under his Power who hath eſcaped from it. I have 'heard he behaved like a Monſter to his own Wife: 'for he is one of thoſe Wretches who think they 'have a Right to tyrannize over us, and from ſuch 'I ſhall ever eſteem it the Cauſe of my Sex to reſ-'cue any Woman who is ſo unfortunate to be under 'their Power.—The Buſineſs, dear Couſin, will be 'only to keep Miſs *Weſtern* from ſeeing this young 'Fellow, till the good Company, which ſhe will 'have an Opportunity of meeting here, give her a 'proper Turn.'

'If he ſhould find her out, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'your Ladyſhip may be aſſured he will 'leave nothing unattempted to come at her.

'But, Madam,' replied the Lady, 'it is impoſſi-'ble he ſhould come here,—tho' indeed it is poſſible 'he may get ſome Intelligence where ſhe is, and then 'may lurk about the Houſe—I wiſh therefore I knew 'his Perſon.'

'Is there no Way, Madam, by which I could 'have a Sight of him? For otherwiſe you know, 'Couſin, ſhe may contrive to ſee him here without 'my Knowledge.' Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* anſwered, 'that 'he had threatened her with another Viſit that Af-'ternoon, and that if her Ladyſhip pleaſed to do her 'the Honour of calling upon her then, ſhe would 'hardly fail of ſeeing him between ſix and ſeven, and 'if he came earlier, ſhe would, by ſome Means or 'other, detain him till her Ladyſhip's Arrival.'—Lady *Bellaſton* replied, 'ſhe would come the Mo-'ment ſhe could get from Dinner, which ſhe ſup-'poſed would be by ſeven at fartheſt, for that it was 'abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould be acquainted with 'his Perſon. Upon my Word, Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'it

'it was very good to take this Care of Miſs *Weſtern*, 'but common Humanity as well as Regard to our 'Family requires it of us both, for it would be a 'dreadful Match indeed.'

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* failed not to make a proper Return to the Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* had beſtowed on her Couſin, and after ſome little immaterial Converſation withdrew, and getting as faſt as ſhe could into her Chair unſeen by *Sophia* or *Honour*, returned home.

CHAP. IV. *Which conſiſts of Viſiting.*

MR. *Jones* had walked within Sight of a certain Door during the whole Day, which, though one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the longeſt in the whole Year. At length the Clock having ſtruck five he returned to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who, though it was a full Hour earlier than the decent Time of viſiting, received him very civilly; but ſtill perſiſted in her Ignorance concerning *Sophia*.

Jones, in aſking for his Angel, had dropp'd the Word Couſin; upon which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ſaid, 'Then, Sir, you know we are related, and as we are, 'you will permit me the Right of enquiring into the 'particulars of your Buſineſs with my Couſin.' Here *Jones* heſitated a good while, and at laſt anſwered, He had a conſiderable Sum of Money of her's in his Hands, which he deſired to deliver to her. He then produced the Pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* with the Contents, and with the Method in which they came into his Hands. He had ſcarce finiſhed his Story, when a moſt violent Noiſe ſhook the whole Houſe. To attempt to deſcribe this Noiſe to thoſe who have heard it would be in vain, and to aim at giving any Idea of it to thoſe who have never heard the like, would be ſtill more vain: For it may de truly ſaid,

——*Non*

——*Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.
The Prieſts of Cybele *do not ſo rattle their ſounding Braſs.*

In ſhort a Footman knocked, or rather thundered at the Door. *Jones* was a little ſurpriſed at the Sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very calmly ſaid, that as ſome Company were coming, ſhe could not make him any Anſwer now; but if he pleaſed to ſtay till they were gone, ſhe intimated ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him.

The Door of the Room now flew open, and, after puſhing in her Hoop ſideways before her, entered Lady *Bellaſton*, who having firſt made a very low Curteſy to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and as low a one to Mr. *Jones*, was uſhered to the upper End of the Room.

We mention theſe minute Matters for the Sake of ſome Country Ladies of our Acquaintance, who think it contrary to the Rules of Modeſty to bend their Knees to a Man.

The Company were hardly ſettled, before the Arrival of the Peer lately mentioned cauſed a freſh Diſturbance, and a Repetition of Ceremonials.

Theſe being over, the Converſation began to be (as the Phraſe is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing paſt in it which can be thought material to this Hiſtory, or, indeed, very material in itſelf, I ſhall omit the Relation; the rather as I have known ſome very fine polite Converſation grow extreamly dull, when tranſcribed into Books, or repeated on the Stage. Indeed this mental Repaſt is a Dainty, of which thoſe, who are excluded from polite Aſſemblies, muſt be contented to remain as ignorant as they muſt of the ſeveral Dainties of *French* Cookery, which are only ſerved at the Tables of the Great. To ſay the Truth, as neither of theſe are adapted to every Taſte,

Taſte, they might both be often thrown away on the Vulgar.

Poor *Jones* was rather a Spectator of this elegant Scene, than an Actor in it; for though in the ſhort Interval before the Peer's Arrival, Lady *Bellaſton* firſt, and afterwards Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, had addreſſed ſome of their Diſcourſe to him; yet no ſooner was the noble Lord entered, than he engroſſed the whole Attention of the two Ladies to himſelf; and as he took no more Notice of *Jones* than if no ſuch Perſon had been preſent, unleſs by now and then ſtaring at him, the Ladies followed his Example.

The Company had now ſtaid ſo long, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* plainly perceived they all deſigned to ſtay out each other. She therefore reſolved to rid herſelf of *Jones*, he being the Viſitant, to whom ſhe thought the leaſt Ceremony was due. Taking therefore an Opportunity of a Ceſſation of Chat, ſhe addreſſed herſelf gravely to him, and ſaid, 'Sir, I ſhall not 'poſſibly be able to give you an Anſwer To-night, 'as to that Buſineſs; but if you pleaſe to leave Word 'where I may ſend to you To-morrow.'——

Jones had natural, but not artificial, good Breeding. Inſtead therefore of communicating the Secret of his Lodgings to a Servant, he acquainted the Lady herſelf with it particularly, and ſoon after very ceremoniouſly withdrew.

He was no ſooner gone than the great Perſonages, who had taken no Notice of him preſent, began to take much Notice of him in his Abſence; but if the Reader hath already excuſed us from relating the more brilliant Part of this Converſation, he will ſurely be very ready to excuſe the Repetition of what may be called vulgar Abuſe: Though, perhaps, it may be material to our Hiſtory to mention an Obſervation of Lady *Bellaſton*, who took her Leave in a few Minutes after him, and then ſaid to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, at her Departure; 'I am ſatisfied on the Account of my

'Couſin,

'Couſin, ſhe can be in no Danger from this Fellow.'

Our Hiſtory ſhall follow the Example of Lady *Bellaſton*, and take Leave of the preſent Company, which was now reduced to two Perſons; between whom, as nothing paſſed, which in the leaſt concerns us or our Reader, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from Matters which muſt ſeem of more Conſequence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the Affairs of our Hero.

CHAP. V. *An Adventure which happened to Mr. Jones, at his Lodgings, with ſome Account of a young Gentleman who lodged there, and of the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and her two Daughters.*

THE next Morning, as early as it was decent, *Jones* attended at Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*'s Door, where he was anſwered that the Lady was not at Home; an Anſwer which ſurprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the Street from Break of Day; and if ſhe had gone out, he muſt have ſeen her. This Anſwer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five ſeveral Viſits which he made her that Day. To be plain with the Reader, the noble Peer, had from ſome Reaſon or other, perhaps from a Regard to the Lady's Honour, inſiſted that She ſhould not ſee Mr. *Jones*, whom he looked on as a Scrub, any more; and the Lady had complied in making that Promiſe, to which we now ſee her ſo ſtrictly adhere.

But as our gentle Reader may poſſibly have a better Opinion of the young Gentleman than her Ladyſhip, and may even have ſome Concern, ſhould it be apprehended, that during this unhappy Separation from *Sophia*, he took up his Reſidence either at an Inn, or in the Street; we ſhall now give an Account of his Lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable Houſe, and in a very good Part of the Town.

Mr.

Mr. *Jones* then had often heard Mr. *Allworthy* mention the Gentlewoman at whoſe Houſe he uſed to lodge when he was in Town. This Perſon, who, as *Jones* likewiſe knew, lived in *Bond-Street*, was the Widow of a Clergyman, and was left by him at his Deceaſe, in Poſſeſſion of two Daughters, and of a compleat Set of manuſcript Sermons.

Of theſe two Daughters, *Nancy*, the elder, was now arrived at the Age of ſeventeen, and *Betty*, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither *Jones* had diſpatched *Patridge*, and in this Houſe he was provided with a Room for himſelf in the ſecond Floor, and with one for *Partridge* in the fourth.

The firſt Floor was inhabited by one of thoſe young Gentlemen, who, in the laſt Age, were called Men of Wit and Pleaſure about Town, and properly enough: For as Men are uſually denominated from their Buſineſs or Profeſſion, ſo Pleaſure may be ſaid to have been the only Buſineſs or Profeſſion of thoſe Gentlemen to whom Fortune had made all uſeful Occupations unneceſſary. Play-Houſes, Coffee-houſes and Taverns were the Scenes of their Rendezvous. Wit and Humour were the Entertainment of their looſer Hours, and Love was the Buſineſs of their more ſerious Moments. Wine and the Muſes conſpired to kindle the brighteſt Flames in their Breaſts; nor did they only admire, but ſome were able to celebrate, the Beauty they admired, and all to judge of the Merit of ſuch Compoſitions.

Such therefore were properly called the Men of Wit and Pleaſure; but I queſtion whether the ſame Appellation may, with the ſame Propriety, be given to thoſe young Gentlemen of our Times, who have the ſame Ambition to be diſtinguiſhed for Parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they ſoar a Step higher than their Predeceſſors, and may be called Men of Wiſdom and Vertù (take heed you do not read Virtue.) Thus at an Age

when the Gentlemen above-mentioned employed their Time in toaſting the Charms of a Woman, or in making Sonnets in her Praiſe; in giving their Opinion of a Play at the Theatre, or of a Poem at *Will*'s or *Button*'s; theſe Gentlemen are conſidering of Methods to bribe a Corporation, or meditating Speeches for the Houſe of Commons, or rather for the Magazines. But the Science of Gaming is that which above all others employs their Thoughts. Theſe are the Studies of their graver Hours, while for their Amuſements they have the vaſt Circle of Connoiſſeurſhip, Painting, Muſic, Statuary, and natural Philoſophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the Wonderful, and knows nothing of Nature, except her Monſters and Imperfections.

When *Jones* had ſpent the whole Day in vain Enquiries after Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, he returned at laſt diſconſolate to his Apartment. Here while he was venting his Grief in private, he heard a violent Uproar below Stairs; and ſoon after a female Voice begged him for Heaven's Sake to come and prevent Murder. *Jones*, who never was backward on any Occaſion to help the Diſtreſſed, immediately ran down Stairs; when ſtepping into the Dining-room, whence all the Noiſe iſſued, he beheld the young Gentleman of Wiſdom and *Vertù* juſt before mentioned, pinned cloſe to the Wall by his Footman, and a young Woman ſtanding by, wringing her Hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor Gentleman ſeemed in ſome Danger of being choaked, when *Jones* flew haſtily to his Aſſiſtance, and reſcued him, juſt as he was breathing his laſt, from the unmerciful Clutches of the Enemy.

Though the Fellow had received ſeveral Kicks and Cuffs from the little Gentleman, who had more Spirit than Strength, he had made it a Kind of Scruple of Conſcience to ſtrike his Maſter, and would have contented himſelf with only choaking him; but towards

Jones

Jones he bore no ſuch Reſpect: He no ſooner therefore found himſelf a little roughly handled by his new Antagoniſt, than he gave him one of thoſe Punches in the Guts, which, tho' the Spectators at *Broughton*'s Amphitheatre have ſuch exquiſite Delight in ſeeing them, convey but very little Pleaſure in the Feeling.

The luſty Youth had no ſooner received this Blow, than he meditated a moſt grateful Return; and now enſued a Combat between *Jones* and the Footman, which was very fierce, but ſhort; for this Fellow was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than his Maſter had before been to contend with him.

And now Fortune, according to her uſual Cuſtom, reverſed the Face of Affairs, the former Victor lay breathleſs on the Ground, and the vanquiſhed Gentleman had recovered Breath enough to thank Mr. *Jones* for his ſeaſonable Aſſiſtance: He received likewiſe the hearty Thanks of the young Woman preſent, who was indeed no other than Miſs *Nancy*, the eldeſt Daughter of the Houſe.

The Footman, having now recovered his Legs, ſhook his Head at *Jones*, and with a ſagacious Look cry'd—O d—n me, I'll have nothing more to do with you, you have been upon the Stage, or I am d—nably miſtaken: And indeed we may forgive this his Suſpicion; for ſuch was the Agility and Strength of our Hero, that he was perhaps a Match for one of the firſt Rate Boxers, and could, with great Eaſe, have beaten all the muffled * Graduates of Mr. *Broughton*'s School.

* Leſt Poſterity ſhould be puzzled by this Epithet, I think proper to explain it by an Advertiſement which was publiſhed *Feb.* 1. 1747.

N. B. Mr. *Broughton* propoſes, with proper Aſſiſtance, to open an Academy at his Houſe in the *Hay-Market*, for the Inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to be initiated in

His Maſter, foaming with Wrath, ordered his Man immediately to ſtrip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on Condition of receiving his Wages. This Condition was preſently complied with, and the Fellow was diſcharged.

And now the young Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Nightingale*, very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted that his Deliverer ſhould take Part of a Bottle of Wine with him; to which *Jones*, after much Entreaty, conſented; tho' more out of Complaiſance than Inclination; for the Uneaſineſs of his Mind fitted him very little for Converſation at this Time. Miſs *Nancy* likewiſe who was the only Female then in the Houſe, her Mamma and Siſter being gone both to the Play, condeſcended to favour them with her Company.

When the Bottle and Glaſſes were on the Table, the Gentleman began to relate the Occaſion of the preceding Diſturbance.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid he to *Jones*, 'you will not 'from this Accident conclude, that I make a Cuſtom 'of ſtriking my Servants; for I aſſure you this is 'the firſt Time I have been guilty of it in my Re'membrance, and I have paſſed by many provoking 'Faults in this very Fellow, before he could pro'voke me to it; but when you hear what hath hap'pened this Evening, you will, I believe, think me 'excuſable.

in the Myſtery of Boxing; where the whole Theory and Practice of that truly *Britiſh* Art, with all the various Stops, Blows, Croſs-Buttocks, *&c.* incident to Combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that Perſons of Quality and Diſtinction may not be deterred from entering into *a Courſe of theſe Lectures*, they will be given with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Regard to the Delicacy of the Frame and Conſtitution of the Pupil, for which Reaſon Mufflers are provided, that will effectually ſecure them from the Inconveniency of black Eyes, broken Jaws, and bloody Noſes.

'excuſable. I happened to come home ſeveral Hours 'before my uſual Time, when I found four Gentle- 'men of the Cloth at Whiſk by my Fire;—and my '*Hoyle*, Sir,———my beſt *Hoyle*, which coſt me a 'Guinea, lying open on the Table, with a Quantity 'of Porter ſpilt on one of the moſt material Leaves 'of the whole Book. This, you will allow, was 'provoking; but I ſaid nothing till the reſt of the 'honeſt Company were gone, and then gave the Fel- 'low a gentle Rebuke, who inſtead of expreſſing 'any Concern made me a pert Anſwer, "That "Servants muſt have their Diverſions as well as other "People; that he was ſorry for the Accident which "had happened to the Book; but that ſeveral of his "Acquaintance had bought the ſame for a Shilling; "and that I might ſtop as much in his Wages if I "pleaſed:" 'I now gave him a ſeverer Reprimand 'than before, when the Raſcal had the Inſolence to '—— In ſhort he imputed my early coming Home 'to —— In ſhort he caſt a Reflection, —— He men- 'tioned the Name of a young Lady in a Manner '——— In ſuch a Manner that incenſed me be- 'yond all Patience, and, in my Paſſion, I ſtruck him.

Jones anſwered, 'That he believed no Perſon liv- 'ing would blame him; for my Part,' ſaid he, 'I 'confeſs I ſhould, on the laſt mentioned Provocation, 'have done the ſame Thing.'

Our Company had not ſat long before they were joined by the Mother and Daughter at their Return from the Play. And now they all ſpent a very chear- ful Evening together, for all but *Jones* were heartily merry, and even he put on as much conſtrained Mirth, as poſſible. Indeed half his natural Flow of animal Spirits, joined to the Sweetneſs of his Temper, was ſufficient to make a moſt amiable Companion; and notwithſtanding the Heavineſs of his Heart, ſo agree- able did he make himſelf on the preſent Occaſion, that, at their breaking up, the young Gentleman ear-

neſtly deſired his further Acquaintance. Miſs *Nancy* was well pleaſed with him; and the Widow, quite charm'd with her new Lodger, invited him, with the other, next Morning to Breakfaſt.

Jones, on his Part, was no leſs ſatisfied. As for Miſs *Nancy*, tho' a very little Creature, ſhe was extremely pretty, and the Widow had all the Charms which can adorn a Woman near fifty. As ſhe was one of the moſt innocent Creatures in the World, ſo ſhe was one of the moſt chearful. She never thought, nor ſpoke, nor wiſhed any Ill, and had conſtantly that Deſire of pleaſing, which may be called the happieſt of all Deſires, in this, that it ſcarce ever fails of attaining its Ends, when not diſgraced by Affectation. In ſhort, though her Power was very ſmall, ſhe was in her Heart one of the warmeſt Friends. She had been a moſt affectionate Wife, and was a moſt fond and tender Mother.

As our Hiſtory doth not, like a News-Paper, give great Characters to People who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the Reader may hence conclude, that this excellent Woman will hereafter appear to be of ſome Importance in our Hiſtory.

Nor was *Jones* a little pleaſed with the young Gentleman himſelf, whoſe Wine he had been drinking. He thought he diſcerned in him much good Senſe, though a little too much tainted with Town Foppery; but what recommended him moſt to *Jones*, were ſome Sentiments of great Generoſity and Humanity, which occaſionally dropt from him; and particularly, many Expreſſions of the higheſt Diſintereſtedneſs in the Affair of Love; on which Subject the young Gentleman delivered himſelf in a Language which might have very well become an *Arcadian* Shepherd of Old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the Lips of a modern fine Gentleman;

man; but he was only one by Imitation, and meant by Nature for a much better Character.

CHAP. VI. *What arrived while the Company were at Breakfaſt, with ſome Hints concerning the Government of Daughters.*

OUR Company brought together in the Morning the ſame good Inclinations towards each other, with which they had ſeparated the Evening before; but poor *Jones* was extremely diſconſolate; for he had juſt received Information from *Partridge*, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had left her Lodging, and that he could not learn whither ſhe was gone. This News highly afflicted him, and his Countenance, as well as his Behaviour, in Defiance of all his Endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifeſt Indications of a diſordered Mind.

The Diſcourſe turned at preſent, as before, on Love; and Mr. *Nightingale* again expreſſed many of thoſe warm, generous, and diſintereſted Sentiments upon this Subject, which wiſe and ſober Men call romantic, but which wiſe and ſober Women generally regard in a better Light. Mrs. *Miller*, (for ſo the Miſtreſs of the Houſe was called) greatly approved theſe Sentiments; but when the young Gentleman appealed to Miſs *Nancy*, ſhe anſwered only, 'That 'ſhe believed the Gentleman, who had ſpoke the 'leaſt, was capable of feeling the moſt.'

This Compliment was ſo apparently directed to *Jones*, that we ſhould have been ſorry had he paſſed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite Anſwer, and concluded with an oblique Hint, that her own Silence ſubjected her to a Suſpicion of the ſame Kind: For indeed ſhe had ſcarce opened her Lips either now, or the laſt Evening.

'I am glad, *Nanny*,' ſays Mrs. *Miller*, 'the Gen-'tleman hath made the Obſervation: I proteſt I am

'almoſt of his Opinion. What can be the Matter 'with you, Child? I never ſaw ſuch an Alteration. 'What is become of all your Gaiety? Would you 'think, Sir, I uſed to call her my little Prattler. 'She hath not ſpoken twenty Words this Week.'

Here their Converſation was interrupted by the Entrance of a Maid-Servant, who brought a Bundle in her Hands, which, ſhe ſaid, 'was delivered by a 'Porter for Mr. *Jones*.' She added, 'that the Man 'immediately went away, ſaying it required no 'Anſwer.'

Jones expreſſed ſome Surprize on this Occaſion, and declared it muſt be ſome Miſtake: But the Maid perſiſting that ſhe was certain of the Name, all the Women were deſirous of having the Bundle immediately opened; which Operation was at length performed by little *Betſey*, with the Conſent of Mr. *Jones*; and the Contents were found to be a Domino, a Maſk, and a Maſquerade Ticket.

Jones was now more poſitive than ever, in aſſerting, that theſe Things muſt have been delivered by Miſtake; and Mrs. *Miller* herſelf expreſſed ſome Doubt, and ſaid, 'ſhe knew not what to think.' But when Mr. *Nightingale* was aſked, he delivered a very different Opinion. 'All I can conclude from it, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'is, that you are a very happy Man: 'For I make no Doubt but theſe were ſent you by 'ſome Lady, whom you will have the Happineſs of 'meeting at the Maſquerade.'

Jones had not a ſufficient Degree of Vanity to entertain any ſuch flattering Imagination; nor did Mrs. *Miller* herſelf give much Aſſent to what Mr. *Nightingale* had ſaid, 'till Miſs *Nancy*, having lifted up the Domino, a Card dropt from the Sleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones.

The Queen of the Fairies ſends you this,
Uſe her Favours not amiſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Miller* and Miſs *Nancy* now both agreed with Mr. *Nightingale*; nay, *Jones* himſelf was almoſt perſuaded to be of the ſame Opinion. And as no other Lady but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, he thought, knew his Lodging, he began to flatter himſelf with ſome Hopes that it came from her, and that he might poſſibly ſee his *Sophia*. Theſe Hopes had ſurely very little Foundation; but as the Conduct of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, in not ſeeing him according to her Promiſe, and in quitting her Lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived ſome faint Hopes, that ſhe (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimſical Character) might poſſibly intend to do him that Service, in a ſtrange Manner, which ſhe declined doing by more ordinary Methods. To ſay the Truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from ſo odd and uncommon an Incident, he had the greater Latitude to draw what imaginary Concluſions from it he pleaſed. As his Temper therefore was naturally ſanguine, he indulged it on this Occaſion, and his Imagination worked up a thouſand Conceits, to favour and ſupport his Expectations of meeting his dear *Sophia* in the Evening.

Reader, if thou haſt any good Wiſhes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wiſhing thee to be poſſeſſed of this ſanguine Diſpoſition of Mind: Since, after having read much, and conſidered long on that Subject of Happineſs which hath employed ſo many great Pens, I am almoſt inclined to fix it in the Poſſeſſion of this Temper; which puts us, in a Manner, out of the Reach of Fortune, and makes us happy without her Aſſiſtance. Indeed the Senſations of Pleaſure it gives are much more conſtant, as well as much keener, than thoſe which that blind Lady beſtows; Nature having wiſely contrived, that ſome Satiety and Languor ſhould be annexed to all our real Enjoyments, leſt we ſhould be ſo taken up by them, as to be ſtopt from further Purſuits. I make no Manner of

Doubt, but that, in this Light, we may ſee the imaginary future Chancellor, juſt called to the Bar, the Archbiſhop in Crape, and the Prime Miniſter at the Tail of an Oppoſition, more truly happy than thoſe who are inveſted with all the Power and Profit of theſe reſpective Offices.

Mr. *Jones* having now determined to go to the Maſquerade that Evening, Mr. *Nightingale* offered to conduct him thither. The young Gentleman, at the ſame Time, offered Tickets to Miſs *Nancy* and her Mother; but the good Woman would not accept them. She ſaid, 'She did not conceive the Harm 'which ſome People imagined in a Maſquerade; but 'that ſuch extravagant Diverſions were only proper 'for Perſons of Quality and Fortune, and not for 'young Women, who are to get their Living, and 'could, at beſt, hope to be married to a good Tradeſ-'man.'——'A Tradeſman! cries *Nightingale*, 'you ſhan't undervalue my *Nancy*. There is not 'a Nobleman upon Earth above her Merit.' 'O 'fie! Mr. *Nightingale*,' anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, 'you muſt not fill the Girl's Head with ſuch Fancies; 'but if it was her good Luck (ſays the Mother, with 'a Simper) to find a Gentleman of your generous 'Way of thinking, I hope ſhe would make a better 'Return to his Generoſity, than to give her Mind up 'to extravagant Pleaſures. Indeed where young 'Ladies bring great Fortunes themſelves, they have 'ſome Right to inſiſt on ſpending what is their own; 'and on that Account, I have heard the Gentlemen 'ſay, a Man has ſometimes a better Bargain with a 'poor Wife, than with a rich one.——But let 'my Daughters marry whom they will, I ſhall en-'deavour to make them Bleſſings to their Huſbands.' '——I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more 'Maſquerades. *Nancy* is, I am certain, too good 'a Girl to deſire to go; for ſhe muſt remember 'when you carried her thither laſt Year, it almoſt

'turned

'turned her Head, and she did not return to herself, 'or to her Needle, in a Month afterwards.'

Though a gentle Sigh, which stole from the Bosom of *Nancy*, seemed to argue some secret Disapprobation of these Sentiments, she did not dare openly to oppose them. For as this good Woman had all the Tenderness, so she had preserved all the Authority, of a Parent; and as her Indulgence to the Desires of her Children, was only restrained, by her Fears for their Safety and future Welfare, so she never suffered those Commands, which proceeded from such Fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young Gentleman, who lodged two Years in the House, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the Refusal.

Mr. *Nightingale*, who grew every Moment fonder of *Jones*, was very desirous of his Company that Day to Dinner at the Tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his Acquaintance; but *Jones* begged to be excused, 'as his Cloaths,' he said, 'were not yet come to Town.'

To confess the Truth, Mr. *Jones* was now in a Situation, which sometimes happens to be the Case of young Gentlemen of much better Figure than himself. In short, he had not one Penny in his Pocket; a Situation in much greater Credit among the ancient Philosophers, than among the modern wise Men who live in *Lombard* Street, or those who frequent *White*'s Chocolate-House. And, perhaps, the great Honours which those Philosophers have ascribed to an empty Pocket, may be one of the Reasons of that high Contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid Street and Chocolate-House.

Now if the antient Opinion, that Men might live very comfortably on Virtue only, be, as the modern wise Men just above mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious error; no less false is, I apprehend, that Position of some Writers of Romance, that

that a Man can live altogether on Love: For however delicious Repaſts this may afford to ſome of our Senſes or Appetites, it is moſt certain it can afford none to others. Thoſe, therefore, who have placed too great Confidence in ſuch Writers, have experienced their Error when it was too late; and have found that Love was no more capable of allaying Hunger, than a Roſe is capable of delighting the Ear, or a Violin of gratifying the Smell.

Notwithſtanding, therefore, all the Delicacies which Love had ſet before him, namely, the Hopes of ſeeing *Sophia* at the Maſquerade; on which, however ill-founded his Imaginations might be, he had voluptuouſly feaſted during the whole Day, the Evening no ſooner came, than Mr. *Jones* began to languiſh for ſome Food of a groſſer Kind. *Partridge* diſcovered this by Intuition, and took the Occaſion to give ſome oblique Hints concerning the Bank-Bill, and when thoſe were rejected with Diſdain, he collected Courage enough once more to mention a Return to Mr. *Allworthy*.

'*Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'you cannot ſee my 'Fortune in a more deſperate Light than I ſee it my-'ſelf; and I begin heartily to repent, that I ſuffered 'you to leave a Place, where you was ſettled, and 'to follow me. However, I inſiſt now on your re-'turning home; and for the Expence and Trouble 'which you have ſo kindly put yourſelf to on my 'Account, all the Cloaths I left behind in your Care, 'I deſire you would take as your own. I am ſorry 'I can make you no other Acknowledgment.'

He ſpoke theſe Words with ſo pathetic an Accent, that *Partridge*, among whoſe Vices Ill-nature or Hardneſs of Heart were not numbered, burſt into Tears; and after ſwearing he would not quit him in his Diſtreſs, he began with the moſt earneſt Intreaties to urge his Return Home. 'For Heaven's Sake, 'Sir,' ſays he, 'do but conſider: What can your Ho-

'nour

'nour do? How is it poſſible you can live in this 'Town without Money? Do what you will, Sir, or 'go wherever you pleaſe, I am reſolved not to de-'ſert you.———But pray, Sir, conſider,———Do 'pray, Sir, for your own Sake, take it into your Con-'ſideration; and I'm ſure,' ſays he, 'that your own 'Good-Senſe will bid you return Home.

'How often ſhall I tell thee,' anſwered *Jones*, 'that I have no Home to return to. Had I any 'Hopes that Mr. *Allworthy*'s Doors would be open 'to receive me, I want no Diſtreſs to urge me:—— 'Nay, there is no other Cauſe upon Earth, which 'could detain me a Moment from flying to his Pre-'ſence; but, alas! that I am for ever baniſhed from 'it. His laſt Words were,——O *Partridge*, they 'ſtill ring in my Ears—His laſt Words were, when 'he gave me a Sum of Money, what it was I know 'not, but conſiderable I'm ſure it was.——His laſt 'Words were.———"I am reſolved from this Day "forward, on no Account, to converſe with you any "more."

Here Paſſion ſtopt the Mouth of *Jones*; as Surprize, for a Moment, did that of *Partridge:* But he ſoon recovered the Uſe of Speech, and after a ſhort Preface, in which he declared he had no Inquiſitiveneſs in his Temper, enquired, what *Jones* meant by a conſiderable Sum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the Money?

In both theſe Points he now received full Satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a Meſſage from Mr. *Nightingale*, who deſired his Maſter's Company in his Apartment.

When the two Gentlemen were both attired for the Maſquerade, and Mr. *Nightingale* had given Orders for Chairs to be ſent for, a Circumſtance of Diſtreſs occurred to *Jones*, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my Readers. This was how to procure

procure a Shilling; but if ſuch Readers will reflect a little on what they have themſelves felt for the Want of a thouſand Pounds, or, perhaps of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite Scheme, they will have a perfect Idea of what Mr. *Jones* felt on this Occaſion. For this Sum, therefore, he applied to *Partridge*, which was the firſt he had permitted him to advance, and was the laſt he intended that poor Fellow ſhould advance in his Service. To ſay the Truth, *Partridge* had lately made no Offer of this Kind; whether it was that he deſired to ſee the Bank-bill broke in upon, or that Diſtreſs ſhould prevail on *Jones* to return Home, or from what other Motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole Humours of a Maſquerade.

OUR Cavaliers now arrived at that Temple, where *Heydegger*, the great *Arbiter Deliciarum*, the great High-Prieſt of Pleaſure, preſides; and, like other Heathen Prieſts, impoſes on his Votaries by the pretended Preſence of the Deity, when in Reality no ſuch Deity is there.

Mr. *Nightingale* having taken a Turn or two with his Companion, ſoon left him, and walked off with a Female, ſaying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you muſt 'beat about for your own Game.

Jones began to entertain ſtrong Hopes that his *Sophia* was preſent; and theſe Hopes gave him more Spirits than the Lights, the Muſic, and the Company; tho' theſe are pretty ſtrong Antidotes againſt the Spleen. He now accoſted every Woman he ſaw, whoſe Stature, Shape, or Air, bore any Reſemblance to his Angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to ſay ſomething ſmart, in order to engage an Anſwer, by which he might diſcover that Voice which he thought it impoſſible he ſhould miſtake. Some of theſe

theſe anſwered by a Queſtion, in a ſqueaking Voice, *Do you know me?* Much the greater Numbers ſaid, *I don't know you, Sir*; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent Fellow; ſome made him no Anſwer at all; ſome ſaid, *Indeed I don't know your Voice, and I ſhall have nothing to ſay to you*; and many gave him as kind Anſwers as he could wiſh, but not in the Voice he deſired to hear.

Whilſt he was talking with one of theſe laſt, (who was in the Habit of a Shepherdeſs) a Lady in a Domino came up to him, and ſlapping him on the Shoulder, whiſpered him, at the ſame Time, in the Ear, 'If you talk any longer with that Trollop, I will 'acquaint Miſs *Weſtern*.'

Jones no ſooner heard that Name, than, immediately quitting his former Companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and intreating her to ſhew him the Lady ſhe had mentioned, if ſhe was then in the Room.

The Maſk walking haſtily to the upper End of the innermoſt Apartment before ſhe ſpoke, and then, inſtead of anſwering him, ſat down, and declared ſhe was tired. *Jones* ſat down by her, and ſtill perſiſted in his Entreaties; at laſt the Lady coldly anſwered, 'I imagined Mr. *Jones* had been a more diſcerning 'Lover, than to ſuffer any Diſguiſe to conceal his 'Miſtreſs from him,' Is ſhe here then, Madam?" replied *Jones* with much Vehemence. Upon which the Lady cry'd,——'Huſh, Sir, you will be obſerv-'ed—I promiſe you upon my Honour, Miſs *Weſtern* 'is not here.

Jones now taking the Maſk by the Hand, fell to entreating her in the moſt earneſt Manner, to acquaint him where he might find *Sophia:* And when he could obtain no direct Anſwer, he began to upbraid her gently for having diſappointed him the Day before; and concluded, ſaying, 'Indeed my good 'Fairy Queen, I know your Majeſty very well, not-

'withſtanding

'withſtanding the affected Diſguiſe of your Voice. 'Indeed, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, it is a little cruel to divert 'yourſelf at the Expence of my Torments.'

The Maſk anſwered, 'Though you have ſo ingeniouſly diſcovered me, I muſt ſtill ſpeak in the 'ſame Voice, leſt I ſhould be known by others. 'And do you think, good Sir, that I have no greater 'Regard for my Couſin, than to aſſiſt in carrying on 'an Affair between you two, which muſt end in her 'Ruin, as well as your own? Beſides, I promiſe you, 'my Couſin is not mad enough to conſent to her own 'Deſtruction, if you are ſo much her Enemy as to 'tempt her to it.

'Alas! Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'you little know my 'Heart, when you call me an Enemy of *Sophia*.

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you 'will allow, is the Act of an Enemy; and when by 'the ſame Act you muſt knowingly and certainly 'bring Ruin on yourſelf, is it not Folly or Madneſs, 'as well as Guilt? Now, Sir, my Couſin hath very 'little more than her Father will pleaſe to give her; 'very little for one of her Faſhion,—you know him, 'and you know your own Situation.'

Jones vowed he had no ſuch Deſign on *Sophia*, 'That he would rather ſuffer the moſt violent of 'Deaths than ſacrifice her Intereſt to his Deſires. He 'ſaid, he knew how unworthy he was of her every 'Way; that he had long ago reſolved to quit all ſuch 'aſpiring Thoughts, but that ſome ſtrange Accidents 'had made him deſirous to ſee her once more, when 'he promiſed he would take Leave of her for ever. 'No, Madam, concluded he, my Love is not of that 'baſe Kind which ſeeks its own Satisfaction, at the 'Expence of what is moſt dear to its Object. I would 'ſacrifice every Thing to the Poſſeſſion of my *Sophia*, 'but *Sophia* herſelf.'

Though the Reader may have already conceived no very ſublime Idea of the Virtue of the Lady in the Maſk;

Maſk; and tho' poſſibly ſhe may hereafter appear not to deſerve one of the firſt Characters of her Sex; yet, it is certain, theſe generous Sentiments made a ſtrong Impreſſion upon her, and greatly added to the Affection ſhe had before conceived for our young Hero.

The Lady now, after a Silence of a few Moments, ſaid, 'She did not ſee his Pretenſions to *Sophia* ſo 'much in the Light of Preſumption as of Impru-'dence. Young Fellows,' ſays ſhe, 'can never have 'too aſpiring Thoughts. I love Ambition in a young 'Man, and I would have you cultivate it as much as 'poſſible. Perhaps you may ſucceed with thoſe who 'are infinitely ſuperior in Fortune, nay, I am con-'vinced there are Women,——but don't you think 'me a ſtrange Creature, Mr. *Jones*, to be thus giv-'ing Advice to a Man, with whom I am ſo little ac-'quainted, and one with whoſe Behaviour to me I 'have ſo little Reaſon to be pleaſed?'

Here *Jones* began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any Thing he had ſaid of her Couſin. ——To which the Maſk anſwered, 'And are you 'ſo little verſed in the Sex, to imagine you can well 'affront a Lady more, than by entertaining her with 'your Paſſion for another Woman? If the Fairy 'Queen had had no better Opinion of your Gallan-'try, ſhe would ſcarce have appointed you to meet 'her at a Maſquerade.'

Jones had never leſs Inclination to an Amour than at preſent; but Gallantry to the Ladies was among his Principles of Honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a Challenge to Love, as if it had been a Challenge to fight. Nay, his very Love to *Sophia* made it neceſſary for him to keep well with the Lady, as he made no doubt but ſhe was capable of bringing him into the Preſence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm Anſwer to her laſt Speech, when a Maſk, in the Character of and old Woman, joined them. This Maſk was one of

of thoſe Ladies who go to a Maſquerade only to vent Ill-nature, by telling People rude Truths, and by endeavouring, as the Phraſe is, to ſpoil as much Sport as they are able. This good Lady therefore, having obſerved *Jones*, and his Friend, whom ſhe well knew, in cloſe Conſultation together in a Corner of the Room, concluded ſhe could no where ſatisfy her Spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and ſoon drove them from their Retirement; nor was ſhe contented with this, but purſued them to every Place which they ſhifted to avoid her; till Mr. *Nightingale*, ſeeing the Diſtreſs of his Friend, at laſt relieved him, and engaged the old Woman in another Purſuit.

While *Jones* and his Maſk were walking together about the Room, to rid themſelves of the Teazer, he obſerved his Lady ſpeak to ſeveral Maſks with the ſame Freedom of Acquaintance as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expreſſing his Surpriſe at this, ſaying, 'Sure, Madam, you muſt have in-'finite Diſcernment to know People in all Diſguiſes.'

To which the Lady anſwered, 'You cannot con-'ceive any thing more inſipid and childiſh than a 'Maſquerade to the People of Faſhion, who in ge-'neral know one another as well here, as when they 'meet at an Aſſembly or a Drawing-room; nor will 'any Woman of Condition converſe with a Perſon 'with whom ſhe is not acquainted. In ſhort, the 'Generality of Perſons whom you ſee here, may 'more properly be ſaid to kill Time in this Place, 'than in any other; and generally retire from hence 'more tired than from the longeſt Sermon. To ſay 'the Truth, I begin to be in that Situation myſelf, 'and if I have any Faculty at gueſſing, you are not 'much better pleaſed. I proteſt it would be almoſt 'Charity in me to go Home for your Sake.' 'I know 'but one Charity equal to it,' cries *Jones*, 'and that 'is to ſuffer me to wait on you Home. Sure, an-'ſwered

'ſwered the Lady, you have a ſtrange Opinion of me, 'to imagine, that upon ſuch an Acquaintance, I 'would let you into my Doors at this Time o'Night. 'I fancy you impute the Friendſhip I have ſhewn my 'Couſin, to ſome other Motive. Confeſs honeſtly; 'don't you conſider this contrived Interview as little 'better than a downright Aſſignation? Are you uſed, 'Mr. *Jones*, to make theſe ſudden Conqueſts? I am 'not uſed, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'to ſubmit to ſuch 'ſudden Conqueſts; but as you have taken my Heart 'by Surprize, the reſt of my Body hath a Right to 'follow; ſo you muſt pardon me if I reſolve to at-'tend you wherever you go.' He accompanied theſe Words with ſome proper Actions; upon which the Lady, after a gentle Rebuke, and ſaying their Familiarity would be obſerved, told him, 'She was going 'to ſup with an Acquaintance, whither ſhe hoped 'he would not follow her; for if you ſhould, ſaid 'ſhe, I ſhall be thought an unaccountable Creature, 'though my Friend indeed is not cenſorious, yet I 'hope you won't follow me: I proteſt I ſhall not 'know what to ſay if you do.'

The Lady preſently after quitted the Maſquerade, and *Jones*, notwithſtanding the ſevere Prohibition he had received, preſumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the ſame Dilemma we have mentioned before, namely the Want of a Shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the Chair in which his Lady rode, purſued by a grand Huzza from all the Chairmen preſent, who wiſely take the beſt Care they can to diſcountenance all walking afoot by their Betters. Luckily however the Gentry who attend at the Opera-Houſe were too buſy to quit their Stations, and as the Lateneſs of the Hour prevented him from meeting many of their Brethren in the Street, he proceeded without Moleſtation in a Dreſs which, at another Seaſon, would have certainly raiſed a Mob at his Heels.

The

The Lady was ſet down in a Street, not far from *Hanover-Square*, where the Door being preſently opened, ſhe was carried in, and the Gentleman, without any Ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his Companion were now together in a very well-furniſhed and well-warm'd Room, when the Female ſtill ſpeaking in her Maſquerade Voice, ſaid, ſhe was ſurpriſed at her Friend, who muſt abſolutely have forgot her Appointment; at which, after venting much Reſentment, ſhe ſuddenly expreſt ſome Apprehenſion from *Jones*, and aſked him what the World would think of their having been alone together in a Houſe at that Time of Night? But inſtead of a direct Anſwer to ſo important a Queſtion, *Jones* began to be very importunate with the Lady to unmaſk, and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but the Lady *Bellaſton* herſelf.

It would be tedious to give the particular Converſation which conſiſted of very common and ordinary Occurrences, and which laſted from two till ſix o'Clock in the Morning. It is ſufficient to mention all of it that is any wiſe material to this Hiſtory. And this was a Promiſe that the Lady would endeavour to find out *Sophia*, and in a few Days bring him to an Interview with her, on Condition that he would then take his Leave of her. When this was thoroughly ſettled, and a ſecond Meeting in the Evening appointed at the ſame Place, they ſeparated; the Lady returned to her Houſe, and *Jones* to his Lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a Scene of Diſtreſs, which will appear very extraordinary to moſt of our Readers.

JONES, having refreſhed himſelf with a few Hours Sleep, ſummoned *Partridge* to his Preſence; and delivering him a Bank Note of fifty Pounds, ordered him to go and change it. *Partridge* received this with

with ſparkling Eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raiſed in him ſome Suſpicions not very advantageous to the Honour of his Maſter; to theſe the dreadful Idea he had of the Maſquerade, the Diſguiſe in which his Maſter had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all Night, contributed. In plain Language, the only Way he could poſſibly find to account for the Poſſeſſion of this Note, was by Robbery; and to confeſs the Truth, the Reader, unleſs he ſhould ſuſpect it was owing to the Generoſity of Lady *Bellaſton*, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the Honour of Mr. *Jones*, and to do Juſtice to the Liberality of the Lady, he had really received this Preſent from her, who, though ſhe did not give much into the Hackney Charities of the Age, ſuch as building Hoſpitals, *&c.* was not, however, entirely void of that Chriſtian Virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young Fellow of Merit, without a Shilling in the World, was no improper Object of this Virtue.

Mr. *Jones* and Mr. *Nightingale* had been invited to dine this Day with Mrs. *Miller*. At the appointed Hour therefore the two young Gentlemen, with the two Girls attended in the Parlour, where they waited from three till almoſt five before the good Woman appeared. She had been out of Town to viſit a Relation, of whom, at her Return, ſhe gave the following Account.

'I hope, Gentlemen, you will pardon my making 'you wait; I am ſure if you knew the Occaſion. '———I have been to ſee a Couſin of mine, about 'ſix Miles off, who now lies in.———It ſhould be 'a Warning to all Perſons (ſays ſhe, looking at her 'Daughters) how they marry indiſcreetly. There is 'no Happineſs in this World, without a Competency. 'O *Nancy!* how ſhall I deſcribe the wretched Con'dition in which I found your poor Couſin; ſhe hath 'ſcarce lain in a Week, and there was ſhe, this

'dreadful

'dreadful Weather, in a cold Room, without any 'Curtains to her Bed, and not a Buſhel of Coals in 'her Houſe to ſupply her with Fire: Her ſecond Son, 'that ſweet little Fellow, lies ill of a Quinzy in the 'ſame Bed with his Mother, for there is no other 'Bed in the Houſe. Poor little *Tommy!* I believe, '*Nancy*, you will never ſee your Favourite any more, 'for he is really very ill. The reſt of the Children 'are in pretty good Health; but *Molly*, I am afraid, 'will do herſelf an Injury; ſhe is but thirteen Years 'old, Mr. *Nightingale*, and yet in my Life, I ne-'ner ſaw a better Nurſe: She tends both her Mother 'and her Brother; and what is wonderful in a Crea-'ture ſo young, ſhe ſhews all the Chearfulneſs in the 'World to her Mother; and yet I ſaw her——I 'ſaw the poor Child, Mr. *Nightingale*, turn about 'and privately wipe the Tears from her Eyes.' Here Mrs. *Miller* was prevented, by her own Tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a Perſon preſent, who did not accompany her in them; at length ſhe a little recovered herſelf, and proceeded thus; 'in 'all this Diſtreſs the Mother ſupports her Spirits in 'a ſurpriſing Manner. The Danger of her Son ſits 'heavieſt upon her, and yet ſhe endeavours as much 'as poſſible to conceal even this Concern, on her 'Huſband's Account. Her Grief, however, ſome-'times gets the better of all her Endeavours; for ſhe 'was always extravagantly fond of this Boy, and a 'moſt ſenſible, ſweet-tempered Creature it is. I pro-'teſt I was never more affected in my Life, than 'when I heard the little Wretch, who is hardly yet 'ſeven Years old, while his Mother was wetting him 'with her Tears, beg her to be comforted.—— 'Indeed, Mamma, cry'd the Child, I ſhan't die, 'God Almighty, I'm ſure, won't take *Tommy* away; 'let Heaven be ever ſo fine a Place, I had rather ſtay 'here and ſtarve with you and my Papa, than go to 'it.——Pardon me, Gentlemen, I can't help it,

'(ſays

'(ſays ſhe, wiping her Eyes) ſuch Senſibility and Af-
'fection in a Child————And yet, perhaps, he is
'leaſt the object of Pity, for a Day or two will,
'moſt probably, place him beyond the Reach of all
'human Evils. The Father is indeed moſt worthy of
'Compaſſion. Poor Man, his Countenance is the
'very picture of Horror, and he looks rather like
'one dead than alive. O Heavens! what a Scene
'did I behold at my firſt coming into the Room!
'The good Creature was lying behind the Bolſter,
'ſupporting at once both his Child and his Wife. He
'had nothing on but a thin Waiſtcoat, for his Coat
'was ſpread over the Bed, to ſupply the Want of
'Blankets————When he roſe up at my Entrance,
'I ſcarce knew him. As comely a Man, Mr. *Jones*,
'within this Fortnight, as you ever beheld; Mr.
'*Nightingale* had ſeen him. His Eyes ſunk, his Face
'pale, with a long Beard. His Body ſhivering with
'Cold, and worn with Hunger too; for my Couſin
'ſays, ſhe can hardly prevail upon him to eat————
'He told me himſelf in a Whiſper————he told
'me————I can't repeat it————he ſaid he could
'not bear to eat the Bread his Children wanted. And
'yet, can you believe it, Gentlemen? In all this Mi-
'ſery, his Wife has as good Cawdle as if ſhe lay
'in, in the midſt of the greateſt Affluence; I taſted
'it, and I ſcarce ever taſted better——The Means
'of procuring her this,' he ſaid, he believed was ſent
'him by an Angel from Heaven; I know not what
'he meant, for I had not Spirits enough to aſk a ſin-
'gle Queſtion.'

'This was a Love-Match, as they call it, on both
'Sides; that is, a Match between two Beggars. I muſt
'indeed ſay I never ſaw a fonder Couple; but what is
'their Fondneſs good for but to torment each other?
'Indeed, Mamma, cries *Nancy*, I have always look-
'ed on my Couſin *Anderſon* (for that was her Name)
'as one of the happieſt of Women.' 'I am ſure, ſays
Mrs.

Mrs. *Miller*, 'the Caſe at preſent is much otherwiſe; 'for any one might have diſcerned, that the tender 'Conſideration of each other's Sufferings, makes the 'moſt intolerable part of their Calamity, both to the 'Huſband and the Wife. Compared to which, 'Hunger and Cold, as they affect their own Perſons 'only, are ſcarce Evils. Nay, the very Children, 'the youngeſt, which is not two Years old, excepted, 'feel in the ſame Manner; for they are a moſt loving 'Family; and if they had but a bare Competency, 'would be the happieſt People in the World. I ne-'ver ſaw the leaſt Sign of Miſery at her Houſe, re-'plied *Nancy*; I am ſure my Heart bleeds for what 'you now tell me.———O Child,' anſwered the Mother, 'ſhe hath always endeavoured to make the 'beſt of every Thing. They have always been in 'great Diſtreſs; but, indeed, this abſolute Ruin hath 'been brought upon them by others. The poor 'Man was Bail for the Villain his Brother; and a-'bout a Week ago, the very Day before her Lying-'in, their Goods were all carried away, and ſold by 'an Execution. He ſent a Letter to me of it by one 'of the Bailiffs, which the Villain never delivered. '—— What muſt he think of my Suffering a Week 'to paſs before he heard of me?

It was not with dry Eyes that *Jones* heard this Narrative; when it was ended, he took Mrs. *Miller* apart with him into another Room, and delivering her his Purſe, in which was the Sum of 50*l.* deſired her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor People. The Look which Mrs. *Miller* gave *Jones*, on this Occaſion, is not eaſy to be deſcribed. She burſt into a Kind of Agony of Tranſport, and cry'd out——'Good Heavens! Is there ſuch a Man 'in the Word?'——But recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid, 'Indeed I know one ſuch; but can there be 'another?' I hope, Madam,' cries *Jones*, there 'are many who have common Humanity: For to

'relieve

'relieve ſuch Diſtreſs in our Fellow-Creatures, can 'hardly be called more.' Mrs. *Miller* then took ten Guineas, which were the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and ſaid, 'ſhe would find ſome Means 'of conveying them early the next Morning;' adding, 'that ſhe had herſelf done ſome little Matter for the 'poor People, and had not left them in quite ſo much 'Miſery as ſhe found them.'

They then returned to the Parlour, where *Nightingale* expreſt great Concern at the dreadful Situation of theſe Wretches, whom, indeed, he knew; for he had ſeen them more than once at Mrs. *Miller*'s. He inveighed againſt the Folly of making one's ſelf liable for the Debts of others; vented many bitter Execrations againſt the Brother; and concluded with wiſhing ſomething could be done for the unfortunate Family. 'Suppoſe, Madam,' ſaid he, 'you ſhould 'recommend them to Mr. *Allworthy?* Or what think 'you of a Collection?' 'I will give them a Guinea 'with all my Heart.'

Mrs. *Miller* made no Anſwer; and *Nancy*, to whom her Mother had whiſpered the Generoſity of *Jones*, turned pale upon the Occaſion; though if either of them was angry with *Nightingale*, it was ſurely without Reaſon. For the Liberality of *Jones*, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any Obligation to follow; and there are Thouſands who would not have contributed a ſingle Halfpenny, as indeed he did not in Effect, for he made no Tender of any Thing; and therefore, as the others thought proper to make no Demand, he kept his Money in his Pocket.

I have in Truth obſerved, and ſhall never have a better Opportunity than at preſent to communicate my Obſervation, that the World are in general divided into two Opinions concerning Charity, which are the very reverſe of each other. One Party ſeems to hold, that all Acts of this kind are to be eſteemed as

voluntary Gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wiſhes) you acquire a great Degree of Merit in ſo doing.——Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly perſuaded, that Beneficence is a poſitive Duty, and that whenever the Rich fall greatly ſhort of their Ability in relieving the Diſtreſſes of the Poor, their pitiful Largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their Duty by Halves, and are in ſome Senſe more contemptible than thoſe who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile theſe different Opinions is not in my Power. I ſhall only add, that the Givers are generally of the former Sentiment, and the Receivers are almoſt univerſally inclined to the latter.

CHAP. IX. *Which treats of Matters of a very different Kind from thoſe in the preceding Chapter.*

IN the Evening *Jones* met his Lady again, and a long Converſation again enſued between them; but as it conſiſted only of the ſame ordinary Occurrences as before, we ſhall avoid mentioning Particulars, which we deſpair of rendering agreeable to the Reader; unleſs he is one whoſe Devotion to the Fair Sex, like that of the Papiſts to their Saints, wants to be raiſed by the Help of Pictures. But I am ſo far from deſiring to exhibit ſuch Pictures to the Public, that I would wiſh to draw a Curtain over thoſe that have been lately ſet forth in certain *French* Novels; very bungling Copies of which have been preſented us here, under the Name of Tranſlations.

Jones grew ſtill more and more impatient to ſee *Sophia*; and finding, after repeated Interviews with Lady *Bellaſton*, no Likelihood of obtaining this by her Means; for, on the contrary, the Lady began to treat even the Mention of the Name of *Sophia* with Reſentment; he reſolved to try ſome other Method. He

He made no Doubt but that Lady *Bellaſton* knew where his Angel was, ſo he thought it moſt likely, that ſome of her Servants ſhould be acquainted with the ſame Secret. *Partridge* therefore was employed to get acquainted with thoſe Servants, in order to fiſh this Secret out of them.

Few Situations can be imagined more uneaſy than that to which his poor Maſter was at preſent reduced; for beſides the Difficulties he met with in diſcovering *Sophia*, beſides the Fears he had of having diſobliged her, and the Aſſurances he had received from the Lady *Bellaſton* of the Reſolution which *Sophia* had taken againſt him, and of her having purpoſely concealed herſelf from him, which he had ſufficient Reaſon to believe might be true; he had ſtill a Difficulty to combat, which it was not in the Power of his Miſtreſs to remove, however kind her Inclination might have been. This was the expoſing of her to be diſinherited of all her Father's Eſtate, the almoſt inevitable Conſequence of their coming together without a Conſent, which he had no Hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all theſe the many Obligations which Lady *Bellaſton*, whoſe violent Fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her Means he was now become one of the beſt dreſs'd Men about Town; and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous Diſtreſſes we have before mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a State of Affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many Gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their Conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole Fortune of a Woman, without making her any kind of Return; yet to a Mind, the Proprietor of which doth not deſerve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more irkſome than to ſupport Love with Gratitude only; eſpecially where Inclination pulls the Heart a different Way. Such was the unhappy Caſe of *Jones*; for tho' the virtuous Love

which he bore to *Sophia*, and which left very little Affection for any other Woman, had been entirely out of the Queſtion, he could never have been able to have made an adequate Return to the generous Paſſion of this Lady, who had indeed been once an Object of Deſire; but was now entered at leaſt into the Autumn of Life; though ſhe wore all the Gaiety of Youth both in her Dreſs and Manner; nay, ſhe contrived ſtill to maintain the Roſes in her Cheeks; but theſe, like Flowers forced out of Seaſon by Art, had none of that lovely blooming Freſhneſs, with which Nature, at the proper Time, bedecks her own Productions. She had, beſides, a certain Imperfection, which renders ſome Flowers, tho' very beautiful to the Eye, very improper to be placed in a Wilderneſs of Sweets, and what above all others is moſt diſagreeable to the Breath of Love.

Though *Jones* ſaw all theſe Diſcouragements on the one Side, he felt his Obligations full as ſtrongly on the other; nor did he leſs plainly diſcern the ardent Paſſion whence theſe Obligations proceeded, the extreme Violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the Lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worſe, he would have thought himſelf ſo. He knew the tacit Conſideration upon which all her Favours were conferred; and as his Neceſſity obliged him to accept them, ſo his Honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the Price. This therefore he reſolved to do, whatever Miſery it coſt him, and to devote himſelf to her, from that great Principle of Juſtice, by which the Laws of ſome Countries oblige a Debtor, who is no otherwiſe capable of diſcharging his Debt, to become the Slave of his Creditor.

While he was meditating on theſe Matters, he received the following Note from the Lady.

'A very fooliſh, but a very perverſe, Accident hath 'happened ſince our laſt meeting, which makes it 'improper I ſhould ſee you any more at the uſual 'Place.

'Place. I will, if poſſible, contrive ſome other Place 'by To-morrow. In the mean Time, adieu.'

This Diſappointment, perhaps, the Reader may conclude was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in leſs than an Hour afterwards another Note was brought him from the ſame Hand, which contained as follows.

'I have altered my Mind ſince I wrote, a Change, 'which, if you are no Stranger to the tendereſt of all 'Paſſions, you will not wonder at. I am now re-'ſolved to ſee you this Evening, at my own Houſe, 'whatever may be the Conſequence. Come to me 'exactly at ſeven; I dine abroad, but will be at 'Home by that Time. A Day, I find to thoſe that 'ſincerely Love, ſeems longer than I imagined.

'If you ſhould accidentally be a few Moments be-'fore me, bid them ſhew you into the Drawing-'Room.'

To confeſs the Truth, *Jones* was leſs pleaſed with this laſt Epiſtle than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earneſt Entreaties of Mr. *Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted much Intimacy and Friendſhip. Theſe Entreaties were to go with that young Gentleman and his Company to a new Play, which was to be acted that Evening, and which a very large Party had agreed to damn, for ſome diſlike they had taken to the Author, who was a Friend to one of Mr. *Nightingale*'s Acquaintance. And this Sort of Funn, our Hero, we are aſhamed to confeſs, would willingly have preferred to the above kind Appointment; but his Honour got the better of his Inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended Interview with the Lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding Notes, as the Reader may poſſibly be not a little ſurprized at the Imprudence of Lady *Bellaſton*, in bringing her Lover to the very Houſe where her Rival was lodged.

First then, the Mistress of the House where these Lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some Years a Pensioner to that Lady, was now become a Methodist, and had that very Morning waited upon her Ladyship, and after rebuking her severely for her past Life, had positively declared, that she would, on no Account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her Affairs for the future.

The Hurry of Spirits, into which this Accident threw the Lady, made her despair of possibly finding any other Convenience to meet *Jones* that Evening; but as she began a little to recover from her Uneasiness at the Disappointment, she set her Thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her Head to propose to *Sophia* to go to the Play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper Lady provided for her Companion. Mrs. *Honour* was likewise dispatched with Mrs. *Etoff* on the same Errand of Pleasure; and thus her own House was left free for the safe Reception of Mr. *Jones*, with whom she promised herself two or three Hours of uninterrupted Conversation, after her Return from the Place where she dined, which was at a Friend's House in a pretty distant Part of the Town, near her old Place of Assignation, where she had engaged herself, before she was well apprized of the Revolution that had happened in the Mind and Morals of her late Confidante.

CHAP. X.

A Chapter which, though short, may draw Tears from some Eyes.

MR. *Jones* was just dress'd to wait on Lady *Bellaston*, when Mrs. *Miller* rapp'd at his Door; and being admitted, very earnestly desired his Company below Stairs to drink Tea in the Parlour.

Upon his Entrance into the Room, she presently introduced a Person to him, saying, 'This, Sir, is my 'Cousin, who hath been so greatly beholden to your 'Goodness,

'Goodneſs, for which he begs to return you his ſin-
'cereſt Thanks.'

The Man had ſcarce entered upon that Speech, which Mrs. *Miller* had ſo kindly prefaced, when both *Jones* and he looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhewed at once the utmoſt Tokens of Surprize. The Voice of the latter began inſtantly to falter; and, inſtead of finiſhing his Speech, he ſunk down into a Chair, crying, 'It is ſo, I am convinced it is ſo!

'Bleſs me, what's the meaning of this,' cries Mrs. *Miller*, 'you are not ill, I hope, Couſin? Some 'Water, a Dram this Inſtant.

'Be not frighted, Madam,' cries *Jones*, 'I have 'almoſt as much Need of a Dram as your Couſin. 'We are equally ſurprized at this unexpected Meet-'ing. Your Couſin is an Acquaintance of mine, 'Mrs. *Miller*.

'An Acquaintance!' cries the Man,——'Oh 'Heaven!

'Ay, an Acquaintance, repeated *Jones*, and an 'honoured Acquaintance too. When I do not love 'and honour the Man who dares venture every thing 'to preſerve his Wife and Children from inſtant De-'ſtruction, may I have a Friend capable of diſowning 'me in Adverſity.

'O, you are an excellent young Man, cries Mrs. '*Miller*,——yes, indeed, poor Creature! he hath 'ventured every thing——if he had not had one of 'the beſt of Conſtitutions it muſt have killed him.

'Couſin, cries the Man, who had now pretty 'well recovered himſelf; this is the Angel from Hea-'ven whom I meant. This is he to whom, before I 'ſaw you, I owed the Preſervation of my *Peggy*. 'He it was to whoſe Generoſity every Comfort, every 'Support, which I have procured for her was owing. 'He is indeed the worthieſt, braveſt, nobleſt of all 'human Beings. O, Couſin, I have Obligations to 'this Gentleman of ſuch a Nature!

'Mention nothing of Obligations,' cries *Jones* eagerly, 'not a Word I inſiſt upon it, not a Word.' (Meaning, I ſuppoſe, that he would not have him betray the Affair of the Robbery to any Perſon)——'If 'by the Trifle you have received from me, I have 'preſerved a whole Family, ſure Pleaſure was never 'bought ſo cheap.'

'O, Sir, cries the Man, I wiſh you could this In'ſtant ſee my Houſe. If any Perſon had ever a Right 'to the Pleaſure you mention, I am convinced it is 'yourſelf. My Couſin tells me, ſhe acquainted you 'with the Diſtreſs in which ſhe found us. That, 'Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your Good'neſs.——My Children have now a Bed to lie on, '——and they have——they have——eternal Bleſſ'ings reward you for it,——they have Bread to eat. 'My little Boy is recovered; my Wife is out of Dan'ger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir, 'and to my Couſin here, one of the beſt of Women. 'Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſee you at my Houſe.——Indeed 'my Wife muſt ſee you, and thank you.——My 'Children too muſt expreſs their Gratitude.——In'deed, Sir, they are not without a Senſe of their Obli'gation; but what is my Feeling when I reflect to 'whom I owe, that they are now capable of expreſſ'ing their Gratitude?——Oh, Sir! the little Hearts 'which you have warmed had now been cold as Ice 'without your Aſſiſtance.'——

Here *Jones* attempted to prevent the poor Man from proceeding; but indeed the Overflowing of his own Heart would of itſelf have ſtopped his Words. And now Mrs. *Miller* likewiſe began to pour forth Thankſgivings, as well in her own Name, as in that of her Couſin, and concluded with ſaying, ſhe doubted not but ſuch Goodneſs would meet a glorious Reward.

Jones anſwered, 'He had been ſufficiently reward'ed already. Your Couſin's Account, Madam, ſaid 'he, hath given me a Senſation more pleaſing than I

'have ever known. He must be a wretch who is unmoved at hearing such a Story; how transporting then must be the Thought of having happily acted a part in this Scene! If there are Men who cannot feel the Delight of giving Happiness to others, I sincerely pity them, as they are incapable of tasting what is, in my Opinion, a greater Honour, a higher Interest, and a sweeter Pleasure, than the ambitious, the avaricious, or the voluptuous Man can ever obtain.'

The Hour of Appointment being now come, *Jones* was forced to take a hasty Leave, but not before he had heartily shaken his Friend by the Hand, and desired to see him again as soon as possible; promising, that he would himself take the first Opportunity of visiting him at his own House. He then stept into his Chair, and proceeding to Lady *Bellaston*'s, greatly exulting in the happiness which he had procured to this poor Family; nor could he forbear reflecting without Horror on the dreadful Consequences which must have attended them, had he listened rather to the Voice of strict Justice, than to that of Mercy, when he was attacked on the high Road.

Mrs. *Miller* sung forth the Praises of *Jones* during the whole Evening, in which Mr. *Anderson*, while he stayed, so passionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the Circumstances of the Robbery. However he luckily recollected himself, and avoided an indiscretion which would have been so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. *Miller* to be extremely strict and nice in her Principles. He was likewise well apprized of the Loquacity of this Lady; and yet such was his Gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of Discretion and Shame, and made him publish that which would have defamed his own Character, rather than omit any Circumstance which might do the fullest Honour to his Benefactor.

CHAP. XI. *In which the Reader will be ſurprized.*

MR. *Jones* was rather earlier than the Time appointed, and earlier than the Lady, whoſe Arrival was hindered not only by the Diſtance of the Place where ſhe dined, but by ſome other croſs Accidents, very vexatious to one in her Situation of Mind. He was accordingly ſhewn into the Drawing-Room, where he had not been many Minutes before the Door opened, and in came——no other than *Sophia* herſelf, who had left the Play before the End of the firſt Act; for this, as we have already ſaid, being a new Play, at which two large Parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent Uproar, and an Engagement between the two Parties, had ſo terrified our Heroine, that ſhe was glad to put herſelf under the Protection of a young Gentleman, who ſafely conveyed her to her Chair.

As Lady *Bellaſton* had acquainted her that ſhe ſhould not be at home till late, *Sophia* expecting to find no one in the Room, came haſtily in, and went directly to a Glaſs which almoſt fronted her, without once looking towards the upper End of the Room, where the Statue of *Jones* now ſtood motionleſs.—In this Glaſs it was, after contemplating her own lovely Face, that ſhe firſt diſcovered the ſaid Statue; when inſtantly turning about, ſhe perceived the Reality of the Viſion: Upon which ſhe gave a violent Scream, and ſcarce preſerved herſelf from fainting till *Jones* was able to move to her, and ſupport her in his Arms.

To paint the Looks or Thoughts of either of theſe Lovers is beyond my Power. As their Senſations, from their mutual Silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own Utterance, it cannot be ſuppoſed, that I ſhould be able to expreſs them: And the Misfortune is, that few of my Readers have been enough in Love, to feel by their own Hearts what paſt at this Time in their's.

After

After a ſhort Pauſe, *Jones*, with faltering Accents, ſaid,——'I ſee, Madam, you are ſurprized.'——'Surprized!' anſwered ſhe; 'Oh Heavens! Indeed, I am ſurprized. I almoſt doubt whether you are the Perſon you ſeem.' 'Indeed,' cries he, 'my *Sophia*, pardon me, Madam, for this once calling you ſo, I am that very wretched *Jones*, whom Fortune, after ſo many Diſappointments, hath, at laſt, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my *Sophia*, did you know the thouſand Torments I have ſuffered in this long, fruitleſs Purſuit.'——'Purſuit of whom?' ſaid *Sophia*, a little recollecting herſelf, and aſſuming a reſerved Air.——'Can you be ſo cruel to aſk that Queſtion?' cries *Jones*, 'Need I ſay of you?' 'Of me?' anſwered *Sophia*, 'Hath Mr. *Jones* then any ſuch important Buſineſs with me?' 'To ſome, Madam,' cries *Jones*, 'this might ſeem an important Buſineſs,' (giving her the Pocket-Book). 'I hope, Madam, you will find it of the ſame Value, as when it was loſt.' *Sophia* took the Pocket-Book, and was going to ſpeak, when he interrupted her, thus;——'Let us not, I beſeech you, loſe one of theſe precious Moments which Fortune hath ſo kindly ſent us.——O my *Sophia*, I have Buſineſs of a much ſuperior kind.——Thus, on my Knees, let me aſk your Pardon.'——'My Pardon?' cries ſhe;——'Sure, Sir, after what is paſt you cannot expect, after what I have heard—I ſcarce know what I ſay,' anſwered *Jones*. 'By Heavens! I ſcarce wiſh you ſhould pardon me. O my *Sophia*, henceforth never caſt away a Thought on ſuch a Wretch as I am. If any Remembrance of me ſhould ever intrude to give a Moment's Uneaſineſs to that tender Boſom, think of my Unworthineſs; and let the Remembrance of what paſt at *Upton* blot me for ever from your Mind.'——

Sophia ſtood trembling all this while. Her Face was whiter than Snow, and her Heart was throbbing through

through her Stays. But at the mention of *Upton*, a Bluſh aroſe in her Cheeks, and her eyes, which before ſhe had ſcarce lifted up, were turned upon *Jones* with a Glance of Diſdain. He underſtood this ſilent Reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my *Sophia*, my 'only Love, you cannot hate or deſpiſe me more 'for what happened there, than I do myſelf: But 'yet do me the juſtice to think, that my *Heart* was 'never unfaithful to you. *That* had no Share in the 'Folly I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably 'your's. Though I deſpaired of poſſeſſing you, nay, 'almoſt of ever ſeeing you more, I doated ſtill on 'your charming Idea, and could *ſeriouſly* love no o-'ther Woman. But if my Heart had not been en-'gaged, ſhe, into whoſe company I accidentally fell 'at that curſed Place, was not an object of ſerious 'Love. Believe me, my Angel, I never have ſeen 'her from that Day to this; and never intend, or 'deſire, to ſee her again.' *Sophia*, in her Heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her Face an Air of more Coldneſs than ſhe yet had aſſumed; 'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. *Jones*, do you take the Trou-'ble to make a Defence, where you are not accuſed? 'If I thought it worth while to accuſe you, I have 'a Charge of an unpardonable Nature indeed.' 'What is it, for Heaven's Sake?' anſwered *Jones*, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his Amour with Lady *Bellaſton*. 'Oh!' ſaid ſhe, 'how is it 'poſſible! Can every Thing noble, and every Thing 'baſe, be lodged together in the ſame Boſom?' Lady *Bellaſton*, and the ignominious Circumſtance of having been *kept*, roſe again in his Mind, and ſtopt his Mouth from any Reply. 'Could I have expected,' proceeded *Sophia*, 'ſuch Treatment from you? Nay, 'from any Gentleman, from any Man of Honour? 'To have my Name traduced in Public; in Inns, 'amongſt the meaneſt Vulgar! To have any little 'Favours, that my unguarded Heart may have too

'lightly

'lightly betray'd me to grant, boaſted of there!
'Nay, even to hear that you had been forced to fly
'from my Love!' Nothing could equal *Jones*'s Surprize at theſe Words of *Sophia*; but yet, not being guilty, he was much leſs embarraſſed how to defend himſelf, than if ſhe had touched that tender String, at which his Conſcience had been alarmed. By ſome Examination he preſently found, that her ſuppoſing him guilty of ſo ſhocking an Outrage againſt his Love and her Reputation, was entirely owing to *Partridge*'s Talk at the Inns, before Landlords, and Servants; for *Sophia* confeſſed to him, it was from them that ſhe received her Intelligence. He had no very great Difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an Offence ſo foreign to his Character; but ſhe had a great deal to hinder him from going inſtantly home, and putting *Partridge* to Death, which he more than once ſwore he would do. This Point being cleared up, they ſoon found themſelves ſo well pleaſed with each other, that *Jones* quite forgot he had begun the Converſation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and ſhe was in a Temper to have given Ear to a Petition of a very different Nature: For before they were aware, they were both gone ſo far, that he let fall ſome Words that ſounded like a propoſal of Marriage. To which ſhe replied, 'That, did not her Duty to her Father forbid her
'to follow her own Inclinations, Ruin with him
'would be more welcome to her, than the moſt af-
'fluent Fortune with another Man.' At the mention of the Word Ruin he ſtarted, let drop her Hand, which he had held for ſome Time, and ſtriking his Breaſt with his own, cried out, 'Oh, *Sophia*, can
'I then Ruin thee? No, by Heavens, no! I never
'will act ſo baſe a Part. Deareſt *Sophia*, whatever
'it coſts me, I will renounce you; I will give you
'up: I will tear all ſuch hopes from my Heart, as
'are inconſiſtent with your real Good. My Love I
'will

'will ever retain, but it ſhall be in Silence; it ſhall 'be at a Diſtance from you; it ſhall be in ſome fo-'reign Land; from whence no Voice, no Sigh of my 'Deſpair ſhall ever reach and diſturb your Ears. 'And when I am dead'——He would have gone on, but was ſtopt by a Flood of Tears which *Sophia* let fall in his Boſom, upon which ſhe leaned, without being able to ſpeak one Word. He kiſſed them off, which, for ſome Moments, ſhe allowed him to do without any Reſiſtance; but then recollecting herſelf gently withdrew out of his Arms; and, to turn the Diſcourſe from a Subject too tender, and which ſhe found ſhe could not ſupport, bethought herſelf to aſk him a Queſtion ſhe had never had Time to put to him before, 'How he came into that Room?' He began to ſtammer, and would, in all Probability, have raiſed her Suſpicions by the Anſwer he was going to give, when, at once, the Door opened, and in came Lady *Bellaſton*.

Having advanced a few Steps, and ſeeing *Jones* and *Sophia* together, ſhe ſuddenly ſtopt; when after a Pauſe of a few Moments, recollecting herſelf with admirable Preſence of Mind, ſhe ſaid,—tho' with ſufficient Indications of Surprize both in Voice and Countenance—'I thought, Miſs *Weſtern*, you had 'been at the Play?'

Though *Sophia* had had no Opportunity of learning of *Jones* by what Means he had diſcovered her, yet as ſhe had not the leaſt Suſpicion of the real Truth, or that *Jones* and Lady *Bellaſton* were acquainted; ſo ſhe was very little confounded: And the leſs, as the Lady had, in all their Converſations on the Subject, entirely taken her Side againſt her Father. With very little Heſitation, therefore, ſhe went through the whole Story of what had happened at the Play-houſe, and the Cauſe of her haſty Return.

The Length of this Narrative gave Lady *Bellaſton* and Opportunity of rallying her Spirits, and of conſi-

dering

dering in what Manner to act. And as the Behaviour of *Sophia* gave her hopes that *Jones* had not betray'd her, ſhe put on an Air of Good-Humour, and ſaid, 'I ſhould not have broke in ſo abruptly upon 'you, Miſs *Weſtern*, if I had known you had Com-'pany.'

Lady *Bellaſton* fixed her Eyes on *Sophia* whilſt ſhe ſpoke theſe Words. To which that poor young Lady, having her Face overſpread with Bluſhes and Confuſion, anſwered, in a ſtammering Voice, 'I am ſure 'Madam, I ſhall always think the Honour of your 'Ladyſhip's Company'——'I hope, at leaſt,' cries Lady *Bellaſton*, 'I interrupt no Buſineſs'——'No, 'Madam,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'our Buſineſs was at 'an End. Your Ladyſhip may be pleaſed to re-'member, I have often mentioned the loſs of my 'Pocket-Book, which this Gentleman having very 'luckily found, was ſo kind to return to me with the 'Bill in it.'

Jones, ever ſince the Arrival of Lady *Bellaſton*, had been ready to ſink with Fear. He ſat kicking his Heels, playing with his Fingers, and looking more like a Fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby Squire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite Aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and taking a Hint from the Behaviour of Lady *Bellaſton*, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any Acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the Stranger on his Part. He ſaid, 'Ever ſince 'he had had the Pocket-Book in his Poſſeſſion, he 'had uſed great Diligence in enquiring out the Lady 'whoſe name was writ in it; but never till that Day 'could be ſo fortunate as to diſcover her.'

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the Loſs of her Pocket-Book to Lady *Bellaſton*; but as *Jones*, for ſome Reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his Poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one Syllable of what *Sophia* now ſaid, and wonderfully admir'd

mir'd the extreme Quickneſs of the young Lady, in inventing ſuch an Excuſe. The Reaſon of *Sophia*'s leaving the Play-houſe met with no better Credit; and though ſhe could not account for the meeting between thoſe two Lovers, ſhe was firmly perſuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected Smile, therefore, ſhe ſaid—'Indeed, Miſs *Weſtern*, you have had very good Luck 'in recovering your Money. Not only as it fell into 'the Hands of a Gentleman of Honour, but as he 'happened to diſcover to whom it belonged. I think 'you would not conſent to have it advertiſed.—— 'It was great good Fortune, Sir, that you found out 'to whom the Note belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries *Jones*, 'It was incloſed in a 'Pocket Book, in which the young Lady's Name 'was written.'

'That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the Lady; ——'And it was no leſs ſo, that you heard Miſs '*Weſtern* was at my Houſe; for ſhe is very little 'known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his Spirits; and as he conceived he had now an Opportunity of ſatisfying *Sophia*, as to the Queſtion ſhe had aſked him juſt before Lady *Bellaſton* came in, he proceeded thus: 'Why, Madam,' anſwered he, 'it was by 'the luckieſt Chance imaginable I made this Diſco-'very. I was mentioning what I had found, and 'the Name of the Owner the other Night, to a 'Lady at the Maſquerade, who told me, ſhe believ-'ed ſhe knew where I might ſee Miſs *Weſtern*; and 'if I would come to her Houſe the next Morning, 'ſhe would inform me. I went according to her 'Appointment but ſhe was not at Home; nor could 'I ever meet with her till this Morning, when ſhe 'directed me to your Ladyſhip's Houſe. I came ac-'cordingly, and did myſelf the Honour to aſk for 'your Ladyſhip: and upon my ſaying that I had ve-

'ry

'ry particular Buſineſs, a Servant ſhewed me into this 'Room; where I had not been long before the young 'Lady returned from the Play.'

Upon his mentioning the Maſquerade, he looked very ſlyly at Lady *Bellaſton*, without any Fear of being remarked by *Sophia*; for ſhe was viſibly too much confounded to make any Obſervations. This Hint a little alarmed the Lady, and ſhe was ſilent; when *Jones*, who ſaw the Agitations of *Sophia*'s Mind, reſolved to take the only Method of relieving her, which was by retiring: But before he did this, he ſaid, 'I 'believe, Madam, it is cuſtomary to give ſome Re-'ward on theſe Occaſions;—I muſt inſiſt on a very 'high one for my Honeſty;——It is, Madam, no 'leſs than the Honour of being permitted to pay ano-'ther Viſit here.'

'Sir,' replied the Lady, 'I make no Doubt that 'you are a Gentleman, and my Doors are never ſhut 'to People of Faſhion.'

Jones then after proper Ceremonials departed, highly to his own Satisfaction, and no leſs to that of *Sophia*; who was terribly alarmed leſt Lady *Bellaſton* ſhould diſcover what ſhe knew already but too well.

Upon the Stairs *Jones* met his old Acquaintance Mrs. *Honour*, who, notwithſtanding all ſhe had ſaid againſt him, was now ſo well-bred to behave with great Civility. This Meeting proved indeed a lucky Circumſtance, as he communicated to her the Houſe where he lodged, with which *Sophia* was unacquainted.

CHAP. XII. *In which the Thirteenth Book is concluded.*

THE elegant Lord *Shaftſbury* ſomewhere objects to telling too much Truth: By which it may be fairly inferred, that, in ſome Caſes, to lie, is not only excuſable but commendable.

And ſurely there are no Perſons who may ſo properly

perly challenge a Right to this commendable Deviation from Truth, as young Women in the Affair of Love; for which they may plead Precept, Education, and above all, the Sanction, nay, I may ſay, the Neceſſity of Cuſtom by which they are reſtrained, not from ſubmitting to the honeſt impulſes of Nature (for that would be a fooliſh Prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, aſhamed to ſay, our Heroine now purſued the Dictates of the above-mentioned Right Honourable Philoſopher, As ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied then, that Lady *Bellaſton* was ignorant of the Perſon of *Jones*, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that Ignorance, though at the Expence of a little Fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before Lady *Bellaſton* cry'd; 'Upon my Word, a good pretty young 'Fellow; I wonder who he is: For I don't remember ever to have ſeen his Face before.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries *Sophia*. 'I muſt 'ſay he behaved very handſomely in relation to my 'Note.

'Yes; and he is a very handſome Fellow,' ſaid the Lady; 'don't you think ſo?'

'I did not take much Notice of him,' anſwered *Sophia*; 'but I thought he ſeemed rather awkward and 'ungenteel than otherwiſe.'

'You are extremely right,' cries Lady *Bellaſton*; 'You may ſee, by his Manner, that he hath not 'kept Good Company. Nay, notwithſtanding his re'turning your Note, and refuſing the Reward, I al'moſt queſtion whether he is a Gentleman——I have 'always obſerved there is Something in Perſons well'born, which others can never acquire.——I think 'I will give Orders not to be at Home to him.'

'Nay ſure, Madam' anſwered *Sophia*, 'one can't 'ſuſpect after what he hath done:——Beſides if your 'Ladyſhip obſerved him, there was an Elegance in

'his

'his Diſcourſe, a Delicacy, a Prettineſs of Expreſ-
'ſion that, that——

'I confeſs,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'the Fellow hath
'Words——And indeed, *Sophia*, you muſt forgive
'me, indeed you muſt.'

'I forgive your Ladyſhip!' ſaid *Sophia*.

'Yes indeed you muſt,' anſwered ſhe, 'laughing;
'for I had a horrible Suſpicion when I firſt came into
'the Room——I vow you muſt forgive it; but I
'ſuſpected it was Mr. *Jones* himſelf.'

'Did your Ladyſhip indeed?' cries *Sophia*, bluſh-
'ing, and affecting a Laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' anſwered ſhe, 'I can't ima-
'gine what put it into my Head: For, give the Fel-
'low his due, he was genteelly dreſt; which, I think,
'dear *Sophy* is not commonly the caſe with your
'Friend.'

'This Raillery,' cries *Sophia*, 'is a little cruel,
'Lady *Bellaſton*, after my Promiſe to your Ladyſhip.'

'Not at all, Child,' ſaid the Lady;——'It would
'have been cruel before; but after you have pro-
'miſed me never to marry without your Father's
'Conſent, in which you know is implied your giving
'up *Jones*, ſure you can bear a little Raillery on a
'Paſſion which was pardonable enough in a young
'Girl in the Country, and of which you tell me you
'have ſo entirely got the better. What muſt I think,
'my dear *Sophy*, if you cannot bear a little Ridicule
'even on his Dreſs? I ſhall begin to fear you are
'very far gone indeed; and almoſt queſtion whether
'you have dealt ingenuouſly with me.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries *Sophia*, 'your Ladyſhip
'miſtakes me, if you imagine I had any Concern on
'his Account.

'On his Account?' anſwered the Lady: 'You
'muſt have miſtaken me; I went no further than his
'Dreſs——for I would not injure your Taſte by any
'other Compariſon.——I don't imagine, my dear

'*Sophy*,

'*Sophy*, if your Mr. *Jones* had been ſuch a Fellow as 'this——I thought,' ſays *Sophia*, 'your Ladyſhip 'had allowed him to be handſome.——

'Whom, pray?' cried the Lady haſtily.

'Mr. *Jones*,' anſwered *Sophia*;——and immediately recollecting herſelf, 'Mr. *Jones!* no, no; I aſk 'your Pardon; I mean the Gentleman who was juſt 'now here.

'O *Sophy*, *Sophy!*' cries the Lady; this Mr. *Jones*, 'I am afraid, ſtill runs in your Head.'

'Then upon my Honour, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'Mr. *Jones* is as entirely indifferent to me, as the 'Gentleman who juſt now left us.'

'Upon my Honour,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'I be-'lieve it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent 'Raillery; but I promiſe you I will never mention 'his Name any more.'

And now the two Ladies ſeparated, infinitely more to the Delight of *Sophia*, than of Lady *Bellaſton*, who would willingly have tormented her Rival a little longer, had not Buſineſs of more Importance called her away. As for *Sophia*, her Mind was not perfectly eaſy under this firſt Practice of Deceit; upon which, when ſhe retired to her Chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt Uneaſineſs and conſcious Shame. Nor could the peculiar Hardſhip of her Situation, and the Neceſſity of the Caſe, at all reconcile her Conduct to her Mind; the Frame of which was too delicate to bear the Thought of having been guilty of a Falſhood, however qualified by Circumſtances. Nor did this Thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her Eyes during the whole ſucceeding Night.

BOOK XIV. *Containing Two Days.*

CHAP. I. *An Eſſay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having ſome Knowledge of the Subject on which he writes.*

AS ſeveral Gentlemen in theſe Times, by the wonderful Force of Genius only, without the leaſt Aſſiſtance of Learning, perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a conſiderable Figure in the Republic of Letters; the modern Critics, I am told, have lately begun to aſſert, that all kind of Learning is intirely uſeleſs to a Writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of Fetters on the natural Spritelineſs and Activity of the Imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from ſoaring to thoſe high Flights which otherwiſe it would be able to reach.

This Doctrine, I am afraid, is, at preſent, carried much too far: For why ſhould Writing differ ſo much from all other Arts? The Nimbleneſs of a Dancing Maſter is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any Mechanic, I believe, exerciſe his Tools the worſe by knowing how to uſe them. For my own Part, I cannot conceive that *Homer* or *Virgil* would have writ with more Fire, if, inſtead of being Maſters of all the Learning of their Times, they had really been as ignorant as moſt of the Authors of the preſent Age. Nor do I believe that all the Imagination, Fire, and Judgment of *Pitt*, could have produced thoſe Orations that have made the Senate of *England* in theſe our Times a Rival in Eloquence to *Greece* and *Rome*, if he had not been ſo well read in the Writings of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*,

cero, as to have transfuſed their whole Spirit into his Speeches, and, with their Spirit, their Knowledge too.

I would not here be underſtood to inſiſt on the ſame Fund of Learning in any of my Brethren, as *Cicero* perſuades us is neceſſary to the Compoſition of an Orator. On the contrary, very little Reading is, I conceive, neceſſary to the Poet, leſs to the Critic, and the leaſt of all to the Politician. For the firſt, perhaps, *Byſſe*'s Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern Poets, may ſuffice; for the ſecond, a moderate Heap of Plays; and for the laſt, an indifferent Collection of political Journals.

To ſay the Truth, I require no more than that a Man ſhould have ſome little Knowledge of the Subject on which he treats, according to the old Maxim of Law, *Quam quiſque norit artem, in eâ ſe exerceat.* With this alone a Writer may ſometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other Learning in the World will ſtand him in little ſtead. For Inſtance, let us ſuppoſe that *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Ariſtotle* and *Cicero*, *Thucydides* and *Livy* could have met altogether, and have clubbed their ſeveral Talents to have compoſed a Treatiſe on the Art of Dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed, they could not have equalled the excellent Treatiſe which Mr. *Eſſex* hath given us on that Subject, entitled *The Rudiments of genteel Education.* And, indeed, ſhould the excellent Mr. *Broughton* be prevailed on to ſet *Fiſt* to Paper, and to complete the aboveſaid Rudiments, by delivering down the true Principles of Athleticks, I queſtion whether the World will have any Cauſe to lament, that none of the great Writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and uſeful Art.

To avoid a Multiplicity of Examples in ſo plain a Caſe, and to come at once to my Point, I am apt to conceive, that one Reaſon why many *Engliſh* Wri- have totally failed, in deſcribing the Manners of upper

upper Life, may poſſibly be, that in Reality they know nothing of it.

This is a Knowledge unhappily not in the Power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect Idea of it; nor will the Stage a much better: The fine Gentleman formed upon reading the former will almoſt always turn out a Pedant, and he who forms himſelf upon the latter, a Coxcomb.

Nor are the Characters drawn from theſe Models better ſupported. *Vanburgh* and *Congreve* copied Nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the preſent Age, as *Hogarth* would do if he was to paint a Rout or a Drum in the Dreſſes of *Titian* and of *Vandyke*. In ſhort, Imitation here will not do the Buſineſs. The Picture muſt be after Nature herſelf. A true Knowledge of the World is gained only by Converſation, and the Manners of every Rank muſt be ſeen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher Order of Mortals is not to be ſeen, like all the reſt of the Human Species, for nothing, in the Streets, Shops, and Coffee-houſes: Nor are they ſhewn, like the upper Rank of Animals, for ſo much apiece. In ſhort, this is a Sight to which no Perſons are admitted, without one or other of theſe Qualifications, *viz.* either Birth or Fortune; or what is equivalent to both, the honourable Profeſſion of a Gameſter. And very unluckily for the World, Perſons ſo qualified, very ſeldom care to take upon themſelves the bad Trade of Writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer Sort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of Stock to ſet up with.

Hence thoſe Strange Monſters in Lace and Embroidery, in Silks and Brocades, with vaſt Wigs and Hoops; which, under the Name of Lords and Ladies, ſtrut the Stage, to the great Delight of Attornies and their Clerks in the Pit, and the Citizens and their Apprentices in the Galleries; and which are no more to

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be found in real Life, than the Centaur, the Chimera, or any other Creature of mere Fiction. But to let my Reader into a Secret, the Knowledge of upper Life, though very neceſſary for the preventing Miſtakes, is no very great Reſource to a Writer whoſe Province is Comedy, or that kind of Novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic Claſs.

What Mr. *Pope* ſays of Women is very applicable to moſt in this Station, who are indeed ſo entirely made up of Form and Affectation, that they have no Character at all, at leaſt, none which appears. I will venture to ſay the higheſt Life is much the dulleſt, and affords very little Humour or Entertainment. The various Callings in lower Spheres produce the great Variety of humorous Characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the Purſuit of Ambition, and the fewer ſtill who have a Reliſh for Pleaſure, all is Vanity and ſervile Imitation. Dreſſing and Cards, eating and drinking, bowing and curteſying, make up the Buſineſs of their Lives.

Some there are however, of this Rank, upon whom Paſſion exerciſes its Tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the Bounds which Decorum preſcribes; of theſe, the Ladies are as much diſtinguiſhed by their noble Intrepidity, and a certain ſuperior Contempt of Reputation, from the frail ones of meaner Degree, as a virtuous Woman of Quality is by the Elegance and Delicacy of her Sentiments from the honeſt Wife of a Yeoman or Shop-keeper. Lady *Bellaſton* was of this intrepid Character; but let not my Country Readers conclude from her, that this is the general Conduct of Women of Faſhion, or that we mean to repreſent them as ſuch. They might as well ſuppoſe, that every Clergyman was repreſented by *Thwackum*, or every Soldier by Enſign *Northerton*.

There is not indeed a greater Error than that which univerſally prevails among the Vulgar, who borrowing their Opinion from ſome ignorant Satyriſts, have

affixed

affixed the Character of Lewdneſs to theſe Times. On the contrary I am convinced there was never leſs of Love Intrigue carried on among Perſons of Condition, than now. Our preſent Women have been taught by their Mothers to fix their Thoughts only on Ambition and Vanity, and to deſpiſe the Pleaſure of Love as unworthy their Regard; and being afterwards, by the Care of ſuch Mothers, married without having Huſbands, they ſeem pretty well confirmed in the Juſtneſs of thoſe Sentiments; whence they content themſelves for the dull Remainder of Life, with the Purſuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childiſh, Amuſements, the bare mention of which would ill ſuit with the Dignity of this Hiſtory. In my humble Opinion, the true Characteriſtic of the preſent *Beau Monde*, is rather Folly than Vice, and the only Epithet which it deſerves is that of *Frivolous*.

CHAP. II. *Containing Letters and other Matters which attend Amours.*

JONES had not long been at Home, before he received the following Letter.

'I was never more ſurprized than when I found 'you was gone. When you left the Room, I little 'imagined you intended to have left the Houſe without ſeeing me again. Your Behaviour is all of a 'Piece, and convinces me how much I ought to de'ſpiſe a Heart which can doat upon an Idiot; though 'I know not whether I ſhould not admire her Cun'ning more than her Simplicity: Wonderful both! 'For though ſhe underſtood not a Word of what 'paſſed between us, ſhe yet had the Skill, the Aſſu'rance, the——what ſhall I call it? to deny to my 'Face that ſhe knows you, or ever ſaw you before— 'Was this a Scheme laid between you, and have you 'been baſe enough to betray me?——O how I de'ſpiſe her, you, and all the World, but chiefly my-

'ſelf, for,——I dare not write what I ſhould afterwards run mad to read; but remember, I can deteſt as violently as I have loved.

Jones had but little Time given him to reflect on this Letter, before a ſecond was brought him from the ſame Hand; and this, likewiſe, we ſhall ſet down in the preciſe Words.

'When you conſider the Hurry of Spirits in which I muſt have writ, you cannot be ſurprized at any Expreſſions in my former Note——Yet perhaps, on Reflection, they were rather too warm. At leaſt I would, if poſſible, think all owing to the odious Playhouſe, and to the impertinence of a Fool, which detained me beyond my Appointment.——How eaſy is it to think well of thoſe we love?——Perhaps you deſire I ſhould think ſo. I have reſolved to ſee you to Night; ſo come to me immediately.

'*P. S.* I have ordered to be at Home to none but yourſelf.

'*P. S.* Mr. *Jones* will imagine I ſhall aſſiſt him in his Defence; for I believe he cannot deſire to impoſe on me more than I deſire to impoſe on myſelf.

'*P. S.* Come immediately.'

To the Men of Intrigue I refer the Determination, whether the angry or the tender Letter gave the greateſt Uneaſineſs to *Jones*. Certain it is, he had no violent Inclination to pay any more Viſits that Evening, unleſs to one ſingle Perſon. However he thought his Honour engaged, and had not this been Motive ſufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the Temper of Lady *Bellaſton* into that Flame of which he had Reaſon to think it ſuſceptible, and of which he feared the Conſequence might be a Diſcovery to *Sophia*, which he dreaded. After ſome diſcontented Walks therefore about the Room, he was preparing to depart, when the Lady kindly prevented him, not

by

by another Letter, but by her own Preſence. She entered the Room very diſordered in her Dreſs, and very diſcompoſed in her Looks, and threw herſelf into a chair, where having recovered her Breath, ſhe ſaid,——'You ſee, Sir, when Women have gone 'one Length too far they will ſtop at none. If any 'Perſon would have ſworn this to me a Week ago, 'I would not have believed it of myſelf.' 'I hope, 'Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'my charming Lady *Bellaſton* 'will be as difficult to believe any thing againſt one 'who is ſo ſenſible of the many Obligations ſhe hath 'conferred upon him.'——'Indeed! ſays ſhe, ſenſible of Obligations! Did I expect to hear ſuch cold 'Language from Mr. *Jones?* 'Pardon me, my 'dear Angel, ſaid he, if after the Letters I have received, the Terrors of your Anger, though I know 'not how I have deſerved it'——'And have I then,' ſays ſhe with a Smile, 'ſo angry a Countenance?—'Have I really brought a chiding Face with me?' '——If there be Honour in Man, ſaid he, I have 'done nothing to merit your Anger.——You remember the Appointment you ſent me——I went 'in Purſuance——I beſeech you, cry'd ſhe, do not 'run through the odious Recital——Anſwer me but 'one Queſtion, and I ſhall be eaſy——Have you not 'betrayed my Honour to her?——*Jones* fell upon 'his Knees, and began to utter the moſt violent Proteſtations, when *Partridge* came dancing and capering into the Room, like one drunk with Joy, crying out, ſhe's found! ſhe's found!——Here, Sir, 'here, ſhe's here,—Mrs. *Honour* is upon the Stairs. 'Stop her a Moment, cries *Jones*,——Here, Madam, ſtep behind the Bed, I have no other Room, 'nor Cloſet, nor Place on Earth to hide you in; 'ſure never was ſo damn'd an Accident.——D—n'd indeed! ſaid the Lady as ſhe went to her Place of Concealment, and preſently afterwards in came Mrs. *Honour*. 'Hey day! ſays ſhe, Mr. *Jones*, what's

'the Matter?——That impudent Raſcal your Servant would ſcarce let me come up Stairs. I hope 'he hath not the ſame Reaſon now to keep me from 'you as he had at *Upton*.——I ſuppoſe you hardly 'expected to ſee me; but you have certainly be-'witched my Lady. Poor dear young Lady! To be 'ſure, I loves her as tenderly as if ſhe was my own 'Siſter. Lord have Mercy upon you, if you don't 'make her a good Huſband; and to be ſure if you 'do not, nothing can be bad enough for you.' *Jones* 'begged her only to whiſper, for that there was a La-'dy dying in the next Room.' 'A Lady! cries ſhe? 'ay, I ſuppoſe one of your Ladies. O Mr. *Jones*, there 'are too many of them in the World; I believe we 'are got into the Houſe of one, for my Lady *Bella-'ſton* I darſt to ſay is no better than ſhe ſhould be. ——'Huſh! huſh! cries *Jones*, every Word is 'overheard in the next Room.' 'I don't care a Far-'thing, cries *Honour*, I ſpeaks no Scandal of any one; 'but to be ſure the Servants makes no ſcruple of ſay-'ing as how her Ladyſhip meets Men at another 'Place——where the Houſe goes under the Name 'of a poor Gentlewoman, but her Ladyſhip pays 'the Rent, and many's the good Thing beſides, they 'ſay ſhe hath of her.'—Here *Jones*, after expreſ-ſing the utmoſt Uneaſineſs, offered to ſtop her Mouth. —'Hey day! why ſure, Mr. *Jones*, you will let me 'ſpeak, I ſpeaks no Scandal, for I only ſays what I 'heard from others,—and thinks I to myſelf, much 'good may it do the Gentlewoman with her Riches, 'if ſhe comes by it in ſuch a wicked Manner. To 'be ſure it is better to be poor and honeſt.' 'The 'Servants are Villains,' cries *Jones*, 'and abuſe their 'Lady unjuſtly—— Ay to be ſure Servants are al-'ways Villains, and ſo my Lady ſays, and won't hear 'a Word of it.'—'No, I am convinced, ſays *Jones*,' 'my *Sophia* is above liſtening to ſuch baſe Scandal.' 'Nay, I believe it is no Scandal neither, cries *Ho-*

nour,

'*nour*, for why ſhould ſhe meet Men at another 'Houſe?——It can never be for any Good: for if 'ſhe had a lawful Deſign of being courted, as to be 'ſure any Lady may lawfully give her Company to 'Men upon that Account; why where can be the 'Senſe.'——I proteſt, cries *Jones*, I can't hear all 'this of a Lady of ſuch Honour, and a Relation of '*Sophia*; beſides you will diſtract the poor Lady in 'the next Room.——Let me intreat you to walk 'with me down Stairs——Nay, Sir, you won't let 'me ſpeak, I have done——Here, Sir, is a Letter 'from my young Lady,——what would ſome Men 'give to have this? But, Mr. *Jones*, I think you are 'not over and above generous, and yet I have heard 'ſome Servants ſay; but I am ſure you will do me 'the Juſtice to own I never ſaw the Colour of your 'Money.' Here *Jones* haſtily took the Letter, and preſently after ſlipped five Pieces into her Hand. He then returned a thouſand Thanks to his dear *Sophia* in a Whiſper, and begged her to leave him to read her Letter; ſhe preſently departed, not without expreſſing much grateful Senſe of his Generoſity.

Lady *Bellaſton* now came from behind the Curtain. How ſhall I deſcribe her Rage? Her Tongue was at firſt incapable of Utterance; but ſtreams of Fire darted from her Eyes, and well indeed they might, for her Heart was all in a Flame. And now as ſoon as her Voice found way, inſtead of expreſſing any Indignation againſt *Honour*, or her own Servants, ſhe began to attack poor *Jones*. 'You ſee, ſaid ſhe, 'what I have ſacrificed to you, my Reputation, my 'Honour——gone for ever! And what Return have 'I found? Neglected, ſlighted for a Country Girl, 'for an Idiot.'—'What Neglect, Madam, or what 'Slight, cries *Jones*, have I been guilty of?—Mr. '*Jones*, ſaid ſhe, it is in vain to diſſemble, if you 'will make me eaſy, you muſt entirely give her up; 'and as a Proof, of your Intention, ſhew me the Let-

'ter.'—'What Letter, Madam? ſaid *Jones*. Nay, 'ſurely, ſaid ſhe, you cannot have the confidence to 'deny your having received a Letter by the Hands of 'that Trollop.' 'And can your Ladyſhip, cries he, 'aſk of me what I muſt part with my Honour before 'I grant? Have I acted in ſuch a Manner by your 'Ladyſhip? Could I be guilty of betraying this poor 'innocent Girl to you, what Security could you have, 'that I ſhould not act the ſame Part by yourſelf? A 'Moment's Reflection will, I am ſure, convince you, 'that a Man with whom the Secrets of a Lady are 'not ſafe, muſt be the moſt contemptible of Wretches. 'Very well, ſaid ſhe——I need not inſiſt on your 'becoming this contemptible Wretch in your own 'Opinion; for the Inſide of the Letter could inform 'me of nothing more than I know already. I ſee 'the Footing you are upon.'——Here enſued a long Converſation, which the Reader who is not too curious, will thank me for not inſerting at length. It ſhall ſuffice therefore to inform him, that Lady *Bellaſton* grew more and more pacified, and at length believed or affected to believe, his Proteſtations, that his meeting with *Sophia* that Evening was merely accidental, and every other Matter which the Reader already knows, and which, as *Jones* ſet before her in the ſtrongeſt Light, it is plain that ſhe had in reality no reaſon to be angry with him.

She was not however in her Heart perfectly ſatisfied with his Refuſal to ſhew her the Letter, ſo deaf are we to the cleareſt Reaſon, when it argues againſt our prevailing Paſſions. She was indeed well convinced that *Sophia* poſſeſſed the firſt Place in *Jones*'s Affections; and yet haughty and amorous as this Lady was, ſhe ſubmitted at laſt to bear the ſecond Place; or, to expreſs it more properly in a legal Phraſe, was contented with the Poſſeſſion of that of which another Woman had the Reverſion.

It was at length agreed, that *Jones* ſhould for the future

future viſit at the Houſe: for that *Sophia*, her Maid, and all the Servants would place theſe Viſits to the Account of *Sophia*; and that ſhe herſelf would be conſidered as the Perſon impoſed upon.

This Scheme was contrived by the Lady, and highly reliſhed by *Jones*, who was indeed glad to have a Proſpect of ſeeing his *Sophia* at any Rate; and the Lady herſelf was not a little pleaſed with the Impoſition on *Sophia*, which *Jones*, ſhe thought, could not poſſibly diſcover to her for his own Sake.

The next Day was appointed for the firſt Viſit, and then, after proper Ceremonials, the Lady *Bellaſton* returned Home.

CHAP. III. *Containing various Matters.*

JONES was no ſooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his Letter, and read as follows.

'Sir, it is impoſſible to expreſs what I have ſuffered 'ſince you left this Houſe; and as I have Reaſon 'to think you intend coming here again, I have ſent '*Honour*, though ſo late at Night, as ſhe tells me 'ſhe knows your Lodgings, to prevent you. I charge 'you, by all the Regard you have for me, not to 'think of viſiting here; for it will certainly be diſcovered; nay, I almoſt doubt from ſome Things 'which have dropt from her Ladyſhip, that ſhe is 'not already without ſome Suſpicion. Something favourable perhaps may happen; we muſt wait with 'Patience; but I once more entreat you, if you have 'any Concern for my Eaſe, do not think of returning 'hither.

This Letter adminiſtered the ſame Kind of Conſolation to poor *Jones*, which *Job* formerly received from his Friends. Beſides diſappointing all the Hopes which he promiſed to himſelf from ſeeing *Sophia*, he was reduced to an unhappy Dilemma, with Regard to Lady *Bellaſton*; for there are ſome certain En-

gagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any Excuſe for the Failure; and to go, after the ſtrict Prohibition from *Sophia*, he was not to be forced by any human Power. At length, after much Deliberation, which during that Night ſupply'd the Place of Sleep, he determined to feign himſelf ſick: For this ſuggeſted itſelf as the only means of failing the appointed Viſit, without incenſing Lady *Bellaſton*, which he had more than one Reaſon of deſiring to avoid.

The firſt Thing however which he did in the Morning was to write an Anſwer to *Sophia*, which he encloſed in one to *Honour*. He then diſpatched another to Lady *Bellaſton*, containing the above-mentioned Excuſe; and to this he ſoon received the following Anſwer.

'I am vexed that I cannot ſee you here this Afternoon, but more concerned for the Occaſion; take great Care of yourſelf, and have the beſt Advice, and I hope there will be no Danger.——I am ſo tormented all this Morning with Fools, that I have ſcarce a Moment's Time to write to you. Adieu.'

'*P. S.* I will endeavour to call on you this Evening at nine.—Be ſure to be alone.'

Mr. *Jones* now received a Viſit from Mrs. *Miller*, who, after ſome formal Introduction, began the following Speech. 'I am very ſorry, Sir, to wait upon you on ſuch an Occaſion; but I hope you will conſider the ill Conſequence which it muſt be to the Reputations of my poor Girls, if my Houſe ſhould once be talked of as a Houſe of ill Fame. I hope you won't think me therefore guilty of Impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more Ladies in at that Time of Night. The Clock had ſtruck two before one of them went away.' 'I do aſſure you, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'the Lady who was here laſt Night, and who ſtaid the lateſt (for the other only brought me a Letter) is a Woman of very great Faſhion,

'and

'and my near Relation. I don't know what Faſhion 'ſhe is of, anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, but I am ſure no 'Woman of Virtue, unleſs a very near Relation in-'deed, would viſit a young Gentleman at ten at 'Night, and ſtay four Hours in his Room with him 'alone; beſides, Sir, the Behaviour of her Chairmen 'ſhews what ſhe was; for they did nothing but make 'Jeſts all the Evening in the Entry, and aſk'd Mr. '*Partridge* in the hearing of my own Maid, if Ma-'dam intended to ſtay with his Maſter all Night; 'with a great deal of Stuff not proper to be repeated. 'I have really a great Reſpect for you, Mr. *Jones*, 'upon your own Account, nay, I have a very high 'Obligation to you for your Generoſity to my Cou-'ſin. Indeed I did not know how very good you had 'been till lately. Little did I imagine to what dread-'ful Courſes the poor Man's Diſtreſs had driven him. 'Little did I think when you gave me the ten Guineas, 'that you had given them to a Highwayman! O 'Heavens! What Goodneſs have you ſhewn? How 'have you preſerved this Family.——The Cha-'racter which Mr. *Allworthy* hath formerly given me 'of you, was, I find, ſtrictly true.——And indeed 'if I had no Obligation to you, my Obligations to 'him are ſuch, that, on his Account, I ſhould ſhew 'you the utmoſt Reſpect in my Power.——Nay, 'believe me, dear Mr. *Jones*, if my Daughters and 'my own Reputation were out of the Caſe, I ſhould 'for your own Sake, be ſorry that ſo pretty a young 'Gentleman ſhould converſe with theſe Women; 'but if you are reſolved to do it, I muſt beg you to 'take another Lodging; for I do not myſelf like to 'have ſuch Things carried on under my Roof; but 'more eſpecially upon the Account of my Girls, who 'have little, Heaven knows, beſides their Characters 'to recommend them.' *Jones* ſtarted and changed Colour at the Name of *Allworthy*. 'Indeed, Mrs. '*Miller*, anſwered he a little warmly, I do not take

'this at all kind. I will never bring any Slander on 'your Houſe; but I muſt inſiſt on ſeeing what Com- 'pany I pleaſe in my own Room; and if that gives 'you any Offence, I ſhall, as ſoon as I am able, 'look for another Lodging.' 'I am ſorry we muſt 'part then, Sir, ſaid ſhe, but I am convinced Mr. '*Allworthy* himſelf would never come within my 'Doors, if he had the leaſt Suſpicion of my keeping 'an ill Houſe.'——'Very well, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*.——'I hope, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you are not 'angry; for I would not for the World offend any 'of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Family. I have not ſlept a 'wink all Night about this Matter.'——'I am 'ſorry, I have diſturbed your Reſt, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'but I beg you will ſend *Partridge* up to me 'immediately;' which ſhe promiſed to do, and then with a very low Courteſy retired.

As ſoon as *Partridge* arrived, *Jones* fell upon him in the moſt outrageous Manner.—'How often,' ſaid he, 'am I to ſuffer for your Folly, or rather for my 'own in keeping you? Is that Tongue of your's re- 'ſolved upon my Deſtruction?'——'What have I 'done, Sir?' anſwered affrighted *Partridge*. 'Who 'was it gave you Authority to mention the Story of 'the Robbery, or that the Man you ſaw here was 'the Perſon?'——'Sir?' cries *Partridge*. 'Now 'don't be guilty of a Falſehood in denying it,' ſaid *Jones*.—'If I did mention ſuch a Matter,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'I am ſure I thought no harm: For 'I ſhould not have opened my Lips, if it had not 'been to his own Friends and Relations, who, I ima- 'gined, would have let it go no farther.' 'But I have 'a much heavier Charge againſt you,' cries *Jones*, 'than this. How durſt you, after all the Precautions 'I gave you, mention the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* 'in this Houſe?' *Partridge* denied that he ever had, with many Oaths. 'How elſe,' ſaid *Jones*, 'ſhould 'Mrs. *Miller* be acquainted that there was any Con-

'nection

'nection between him and me? And it is but this 'Moment ſhe told me ſhe reſpected me on his Ac-'count.——'O Lord, Sir,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'I deſire 'only to be heard out; and to be ſure, never was 'any thing ſo unfortunate; hear me but out, and you 'will own how wrongfully you have accuſed me. 'When Mrs. *Honour* came down Stairs laſt Night, 'ſhe met me in the Entry, and aſked me when my 'Maſter had heard from Mr. *Allworthy*; and to be 'ſure Mrs. *Miller* heard the very Words; and the 'Moment Madam *Honour* was gone, ſhe called me 'into the Parlour to her.' 'Mr. *Partridge*,' ſays ſhe 'What Mr. *Allworthy* is that the Gentlewoman 'mentioned? Is it the great Mr. *Allworthy* of *Somer-'ſetſhire?*' Upon my Word, Madam,' ſays I, 'I 'know nothing of the Matter.'—'Sure,' ſays ſhe, 'your Maſter is not the Mr. *Jones* I have heard Mr. '*Allworthy* talk of?' Upon my Word, Madam,' ſays I, 'I know nothing of the Matter.'———'Then,' ſays ſhe, 'turning to her Daughter *Nancy*, ſays ſhe, as ſure as ten Pence this is the very young Gentle-'man, and he agrees exactly with the Squire's De-'ſcription. 'The Lord above knows who it was 'told her, for I am the arranteſt Villain that ever 'walked upon two Legs, if ever it came out of my 'Mouth.—I promiſe you, Sir, I can keep a Secret 'when I am deſired.—Nay, Sir, ſo far was I from 'telling her any thing about Mr. *Allworthy*, that I 'told her the very direct contrary: For though I did 'not contradict it at that Moment, yet as ſecond 'Thoughts, they ſay, are beſt; ſo when I came to 'conſider that ſomebody muſt have informed her, 'thinks I to myſelf, I will put an End to the Story, 'and ſo I went back again into the Parlour ſome time 'afterwards, and ſays I, 'Upon my Word,' ſays I, 'whoever,' ſays I, 'told you that this Gentleman 'was Mr. *Jones*, that is,' ſays I, 'that this Mr. *Jones*, 'was that Mr. *Jones*, told you a confounded Lie; and

'I beg,'

'I beg,' ſays I, 'you will never mention any ſuch 'Matter,' ſays I: 'for my Maſter,' ſays I, 'will 'think I muſt have told you ſo, and I defy any body 'in the Houſe ever to ſay, I mentioned any ſuch 'Word. To be certain, Sir, it is a wonderful Thing, 'and I have been thinking with myſelf ever ſince, 'how it was ſhe came to know it: not but I ſaw an 'old Woman here t'other Day a begging at the Door, 'who looked as like her we ſaw in *Warwickſhire*, 'that cauſed all that Miſchief to us. To be ſure it 'is never good to paſs by an old Woman without 'giving her ſomething, eſpecially if ſhe looks at you; 'for all the World ſhall never perſuade me but that 'they have a great Power to do Miſchief, and to be 'ſure I ſhall never ſee an old Woman again, but I 'ſhall think to myſelf, *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Dolorem.*

'The Simplicity of *Partridge* ſet *Jones* a laughing, and put a final End to his Anger, which had indeed ſeldom any long Duration in his Mind; and inſtead of commenting on his Defence, he told him he intended preſently to leave thoſe Lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

CHAP. IV. *Which we hope will be very attentively peruſed by young People of both Sexes.*

PARTRIDGE had no ſooner left Mr. *Jones*, than Mr. *Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted a great Intimacy, came to him, and after a ſhort Salutation, ſaid, 'So, *Tom*, I hear you had 'Company very late laſt Night. Upon my Soul, you 'are a happy Fellow, who have not been in Town 'above a Fortnight, and can keep Chairs waiting at 'your Door till two in the Morning.' He then ran on with much Common-place Raillery of the ſame Kind, till *Jones* at laſt interrupted him, ſaying, 'I 'ſuppoſe you have received all this Information from Mrs.

'Mrs. *Miller*, who hath been up here a little while 'ago to give me Warning. The good Woman is 'afraid, it ſeems, of the Reputation of her Daugh-'ters.' 'O ſhe is wonderfully nice,' ſays *Nightingale*, 'upon that Account; if you remember, ſhe 'would not let *Nancy* go with us to the Maſquerade.' 'Nay, upon my Honour, I think ſhe's in the Right 'of it,' ſays *Jones*; 'however I have taken her at 'her Word, and have ſent *Partridge* to look for 'another Lodging.' 'If you will,' ſays *Nightingale*, 'we may, I believe, be again together; for to tell 'you a Secret, which I deſire you won't mention in 'the Family, I intend to quit the Houſe to-day.'— 'What, hath Mrs. *Miller* given you Warning too, 'my Friend?' cries *Jones*. 'No,' anſwered the other; 'but the Rooms are not convenient enough.—Be-'ſides, I am grown weary of this Part of the Town. 'I want to be nearer the Places of Diverſion; ſo 'I am going to *Pallmall*.'——'And do you intend 'to make a Secret of your going away?' ſaid *Jones*. 'I promiſe you,' anſwered *Nightingale*, 'I don't 'intend to bilk my Lodgings; but I have a private 'Reaſon for not taking a formal Leave.' 'Not ſo 'private,' anſwered *Jones*; 'I promiſe you, I have 'ſeen it ever ſince the ſecond Day of my coming to 'the Houſe.——Here will be ſome wet Eyes on your 'Departure.——Poor *Nancy*, I pity her, faith! '——Indeed, *Jack*, you have played the Fool with 'that Girl——You have given her a Longing, which 'I am afraid nothing will ever cure her of.'—*Night-ingale* anſwered, 'What the Devil would you have 'me do? Would you have me marry her to cure her.' '——No,' anſwered *Jones*, 'I would not have had 'you make Love to her, as you have often done in 'my Preſence. I have been aſtoniſhed at the Blind-'neſs of her Mother in never ſeeing it. Pugh, ſee 'it!' cries *Nightingale*, 'What the Devil ſhould ſhe 'ſee? Why ſee,' ſaid *Jones*, 'that you have made

'her

'her Daughter diſtractedly in Love with you. The 'poor Girl cannot conceal it a Moment, her Eyes 'are never off from you, and ſhe always colours 'every Time you come into the Room. Indeed, I 'pity her heartily; for ſhe ſeems to be one of the 'beſt-natured, and honeſteſt of human Creatures.' 'And ſo, anſwered *Nightingale*, 'according to your 'Doctrine, one muſt not amuſe one's ſelf by any 'common Gallantries with Women, for fear they 'ſhould fall in Love with us.' 'Indeed, *Jack*,' ſaid *Jones*, 'you wilfully miſunderſtand me; I do not 'fancy Women are ſo apt to fall in Love; but you 'have gone far beyond common Gallantries.'—— 'What do you ſuppoſe,' ſays *Nightingale*, 'that we 'have been a-bed together?' 'No, upon my Ho-'nour,' anſwered *Jones*, very ſeriouſly, 'I do not 'ſuppoſe ſo ill of you; nay, I will go farther, I do 'not imagine you have laid a regular premeditated 'Scheme for the Deſtruction of the Quiet of a poor 'little Creature, or have even foreſeen the Conſe-'quence; for I am ſure thou art a very good-natured 'Fellow, and ſuch a one can never be guilty of a 'Cruelty of that Kind; but at the ſame Time, you 'have pleaſed your own Vanity, without conſidering 'that this poor Girl was made a Sacrifice to it; and 'while you have had no Deſign but of amuſing an idle 'Hour, you have actually given her Reaſon to flatter 'herſelf, that you had the moſt ſerious Deſign in her 'Favour. Prithee, *Jack*, anſwer me honeſtly: To what 'have tended all thoſe elegant and luſcious Deſcrip-'tions of Happineſs ariſing from violent and mutual 'Fondneſs, all thoſe warm Profeſſions of Tenderneſs, 'and generous, diſintereſted Love? did you imagine 'ſhe would not apply them; or, ſpeak ingenuouſly, 'did not you intend ſhe ſhould?' 'Upon my Soul, '*Tom*,' cries *Nightingale*, 'I did not think this was 'in thee. Thou wilt make an admirable Parſon.— 'So, I ſuppoſe you would not go to Bed to *Nancy*

'now,

'now, if ſhe would let you?'——'No,' cries *Jones*, 'may I be d—n'd if I would.' '*Tom*, *Tom*,' anſwered *Nightingale*, 'laſt Night, remember laſt Night.

'——When every Eye was clos'd, and the pale
'Moon,
'And ſilent Stars ſhone conſcious of the Theft.

'Lookee, Mr. *Nightingale*,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I am no 'canting Hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the Gift of 'Chaſtity, more than my Neighbours. I have been 'guilty with Women, I own it; but am not con-'ſcious that I have ever injured any——nor would I, 'to procure Pleaſure to myſelf, be knowingly the 'Cauſe of Miſery to any human Being.'

'Well, well,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'I believe you, 'and I am convinced you acquit me of any ſuch 'Thing.'

'I do, from my Heart,' anſwered *Jones*, of hav-'ing debauched the Girl, but not from having gained 'her Affections.'

'If I have,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'I am ſorry for it; 'but Time and Abſence will ſoon wear off ſuch Im-'preſſions. It is a Receipt I muſt take myſelf: For 'to confeſs the Truth to you——I never liked any 'Girl half ſo much in my whole Life; but I muſt 'let you into the whole Secret, *Tom*. My Father 'hath provided a Match for me, with a Woman I 'never ſaw, and ſhe is now coming to Town, in or-'der for me to make my Addreſſes to her.'

At theſe Words *Jones* burſt into a loud Fit of Laughter; when *Nightingale* cried,——'Nay, 'prithee don't turn me into Ridicule. The Devil 'take me if I am not half mad about this Matter! 'my poor *Nancy!* Oh, *Jones*, *Jones*, I wiſh I had a 'Fortune in my own Poſſeſſion.

'I heartily wiſh you had,' cries *Jones*; 'for if 'this be the Caſe, I ſincerely pity you both: But 'ſurely

'surely you don't intend to go away without taking 'your Leave of her.'

'I would not, anſwered *Nightingale*, undergo the 'Pain of taking Leave for ten thouſand Pounds; be- 'ſides, I am convinced, inſtead of anſwering any 'good Purpoſe, it would only ſerve to inflame my 'poor *Nancy* the more. I beg therefore, you would 'not mention a Word of it to-day, and in the Even- 'ing or to-morrow Morning I intend to depart.'

Jones promiſed he would not, and ſaid, upon Reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the moſt prudent Method. He then told *Nightingale*, he ſhould be very glad to lodge in the ſame Houſe with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that *Nightingale* ſhould procure him either the Ground Floor, or the two Pair of Stairs; for the young Gentleman himſelf was to occupy that which was between them.

This *Nightingale*, of whom we ſhall be preſently obliged to ſay a little more, was in the ordinary Tranſactions of Life a Man of ſtrict Honour, and, what is more rare among young Gentlemen of the Town, one of ſtrict Honeſty too: yet in Affairs of Love he was ſomewhat looſer in his Morals; not that he was even here as void of Principles as Gentlemen ſometimes are, and oftener affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of ſome indefenſible Treachery to Women, and had in a certain Myſtery, called making Love, practiſed many Deceits, which, if he had uſed in Trade, he would have been counted the greateſt Villain upon Earth.

But as the World, I know not well for what Reaſon, agree to ſee this Treachery in a better Light, he was ſo far from being aſhamed of his Iniquities of this Kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boaſt of his Skill in gaining of Women, and his Triumphs over their Hearts, for which he had before this Time received ſome Rebukes from *Jones*, who always

ways expreſt great Bitterneſs againſt any Miſbehaviour to the fair Part of the Species, who, if conſidered, he ſaid, as they ought to be, in the Light of the deareſt Friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and careſſed with the utmoſt Love and Tenderneſs; but if regarded as Enemies, were a Conqueſt of which a Man ought rather to be aſhamed than to value himſelf upon it.

CHAP. V. *A ſhort Account of the Hiſtory of Mrs.* Miller.

JONES this Day eat a pretty good Dinner for a ſick Man, that is to ſay, the larger Half of a Shoulder of Mutton. In the Afternoon he received an Invitation from Mrs. *Miller* to drink Tea: For that good Woman having learnt, either by Means of *Partridge*, or by ſome other Means natural or ſupernatural, that he had a Connection with Mr. *Allworthy*, could not endure the Thoughts of parting with him in an angry Manner.

Jones accepted the Invitation; and no ſooner was the Tea-kettle removed, and the Girls ſent out of the Room, than the Widow, without much Preface, began as follows: 'Well, there are very ſurprizing 'Things happen in this World; but certainly it is 'a wonderful Buſineſs, that I ſhould have a Rela'tion of Mr. *Allworthy* in my Houſe, and never 'know any Thing of the Matter. Alas! Sir, you 'little imagine what a Friend that beſt of Gentlemen 'hath been to me and mine. Yes, Sir, I am not 'aſhamed to own it; it is owing to his Goodneſs, 'that I did not long ſince periſh for Want, and leave 'my poor little Wretches, two deſtitute, helpleſs, 'friendleſs Orphans, to the Care, or rather to the 'Cruelty, of the World.

'You muſt know, Sir, though I am now re'duced to get my Living by letting Lodgings, I was

'born

'born and bred a Gentlewoman. My Father was 'an Officer of the Army, and died in a conſiderable 'Rank: But he lived up to his Pay; and as that ex-'pired with him, his Family, at his Death, became 'Beggars. We were three Siſters. One of us had the 'good Luck to die ſoon afterwards of the Small-pox: 'A Lady was ſo kind to take the ſecond out of Cha-'rity, as ſhe ſaid, to wait upon her. The Mother of 'this Lady had been a Servant to my Grandmother; 'and having inherited a vaſt Fortune from her Father, 'which he had got by Pawn-broking, was married 'to a Gentleman of great Eſtate and Faſhion. She 'uſed my Siſter ſo barbarouſly, often upbraiding her 'with her Birth and Poverty, calling her in Deriſion 'a Gentlewoman, that I believe ſhe at length broke 'the Heart of the poor Girl. In ſhort, ſhe likewiſe 'died within a Twelvemonth after my Father. For-'tune thought proper to provide better for me, and 'within a Month from his Deceaſe I was married 'to a Clergyman, who had been my Lover a long 'Time before; and who had been very ill uſed by 'my Father on that Account; for though my poor 'Father could not give any of us a Shilling, yet he 'bred us up as delicately, conſidered us, and would 'have had us conſider ourſelves, as highly, as if 'we had been the richeſt Heireſſes. But my dear 'Huſband forgot all this Uſage, and the Moment we 'were become fatherleſs, he immediately renewed 'his Addreſſes to me ſo warmly, that I, who always 'liked, and now more than ever eſteemed, him, ſoon 'comply'd. Five years did I live in a State of per-'fect Happineſs with that beſt of Men, 'till at laſt '——Oh! cruel, cruel Fortune that ever ſeparated 'us, that deprived me of the kindeſt of Huſbands, 'and my poor Girls of the tendereſt Parent.—— 'O my poor Girls! you never knew the Bleſſing 'which ye loſt——I am aſhamed, Mr. *Jones*, 'of this womaniſh Weakneſs: but I ſhall never

'mention

'mention him without Tears.'——'I ought rather, 'Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'to be aſhamed that I do 'not accompany you.'——'Well, Sir,' continued ſhe, 'I was now left a ſecond Time in a much worſe 'Condition than before; beſides the terrible Affliction I was to encounter, I had now two Children 'to provide for; and was if poſſible more pennyleſs 'than ever, when that great, that good, that glorious Man, Mr. *Allworthy*, who had ſome little 'Acquaintance with my Huſband, accidentally heard 'of my Diſtreſs, and immediately writ this Letter 'to me. Here, Sir;——here it is; I put it into 'my Pocket to ſhew it to you. This is the Letter, 'Sir; I muſt and will read it to you. "Madam, "I heartily condole with you on your late grievous "Loſs, which your own good Senſe, and the excellent Leſſons you muſt have learnt from the worthieſt of Men, will better enable you to bear, than "any Advice which I am capable of giving. Nor "have I any Doubt that you, whom I have heard "to be the tendereſt of Mothers, will ſuffer any immoderate Indulgence of Grief to prevent you from "diſcharging your Duty to thoſe poor Infants, who "now alone ſtand in Need of your Tenderneſs.

"However, as you muſt be ſuppoſed at preſent to "be incapable of much worldly Conſideration, you "will pardon my having ordered a Perſon to wait on "you, and to pay you twenty Guineas, which I beg "you will accept, 'till I have the Pleaſure of ſeeing "you, and believe me to be, Madam, *&c.*

'This Letter, Sir, I received within a Fortnight 'after the irreparable Loſs I have mentioned, and 'within a Fortnight afterwards, Mr. *Allworthy*,—— 'the bleſſed Mr. *Allworthy*, came to pay me a Viſit, when he placed me in the Houſe you now ſee 'me, gave me a large Sum of Money to furniſh it, 'and ſettled an Annuity of 50*l.* a Year upon me, 'which I have conſtantly received ever ſince. Judge

'then,'

'then,' Mr. *Jones*, in what Regard I must hold a 'Benefactor to whom I owe the Preservation of my 'Life, and of those dear Children for whose Sake 'alone my Life is valuable.——Do not, therefore 'think me impertinent, Mr. *Jones*, (since I must 'esteem one for whom I know Mr. *Allworthy* hath 'so much Value) if I beg you not to converse with 'these wicked Women. You are a young Gen-'tleman, and do not know half their artful Wiles. 'Do not be angry with me, Sir, for what I said upon 'account of my House; you must be sensible it would 'be the ruin of my poor, dear Girls. Besides, Sir, 'you cannot but be acquainted, that Mr. *Allworthy* 'himself would never forgive my conniving at such 'Matters, and particularly with you.

'Upon my Word, Madam,' said *Jones*, 'you need 'make no farther Apology; nor do I in the least take 'any Thing ill you have said; but give me Leave, 'as no one can have more Value than myself for 'Mr. *Allworthy*, to deliver you from one Mistake, 'which, perhaps, would not be altogether for his 'Honour: I do assure you, I am no Relation of his.'

'Alas! Sir,' answered she,' I know you are not. 'I know very well who you are; for Mr. *Allworthy* 'hath told me all: But I do assure you, had you been 'twenty Times his Son, he could not have expressed 'more Regard for you, than he hath often expressed 'in my Presence. You need not be ashamed, Sir, of 'what you are; I promise you no good Person will 'esteem you the less on that Account. No, Mr. '*Jones*; the Words dishonourable Birth are Non-'sense, as my dear, dear Husband used to say, unless 'the Word dishonourable be applied to the Parents; 'for the Children can derive no real Dishonour from 'an Act of which they are entirely innocent.'

Here *Jones* heaved a deep Sigh, and then said, 'Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, 'and Mr. *Allworthy* hath thought proper to mention

'my

'my Name to you; and ſince you have been ſo ex-
'plicit with me as to your own Affairs, I will ac-
'quaint you with ſome more Circumſtances concern-
'ing myſelf.' And theſe Mrs. *Miller* having expreſ-ſed great Deſire and Curioſity to hear, he began and related to her his whole Hiſtory, without once mentioning the Name of *Sophia*.

There is a kind of Sympathy in honeſt Minds, by Means of which they give an eaſy Credit to each other. Mrs. *Miller* believed all which *Jones* told her to be true, and expreſt much Pity and Concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the Story, but *Jones* interrupted her: For as the Hour of Aſſignation now drew nigh, he began to ſtipulate for a ſecond Interview with the Lady that Evening, which he promiſed ſhould be the laſt at her Houſe; ſwearing, at the ſame Time, that ſhe was one of great Diſtinction, and that nothing but what was entirely innocent was to paſs between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his Word.

Mrs. *Miller* was at length prevailed on, and *Jones* departed to his Chamber, where he ſat alone till Twelve o'Clock, but no Lady *Bellaſton* appeared.

As we have ſaid that this Lady had a great Affection for *Jones*, and as it muſt have appeared that ſhe really had ſo, the Reader may perhaps wonder at the firſt Failure of her appointment, as ſhe apprehended him to be confined by Sickneſs, a Seaſon when Friendſhip ſeems moſt to require ſuch Viſits. This Behaviour therefore, in the Lady, may, by ſome, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our Fault; for our Buſineſs is only to record Truth.

CHAP. VI. *Containing a Scene which we doubt not will affect all our Readers.*

MR. *Jones* cloſed not his Eyes during all the former Part of the Night; not owing to any Uneaſineſs

eaſineſs which he conceived at being diſappointed by Lady *Bellaſton*; nor was *Sophia* herſelf, though moſt of his waking Hours were juſtly to be charged to her Account, the preſent Cauſe of diſpelling his Slumbers. In Fact, poor *Jones* was one of the beſt-natured Fellows alive, and had all that Weakneſs which is called Compaſſion, and which diſtinguiſhes this imperfect Character from that noble Firmneſs of Mind, which rolls a Man, as it were, within himſelf, and, like a poliſhed Bowl, enables him to run through the World without being once ſtopped by the Calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compaſſionating the Situation of poor *Nancy*, whoſe Love for Mr. *Nightingale* ſeemed to him ſo apparent, that he was aſtoniſhed at the Blindneſs of her Mother, who had more than once, the preceding Evening, remarked to him the great Change in the Temper of her Daughter, 'who from being,' ſhe ſaid, 'one of 'the livelieſt, merrieſt Girls in the World, was on a 'ſudden, become all Gloom and Melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all Reſiſtance; and now, if he had really been a Deity, as the Antients imagined, and an offended one too, he ſeemed to enjoy his dear-bought Conqueſt.——To ſpeak ſimply, and without any Metaphor, Mr. *Jones* ſlept till Eleven the next Morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the ſame quiet Situation much longer, had not a violent Uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now ſummoned, who, being aſked what was the Matter, anſwered, 'That there was a 'dreadful Hurricane below Stairs; that Miſs *Nancy* 'was in Fits; and that the other Siſter and the Mo-'ther were both crying and lamenting over her.' *Jones* expreſſed much Concern at this News, which *Partridge* endeavoured to relieve, by ſaying, with a Smile, 'He fancied the young Lady was in no Dan-'ger of Death; for that *Suſan* (which was the Name 'of the Maid) had given him to underſtand it was 'nothing

'nothing more than a common Affair. In ſhort,' ſaid he, 'Miſs *Nancy* hath had a Mind to be as wiſe 'as her Mother, that's all. She was a little hungry, 'it ſeems, and ſo ſat down to Dinner before Grace 'was ſaid, and ſo there is a Child coming for the 'Foundling Hoſpital.——'Prithee leave thy ſtupid 'jeſting,' cries *Jones*; 'is the Miſery of theſe poor 'Wretches a Subject of Mirth? Go immediately to 'Mrs. *Miller*, and tell her I beg Leave,——Stay, 'you will make ſome Blunder, I will go myſelf; 'for ſhe deſired me to breakfaſt with her.' He then roſe and dreſſed himſelf as faſt as he could; and while he was dreſſing, *Partridge*, notwithſtanding many ſevere Rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain Pieces of Brutality, commonly called Jeſts, on this Occaſion. *Jones* was no ſooner dreſſed than he walked down Stairs, and knocking at the Door was preſently admitted, by the Maid, into the outward Parlour, which was as empty of Company as it was of any Apparatus for eating. Mrs. *Miller* was in the inner Room with her Daughter, whence the Maid preſently brought a Meſſage to Mr. *Jones*, 'that her 'Miſtreſs hoped he would excuſe the Diſappointment, 'but an Accident had happened, which made it im-'poſſible for her to have the Pleaſure of his Company 'at Breakfaſt that Day, and begged his Pardon for 'not ſending him up Notice ſooner.' *Jones* 'deſired 'ſhe would give herſelf no Trouble about any Thing 'ſo trifling as his Diſappointment; that he was hear-'tily ſorry for the Occaſion; and that if he could be 'of any Service to her, ſhe might command him.' He had ſcarce ſpoke theſe Words, when Mrs. *Miller*, who heard them all, ſuddenly threw open the Door, and coming out to him in a Flood of Tears, ſaid 'O 'Mr. *Jones*, you are certainly one of the beſt young 'Men alive. I give you a thouſand Thanks for your 'kind Offer of your Service; but, alas! Sir, it is 'out of your Power to preſerve my poor Girl.——

'O

'O my Child, my Child! She is undone, she is 'ruined for ever!' 'I hope, Madam,' said *Jones*, 'no Villain'——'O Mr. *Jones*,' said she, 'that 'Villain, who Yesterday left my Lodgings, hath be-'trayed my poor Girl; hath destroyed her,———I 'know you are a Man of Honour. You have a 'good———a noble Heart, Mr. *Jones*. The Ac-'tions, to which I have been myself a Witness, could 'proceed from no other. I will tell you all: Nay, 'indeed it is impossible, after what hath happened, 'to keep it a Secret. That *Nightingale*, that bar-'barous Villain, hath undone my Daughter. She 'is—she is—oh! Mr. *Jones*, my Girl is with Child 'by him; and in that Condition he hath deserted her. 'Here! here, Sir, is his cruel Letter; read it, Mr. '*Jones*, and tell me if such another Monster lives.' The Letter was as follows:

'*Dear* Nancy,

'As I found it impossible to mention to you what I 'am afraid will be no less shocking to you, than it is 'to me, I have taken this Method to inform you, 'that my Father insists upon my immediately paying 'my Addresses to a young Lady of Fortune, whom 'he hath provided for my——I need not write the 'detested Word. Your own good Understanding 'will make you sensible, how intirely I am obliged 'to an Obedience, by which I shall be for ever ex-'cluded from your dear Arms. The Fondness of 'your Mother may encourage you to trust her with 'the unhappy Consequence of our Love, which may 'be easily kept a Secret from the World, and for 'which I will take Care to provide, as I will for you. 'I wish you may feel less on this Account than I 'have suffered: But summon all your Fortitude to 'your Assistance, and forgive and forget the Man, 'whom nothing, but the Prospect of certain Ruin, 'could have forced to write this Letter. I bid you

'forget

'forget me, I mean only as a Lover; but the beſt of 'Friends you ſhall ever find in

Your faithful, tho' unhappy

J. N.

When *Jones* had read this Letter, they both ſtood ſilent during a Minute, looking at each other; at laſt he began thus: 'I cannot expreſs, Madam, how 'much I am ſhocked at what I have read; yet let 'me beg you, in one Particular, to take the Writer's 'Advice. Conſider the Reputation of your Daugh-'ter,'—'It is gone, it is loſt, Mr. *Jones*, cry'd ſhe, 'as well as her Innocence. She received the Letter 'in a Room-full of Company, and immediately 'ſwooning away upon opening it, the Contents were 'known to every one preſent. But the Loſs of her 'Reputation, bad as it is, is not the worſt; I ſhall 'loſe my Child; ſhe hath attempted twice to deſtroy 'herſelf already: And though ſhe hath been hitherto 'prevented, vows ſhe will not out-live it; nor could 'I myſelf out-live any Accident of that Nature.—— 'What then will become of my little *Betſy*, a help-'leſs, infant Orphan? And the poor little Wretch 'will, I believe, break her Heart at the Miſeries with 'which ſhe ſees her Siſter and myſelf diſtracted, while 'ſhe is ignorant of the Cauſe.—O 'tis the moſt ſen-'ſible, and beſt-natur'd little Thing. The bar-'barous cruel——hath deſtroy'd us all. O my poor 'Children! Is this the Reward of all my Cares? Is 'this the Fruit of all my Proſpects? Have I ſo cheer-'fully undergone all the Labours and Duties of a 'Mother? Have I been ſo tender of their Infancy, 'ſo careful of their Education? Have I been toiling 'ſo many Years, denying myſelf even the Conve-'niencies of Life to provide ſome little Suſtenance 'for them, to loſe one or both in ſuch a Manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, with Tears in his Eyes, 'I pity you from my Soul.——'O Mr.

'*Jones*,' answered she, 'even you, though I know
'the Goodness of your Heart, can have no Idea of
'what I feel. The best, the kindest, the most dutiful of Children. O my poor *Nancy*, the Darling
'of my Soul; the Delight of my Eyes; the Pride of
'my Heart: Too much, indeed, my Pride; for to
'those foolish, ambitious Hopes, arising from her
'Beauty, I owe her Ruin. Alas! I saw with Plea-
'sure the Liking which this young Man had for her.
'I thought it an honourable Affection; and flatter'd
'my foolish Vanity with the Thoughts of seeing her
'married to one so much her superior. And a thou-
'sand Times in my Presence, nay, often in your's,
'he hath endeavoured to sooth and encourage these
'Hopes by the most generous Expressions of disinte-
'rested Love, which he hath always directed to my
'poor Girl, and which I, as well as she, believed to
'be real. Could I have believed that these were on-
'ly Snares laid to betray the Innocence of my Child,
'and for the Ruin of us all?'——At these Words little *Betsy* came running into the Room, crying,
'Dear Mamma, for Heaven's Sake come to my Sister,
'for she is in another Fit, and my Cousin can't hold
'her.' Mrs. *Miller* immediately obeyed the Summons; but first ordered *Betsy* to stay with Mr. *Jones*, and begged him to entertain her a few Minutes, saying, in the most pathetic Voice, 'Good Heaven! let
'me preserve one of my Children at least.'

Jones, in Compliance with this Request, did all he could to comfort the little Girl, though he was, in Reality, himself very highly affected with Mrs. *Miller*'s Story. He told her 'her Sister would be very
'well again soon: That by taking on in that Manner,
'she would not only make her Sister worse, but
'make her Mother ill too.' 'Indeed, Sir, says she,
'I would not do any Thing to hurt them for the
'World. I would burst my Heart, rather than they
'should see me cry.——But my poor Sister can't see

'me

'me cry.———I am afraid ſhe will never be able to 'ſee me cry any more. Indeed, I can't part with 'her; indeed I can't.—And then poor Mamma too, 'what will become of her?——She ſays ſhe will die 'too, and leave me; but I am reſolved I won't be 'left behind.' 'And are you not afraid to die, my 'little *Betſy?*' ſaid *Jones*. 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe, 'I 'was always afraid to die; becauſe I muſt have left 'my Mamma, and my Siſter; but I am not afraid of 'going any where with thoſe I love.'

Jones was ſo pleaſed with this Anſwer, that he eagerly kiſſed the Child; and ſoon after Mrs. *Miller* returned, ſaying, 'She thanked Heaven *Nancy* was 'now come to herſelf. And now, *Betſy*,' ſays ſhe, 'you may go in, for your Siſter is better, and longs 'to ſee you.' She then turned to *Jones*, and began to renew her Apologies for having diſappointed him of his Breakfaſt.

'I hope, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I ſhall have a 'more exquiſite Repaſt than any you could have pro-'vided for me. This, I aſſure you, will be the Caſe, 'if I can do any Service to this little Family of Love. 'But whatever Succeſs may attend my Endeavours, I 'am reſolved to attempt it. I am very much deceiv-'ed in Mr. *Nightingale*, if, notwithſtanding what 'hath happened, he hath not much Goodneſs of Heart 'at the Bottom, as well as a very violent Affection 'for your Daughter. If this be the Caſe, I think 'the Picture which I ſhall lay before him, will affect 'him. Endeavour, Madam, to comfort yourſelf and 'Miſs *Nancy*, as well as you can. I will go inſtant-'ly in queſt of Mr. *Nightingale*; and I hope to bring 'you good News.'

Mrs. *Miller* fell upon her Knees, and invoked all the Bleſſings of Heaven upon Mr. *Jones*; to which ſhe afterwards added the moſt paſſionate Expreſſions of Gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. *Nightingale*, and the good Woman returned to comfort her

Daughter, who was ſomewhat cheared at what her Mother told her; and both joined in reſounding the Praiſes of Mr. *Jones*.

CHAP. VII. *The Interview between Mr.* Jones *and Mr.* Nightingale.

THE Good or Evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourſelves. For as Men of a benign Diſpoſition enjoy their own Acts of Beneficence, equally with thoſe to whom they are done, ſo there are ſcarce any Natures ſo intirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing Injuries, without paying themſelves ſome Pangs, for the Ruin which they bring on their Fellow-Creatures.

Mr. *Nightingale*, at leaſt, was not ſuch a Perſon. On the contrary, *Jones* found him in his new Lodgings, ſitting melancholy by the Fire, and ſilently lamenting the unhappy Situation in which he had placed poor *Nancy*. He no ſooner ſaw his Friend appear, than he roſe haſtily to meet him; and after much Congratulation ſaid, 'Nothing could have been more 'opportune than this kind Viſit; for I was never 'more in the Spleen in my Life.'

'I am ſorry,' anſwered *Jones*, 'that I bring News 'very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am con-'vinced muſt, of all other, ſhock you the moſt. 'However it is neceſſary you ſhould know it. With-'out further Preface then, I come to you, Mr. *Night-'ingale*, from a worthy Family, which you have in-'volved in Miſery and Ruin.' Mr. *Nightingale* changed Colour at theſe Words; but *Jones*, without regarding it, proceeded, in the livelieſt Manner, to paint the tragical Story, with which the Reader was acquainted in the laſt Chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the Narration, though he diſcovered violent Emotions at many Parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep

deep Sigh, he ſaid, 'What you tell me, my Friend, affects me in the tendereſt Manner. Sure there never was ſo curſed an Accident as the poor Girl's betraying my Letter. Her Reputation might otherwiſe have been ſafe, and the Affair might have remained a profound Secret; and then the Girl might have gone off never the worſe; for many ſuch Things happen in this Town; and if the Huſband ſhould ſuſpect a little, when it is too late, it will be his wiſer Conduct to conceal his Suſpicion both from his Wife and the World.'

'Indeed, my Friend,' anſwered *Jones*, 'this could not have been the Caſe with your poor *Nancy*. You have ſo entirely gained her Affections, that it is the Loſs of you, and not of her Reputation, which afflicts her, and will end in the Deſtruction of her and her Family.' 'Nay, for that Matter, I promiſe you,' cries *Nightingale*, 'ſhe hath my Affections ſo abſolutely, that my Wife, whoever ſhe is to be, will have very little Share in them.' 'And is it poſſible then, ſaid *Jones*, 'you can think of deſerting her?' 'Why what can I do?' anſwered the other. 'Aſk Miſs *Nancy*;' replied *Jones* warmly. 'In the Condition to which you have reduced her, I ſincerely think ſhe ought to determine what Reparation you ſhall make her. Her Intereſt alone, and not your's, ought to be your ſole Conſideration. But if you aſk me what you ſhall do: what can you do leſs,' cries *Jones*, 'than fulfil the Expectations of her Family, and her own. Nay, and I ſincerely tell you, they were mine too, ever ſince I firſt ſaw you together. You will pardon me if I preſume on the Friendſhip you have favoured me with, moved as I am with Compaſſion for thoſe poor Creatures. But your own Heart will beſt ſuggeſt to you, whether you have never intended, by your Conduct, to perſuade the Mother, as well as the Daughter, into an Opinion, that you deſign-

'ed honourably: And if ſo, though there may have 'been no direct Promiſe of Marriage in the Caſe, I 'will leave to your own good Underſtanding, how 'far you are bound to proceed.'

'Nay, I muſt not only confeſs what you have 'hinted,' ſaid *Nightingale*; 'but I am afraid even 'that very Promiſe you mention I have given.' 'And 'can you, after owning that,' ſaid *Jones*, 'heſitate 'a Moment?' 'Conſider, my Friend,' anſwered the other; 'I know you are a Man of Honour, and would 'adviſe no one to act contrary to it's Rules; if there 'were no other Objection, can I, after this Publica'tion of her Diſgrace, think of ſuch an Alliance with 'Honour?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied *Jones*; 'and 'the very beſt and trueſt Honour, which is Good'neſs, requires it of you. As you mention a Scru'ple of this Kind, you will give me leave to examine 'it. Can you, with Honour, be guilty of having, 'under falſe Pretences, deceived a young Woman 'and her Family, and of having, by theſe Means, 'treacherouſly robbed her of her Innocence? Can 'you, with Honour, be the knowing, the wilful, 'nay, I muſt add, the artful Contriver of the Ruin 'of a Human Being? Can you, with Honour, de'ſtroy the Fame, the Peace, nay, probably, both 'the Life and Soul too of this Creature? Can Ho'nour bear the Thought, that this Creature is a ten'der, helpleſs, defenceleſs young Woman? A young 'Woman who loves, who doats on you, who dies 'for you; who hath placed the utmoſt Confidence 'in your Promiſes; and to that Confidence hath ſacri'ficed every Thing which is dear to her? Can Honour 'ſupport ſuch Contemplations as theſe a Moment?'

'Common Senſe, indeed,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'war'rants all you ſay; but yet you well know the Opi'nion of the World is ſo much the contrary, that 'was I to marry a Whore, tho' my own, I ſhould 'be aſhamed of ever ſhewing my Face again.'

'Fie

'Fie upon it, Mr. *Nightingale*,' ſaid *Jones*, 'do not call her by ſo ungenerous a Name: When you promiſed to marry her, ſhe became your Wife, and ſhe hath ſinned more againſt Prudence than Virtue. And what is the World, which you would be aſhamed to face, but the Vile, the Fooliſh, and the Profligate? Forgive me, if I ſay ſuch a Shame muſt proceed from falſe Modeſty, which always attends falſe Honour as its Shadow.—But I am well aſſured there is not a Man of real Senſe and Goodneſs in the World, who would not honour and applaud the Action. But admit no other would, would not your own Heart, my Friend, applaud it? And do not the warm, rapturous Senſations, which we feel from the Conſciouſneſs of an honeſt, noble, generous, benevolent Action, convey more Delight to the Mind, than the undeſerved Praiſe of Millions? Set the Alternative fairly before your Eyes. On the one Side, ſee this poor, unhappy, tender, believing Girl, in the Arms of her wretched Mother, breathing her laſt. Hear her breaking Heart in Agonies ſighing out your Name; and lamenting, rather than accuſing, the Cruelty which weighs her down to Deſtruction. Paint to your Imagination the Circumſtances of her fond, deſpairing Parent, driven to Madneſs, or, perhaps to Death, by the Loſs of her lovely Daughter. View the poor helpleſs, Orphan-Infant: And when your Mind hath dwelt a Moment only on ſuch Ideas, conſider yourſelf as the Cauſe of all; the Ruin of this poor, little, worthy, defenceleſs Family. On the other Side, conſider yourſelf as relieving them from their temporary Sufferings. Think with what Joy, with what Tranſports, that lovely Creature will fly to your Arms. See her Blood returning to her pale Cheeks, her Fire to her languid Eyes, and Raptures to her tortured Breaſt. Conſider the Exultations of her Mother, the Happineſs of all. Think of this

'little Family made, by one Act of your's, completely happy. Think of this Alternative, and ſure I am 'miſtaken in my Friend, if it requires any long Deliberation, whether he will ſink theſe Wretches down 'for ever, or, by one generous, noble Reſolution, 'raiſe them all from the brink of Miſery and Deſpair, to the higheſt Pitch of human Happineſs. 'Add to this but one Conſideration more; the Conſideration that it is your Duty ſo to do—That the 'Miſery from which you will relieve theſe poor People, is the Miſery which you yourſelf have wilfully 'brought upon them.'

'O my dear Friend,' cries *Nightingale*, 'I wanted 'not your Eloquence to rouſe me. I pity poor *Nancy* from my Soul, and would willingly give any 'Thing in my Power, that no Familiarities had ever 'paſſed between us. Nay, believe me, I had many 'Struggles with my Paſſion, before I could prevail 'with myſelf to write that cruel Letter, which hath 'cauſed all the Miſery in that unhappy Family. If I 'had no Inclinations to conſult but my own, I would 'marry her To-morrow Morning; I would, by 'Heaven; but you will eaſily imagine how impoſſible 'it would be to prevail on my Father to conſent to 'ſuch a Match; beſides, he hath provided another 'for me; and To-morrow, by his expreſs Command, I am to wait on the Lady.'

'I have not the Honour to know your Father,' ſaid *Jones*, 'but ſuppoſe he could be perſuaded, 'would you yourſelf conſent to the only Means of 'preſerving theſe poor People?' 'As eagerly as I 'would purſue my Happineſs,' anſwered *Nightingale*; 'for I never ſhall find it in any other Woman——O 'my dear Friend, could you imagine what I have 'felt within theſe twelve Hours for my poor Girl, I 'am convinced ſhe would not engroſs all your Pity. 'Paſſion leads me only to her; and if I had any 'fooliſh Scruples of Honour, you have fully ſatisfied 'them:

them: Could my Father be induced to comply with my Desires, nothing would be wanting to compleat my own Happiness, or that of my *Nancy*.

'Then I am resolved to undertake it,' said *Jones*. 'You must not be angry with me, in whatever Light it may be necessary to set this Affair, which, you may depend on it, could not otherwise be long hid from him; for Things of this Nature make a quick Progress, when once they get abroad, as this unhappily hath already. Besides, should any fatal Accident follow, as upon my Soul I am afraid will, unless immediately prevented, the Public would ring of your Name, in a Manner which, if your Father hath common Humanity, must offend him. If you will therefore tell me where I may find the old Gentleman, I will not lose a Moment in the Business; which while I pursue, you cannot do a more generous Action, than by paying a Visit to the poor Girl. You will find I have not exaggerated in the Account I have given of the Wretchedness of the Family.'

Nightingale immediately consented to the Proposal; and now having acquainted *Jones* with his Father's Lodging, and the Coffee-house where he would most probably find him, he hesitated a Moment, and then said, 'My dear *Tom*, you are going to undertake an Impossibility. If you knew my Father, you would never think of obtaining his Consent.——Stay, there is one Way——Suppose you told him I was already married, it might be easier to reconcile him to the Fact after it was done; and, upon my Honour, I am so affected with what you have said, and I love my *Nancy* so passionately, I almost wish it was done, whatever might be the Consequence.'

Jones greatly approved the Hint, and promised to pursue it. They then separated, *Nightingale* to visit his *Nancy*, and *Jones* in quest of the old Gentleman.

CHAP. VIII. *What passed between* Jones *and old Mr.* Nightingale, *with the Arrival of a Person not yet mentioned in this History.*

NOtwithstanding the Sentiment of the *Roman* Satyrist, which denies the Divinity of Fortune; and the Opinion of *Seneca* to the same Purpose; *Cicero*, who was, I believe, a wiser Man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are some Incidents in Life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human Skill and Foresight in producing them.

Of this Kind was what now happened to *Jones*, who found Mr. *Nightingale* the elder in so critical a Minute, that Fortune, if she was really worthy all the Worship she received at *Rome*, could not have contrived such another. In short the Old Gentleman and the Father of the young Lady, whom he intended for his Son, had been hard at it for many Hours; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the Thoughts that he had succeeded in a long Contention which had been between the two Fathers of the future Bride and Bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other, and, as not rarely happens in such Cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the Victory.

This Gentleman, whom Mr. *Jones* now visited, was what they call a Man of the World, that is to say, a Man who directs his Conduct in this World, as one, who being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early Years he had been bred to Trade, but having acquired a very good Fortune, he had lately declined his Business; or to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in Goods to dealing only in Money, of which he had always a plentiful Fund at Command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful

tiful Advantage; ſometimes of the Neceſſities of private Men, and ſometimes of thoſe of the Public. He had indeed converſed ſo entirely with Money, that it may be almoſt doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really exiſting in the World; this at leaſt may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing elſe to have any real Value.

The Reader will, I fancy, allow, that Fortune could not have culled out a more improper Perſon for Mr. *Jones* to attack with any Probability of Succeſs, nor could the whimſical Lady have directed this Attack at a more unſeaſonable Time.

As Money then was always uppermoſt in this Gentleman's Thoughts, ſo the Moment he ſaw a Stranger within his Doors, it immediately occurred to his Imagination, that ſuch Stranger was either come to bring him Money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of theſe Thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable Idea of the Perſon who approached him.

Unluckily for *Jones*, the latter of theſe was the Aſcendant at preſent; for as a young Gentleman had viſited him the Day before, with a Bill from his Son for a Play Debt, he apprehended at the firſt Sight of *Jones*, that he was come on ſuch another Errand. *Jones* therefore had no ſooner told him that he was come on his Son's Account, than the old Gentleman, being confirmed in his Suſpicion, burſt forth into an Exclamation, 'That he would loſe his Labour.' 'Is 'it then poſſible, Sir' anſwered *Jones*, 'that you can 'gueſs my Buſineſs?' If I do gueſs it, replied the 'other, I repeat again to you, you will loſe your La-'bour. What, I ſuppoſe you are one of thoſe Sparks 'who lead my Son into all thoſe Scenes of Riot and 'Debauchery, which will be his Deſtruction; but I 'ſhall pay no more of his Bills I promiſe you. I ex-'pect he will quit all ſuch Company for the future. 'If I had imagined otherwiſe, I ſhould not have pro-

'vided

'vided a Wife for him; for I would be inſtrumental 'in the Ruin of no Body.' 'How, Sir, 'ſaid *Jones*, 'and was this Lady of your providing?' Pray, Sir,' anſwered the old Gentleman, 'how comes it to be 'any Concern of your's?'——Nay, dear Sir,' replied *Jones*, 'be not offended that I intereſt myſelf in what 'regards your Son's Happineſs, for whom I have ſo 'great an Honour and Value. It was upon that very 'Account I came to wait upon you. I can't expreſs 'the Satisfaction you have given me by what you ſay; 'for I do aſſure you your Son is a Perſon for whom 'I have the higheſt Honour——Nay, Sir, it is not 'eaſy to expreſs the Eſteem I have for you, who 'could be ſo generous, ſo good, ſo kind, ſo indulgent 'to provide ſuch a Match for your Son; a Woman 'who, I dare ſwear, will make him one of the hap-'pieſt Men upon Earth.'

There is ſcarce any thing which ſo happily introduces Men to our good Liking, as having conceived ſome Alarm at their firſt Appearance; when once thoſe Apprehenſions begin to vaniſh, we ſoon forget the Fears which they occaſioned, and look on ourſelves as indebted for our preſent Eaſe, to thoſe very Perſons who at firſt rais'd our Fears.

Thus it happened to *Nightingale*, who no ſooner found that *Jones* had no Demand on him, as he ſuſpected, than he began to be pleaſed with his Preſence. 'Pray, good Sir, ſaid he, be pleaſed to ſit down. I 'do not remember to have ever had the Pleaſure of 'ſeeing you before; but if you are a Friend of my 'Son, and have any thing to ſay concerning this 'young Lady, I ſhall be glad to hear you. As to her 'making him happy, it will be his own Fault if ſhe 'doth not. I have diſcharged my Duty, in taking 'Care of the Main Article. She will bring him a 'Fortune capable of making any reaſonable, prudent, 'ſober Man happy.' 'Undoubtedly, cries *Jones*, for 'ſhe is in herſelf a Fortune; ſo beautiful, ſo genteel,

'ſo

'ſo ſweet-tempered, and ſo well educated; ſhe is in-
'deed a moſt accompliſhed young Lady; ſings admi-
'rably well, and hath a moſt delicate Hand at the
'Harpſicord.' 'I did not know any of theſe Matters,
'anſwered the old Gentleman, for I never ſaw the
'Lady; but I do not like her the worſe for what
'you tell me; and I am the better pleaſed with her
'Father for not laying any Streſs on theſe Qualifica-
'tions in our Bargain. I ſhall always think it a Proof
'of his Underſtanding. A ſilly Fellow would have
'brought in theſe Articles as an Addition to her For-
'tune; but to give him his due, he never mentioned
'any ſuch Matter; though to be ſure they are no Diſ-
'paragements to a Woman.' 'I do aſſure you, Sir,'
cries *Jones*, 'ſhe hath them all in the moſt eminent
'Degree: For my Part I own I was afraid you might
'have been a little backward, a little leſs inclined to
'the Match: For your Son told me you had never
'ſeen the Lady, therefore I came, Sir, in that Caſe,
'to entreat you, to conjure you, as you value the
'Happineſs of your Son, not to be averſe to his Match,
'with a Woman who hath not only all the good Qua-
'lities I have mentioned, but many more.'——'If
'that was your Buſineſs, Sir, ſaid the old Gentleman,
'we are both obliged to you; and you may be per-
'fectly eaſy, for I give you my Word I was very well
'ſatisfied with her Fortune.' 'Sir,' anſwered *Jones*,
'I honour you every Moment more and more. To
'be ſo eaſily ſatisfied, ſo very moderate on that Ac-
'count, is a Proof of the Soundneſs of your Under-
'ſtanding, as well as the Nobleneſs of your Mind.'
——'Not ſo very moderate, young Gentleman,
'not ſo very moderate, anſwered the Father.——
'Still more and more noble,' replied *Jones*, 'and,
'give me Leave to add, ſenſible: For ſure it is little
'leſs than Madneſs to conſider Money as the ſole Foun-
'dation of Happineſs. Such a Woman as this with
'her little, her nothing of a Fortune.——I find, cries
the

the old Gentleman, 'you have a pretty juſt Opinion 'of Money, my Friend, or elſe you are better ac- 'quainted with the Perſon of the Lady than with her 'Circumſtances. Why pray, what Fortune do you 'imagine this Lady to have?'——What Fortune?' cries *Jones*, 'why too contemptible a one to be nam- 'ed for your Son. Well, well, well, ſaid the other, 'perhaps he might have done better.'——'That 'I deny, ſaid *Jones*, for ſhe is one of the beſt of Wo- 'men.' 'Ay, ay, but in Point of Fortune I mean, '—— anſwered the other.——And yet as to that 'now, how much do you imagine your Friend is to 'have?——'How much, cries *Jones*, how, much! '—— Why at the utmoſt perhaps, 200*l.*' 'Do 'you mean to banter me, young Gentleman? ſaid 'the Father a little angry.'——'No, upon my 'Soul, anſwered *Jones*, I am in Earneſt, nay, I be- 'lieve I have gone to the utmoſt Farthing. If I do 'the Lady an Injury, I aſk her Pardon.' 'Indeed 'you do, cries the Father. I am certain ſhe hath 'fifteen Times that Sum, and ſhe ſhall produce fifty 'to that before I conſent that ſhe ſhall marry my Son.' 'Nay, ſaid *Jones*, it is too late to talk of Conſent 'now——If ſhe hath not fifty Farthings your Son is 'married.'——'My Son married! anſwered the old 'Gentleman with Surpriſe.' 'Nay,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I 'thought you was acquainted with it.'——'My 'Son married to Miſs *Harris!* anſwered he again.' '—— To Miſs *Harris!* ſaid *Jones*, no, Sir, to 'Miſs *Nancy Miller*, the Daughter of Mrs. *Miller*, 'at whoſe Houſe he lodged; a young Lady, who, 'though her Mother is reduced to let Lodgings'—— 'Are you bantering, or are you in earneſt?' cries the Father with a moſt ſolemn Voice. 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered *Jones*, 'I ſcorn the Character of a Banterer. 'I came to you in moſt ſerious Earneſt, imagining, 'as I find true, that your Son had never dared to 'acquaint you with a Match ſo much inferior to him

'in

'in Point of Fortune, tho' the Reputation of the 'Lady will ſuffer it no longer to remain a Secret.'

While the Father ſtood like one ſtruck ſuddenly dumb at this News, a Gentleman came into the Room, and ſaluted him by the Name of Brother.

But though theſe two were in Conſanguinity ſo nearly related, they were in their Diſpoſitions almoſt the Oppoſites to each other. The Brother who now arrived had likewiſe been bred to Trade, in which he no ſooner ſaw himſelf worth 6000*l.* than he purchaſed a ſmall Eſtate with the greateſt Part of it, and retired into the Country; where he married the Daughter of an unbeneficed Clergyman; a young Lady, who, though ſhe had neither Beauty nor Fortune, had recommended herſelf to his Choice, entirely by her good Humour, of which ſhe poſſeſſed a very immoderate Share.

With this Woman he had during twenty-five Years, lived a Life more reſembling the Model which certain Poets aſcribe to the Golden Age, than any of thoſe Patterns which are furniſhed by the preſent Times. By her he had four Children, but none of them arrived at Maturity except only one Daughter, whom in vulgar Language he and his Wife had ſpoiled; that is, had educated with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Fondneſs; which ſhe returned to ſuch a Degree, that ſhe had actually refuſed a very extraordinary Match with a Gentleman a little turned of Forty, becauſe ſhe could not bring herſelf to part with her Parents.

The young Lady whom Mr. *Nightingale* had intended for his Son was a near Neighbour of his Brother, and an Acquaintance of his Niece; and in reality it was upon the Account of this projected Match, that he was now come to Town; not indeed to forward, but to diſſuade his Brother from a Purpoſe which he conceived would inevitably ruin his Nephew; for he foreſaw no other Event, from a Union with

Miſs

Miſs *Harris*, notwithſtanding the Largeneſs of her Fortune, as neither her Perſon nor Mind ſeemed to him to promiſe any Kind of matrimonial Felicity; for ſhe was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very ſilly, and very ill-natured.

His Brother therefore no ſooner mentioned the Marriage of his Nephew with Miſs *Miller*, than he expreſt the utmoſt Satisfaction; and when the Father had very bitterly reviled his Son, and pronounced Sentence of Beggary upon him, the Uncle began in the following Manner.

'If you was a little cooler, Brother, I would aſk 'you whether you love your Son for his Sake, or for 'your own. You would anſwer, I ſuppoſe, and ſo 'I ſuppoſe you think, for his Sake; and doubtleſs it 'is his Happineſs which you intend in the Marriage 'you propoſed for him.

'Now, Brother, to preſcribe Rules of Happineſs 'to others, hath always appeared to me very abſurd, 'and to inſiſt on doing this very tyrannical. It is a 'vulgar Error I know; but it is nevertheleſs an Error. And if this be abſurd in other Things, it is 'moſtly ſo in the Affair of Marriage, the Happineſs 'of which depends entirely on the Affection which 'ſubſiſts between the Parties.

'I have therefore always thought it unreaſonable in 'Parents to deſire to chuſe for their Children on this 'Occaſion, ſince to force Affection is an impoſſible 'Attempt; nay, ſo much doth Love abhor Force, 'that I know not whether, through an unfortunate 'but incurable Perverſeneſs in our Natures, it may 'not be even impatient of Perſuaſion.

'It is, however, true, that though a Parent will 'not, I think, wiſely preſcribe, he ought to be conſulted on this Occaſion, and in Strictneſs perhaps 'ſhould at leaſt have a negative Voice. My Nephew 'therefore, I own, in marrying without aſking your 'Advice, hath been guilty of a Fault. But, honeſtly

'ſpeaking,

'ſpeaking, Brother, have you not a little promoted 'this Fault? Have not your frequent Declarations on 'this Subject, given him a moral Certainty of your 'Refuſal, where there was any Deficiency in Point 'of Fortune? nay, doth not your preſent Anger a-'riſe ſolely from that Deficiency? And if he hath 'failed in his Duty here, did not you as much ex-'ceed that Authority, when you abſolutely bargain-'ed for him for a Woman without his Knowledge, 'whom you yourſelf never ſaw, and whom if you 'had ſeen and known as well as I, it muſt have been 'Madneſs in you to have ever thought of bringing 'her into your Family.

'Still I own my Nephew in a Fault; but ſurely it 'is not an unpardonable Fault. He hath acted indeed 'without your Conſent, in a Matter in which he 'ought to have aſked it; but it is in a Matter in 'which his Intereſt is principally concerned; you 'yourſelf muſt and will acknowledge, that you con-'ſulted his Intereſt only, and if he unfortunately dif-'fered from you, and hath been miſtaken in his No-'tion of Happineſs, will you, Brother, if you love 'your Son, carry him ſtill wider from the Point? 'Will you encreaſe the ill Conſequences of his ſimple 'Choice? Will you endeavour to make an Event 'certain Miſery to him, which may accidentally 'prove ſo? In a Word, Brother, becauſe he hath 'put it out of your Power to make his Circumſtances 'as affluent as you would, will you diſtreſs them as 'much as you can?'

By the Force of the true Catholic Faith, St *Anthony* won upon the Fiſhes. *Orpheus* and *Amphion* went a little farther, and by the Charms of Muſic enchanted things merely inanimate. Wonderful both! But neither Hiſtory nor Fable have ever yet ventured to record an Inſtance of any one, who by Force of Argument and Reaſon hath triumphed over habitual Avarice.

Mr.

Mr *Nightingale*, the Father, inſtead of attempting to anſwer his Brother, contented himſelf with only obſerving, that they had always differed in their Sentiments concerning the Education of their Children. 'I wiſh, ſaid he, Brother, you would have confined 'your Care to your own Daughter, and never have 'troubled yourſelf with my Son, who hath, I believe, 'as little profited by your Precepts, as by your Ex-'ample:' For young *Nightingale* was his Uncle's Godſon, and had lived more with him than with his Father. So that the Uncle had often declared, he loved his Nephew almoſt equally with his own Child.

Jones fell into Raptures with this good Gentleman; and when after much Perſuaſion, they found the Father grew ſtill more and more irritated, inſtead of appeaſed, *Jones* conducted the Uncle to his Nephew at the Houſe of Mrs. *Miller*.

CHAP. IX. *Containing ſtrange Matters.*

AT his Return to his Lodgings, *Jones* found the Situation of Affairs greatly altered from what they had been at his Departure. The Mother, the two Daughters and young Mr. *Nightingale* were now ſat down to ſupper together, when the Uncle was, at his own Deſire, introduced without any Ceremony into the Company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had ſeveral Times viſited his Nephew at that Houſe.

The old Gentleman immediately walked up to Miſs *Nancy*, ſaluted and wiſhed her Joy, as he did afterwards the Mother and the other Siſter; and laſtly, he paid the proper Compliments to his Nephew, with the ſame good Humour and Curteſy, as if his Nephew had married his equal or ſuperior in fortune, with all the previous Requiſites firſt performed.

Miſs *Nancy* and her ſuppoſed Huſband both turned pale, and looked rather fooliſh than otherwiſe upon the

the Occaſion; but Mrs. *Miller* took the firſt Opportunity of withdrawing; and having ſent for *Jones* into the Dining Room, ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet, and in a moſt paſſionate Flood of Tears, called him her good Angel, the preſerver of her poor little Family, with many other reſpectful and endearing Appellations, and made him every Acknowledgment which the higheſt Benefit can extract from the moſt grateful Hearts.

After the firſt Guſt of her Paſſion was a little over, which ſhe declared, if ſhe had not vented, would have burſt her, ſhe proceeded to inform Mr. *Jones*, that all Matters were ſettled between Mr. *Nightingale* and her Daughter, and that they were to be married the next Morning: At which Mr. *Jones* having expreſt much Pleaſure, the poor Woman fell again into a Fit of Joy and Thankſgiving, which he at length with Difficulty ſilenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the Company, whom they found in the ſame good Humour in which they had left them.

This little Society now paſt two or three very agreeable Hours together, in which the Uncle, who was a very great Lover of his Bottle, had ſo well ply'd his Nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be ſomewhat fluſtered; and now Mr. *Nightingale*, taking the old Gentleman with him up Stairs into the Apartment he had lately occupied, unboſomed himſelf as follows.

'As you have been always the beſt and kindeſt of 'Uncles to me, and as you have ſhewn ſuch unpa-'ralleled goodneſs in forgiving this Match, which to 'be ſure may be thought a little improvident; I ſhould 'never forgive myſelf if I attempted to deceive you 'in any thing.' He then confeſſed the Truth, and opened the whole Affair.

'How, *Jack!*' ſaid the old Gentleman, 'and are 'you really then not married to this young Woman?'

'No,

'No, upon my Honour,' anſwered *Nightingale*, 'I have told you the ſimple Truth. My dear Boy, cries the Uncle, kiſſing him, I am heartily glad to hear it. I never was better pleaſed in my Life. If you had been married, I ſhould have aſſiſted you as much as was in my Power, to have made the beſt of a bad Matter; but there is a great Difference between conſidering a Thing which is already done and irrecoverable, and that which is yet to do. Let your Reaſon have fair play, *Jack*, and you will ſee this Match in ſo fooliſh and prepoſterous a Light, that there will be no Need of any diſſuaſive Arguments.' 'How, Sir! replies young *Nightingale*, is there this Difference between having already done an Act, and being in Honour engaged to do it?' Pugh, ſaid the Uncle, Honour is a Creature of the World's making, and the World hath the Power of a Creator over it, and may govern and direct it as they pleaſe. Now you well know how trivial theſe Breaches of Contract are thought; even the groſſeſt makes but the Wonder and Converſation of a Day. Is there a Man who will be afterwards more backward in giving you his Siſter or Daughter? Or is there any Siſter or Daughter who would be more backward to receive you? Honour is not concerned in theſe Engagements.' 'Pardon me, dear Sir, cries *Nightingale*, I can never think ſo; and not only Honour but Conſcience and Humanity are concerned. I am well ſatisfied, that was I now to diſappoint the young Creature, her Death would be the Conſequence, and I ſhould look on myſelf as her Murderer; nay, as her Murderer by the cruelleſt of all Methods, by breaking her Heart.' 'Break her Heart, indeed! no, no, *Jack*, cries the Uncle, the Hearts of Women are not ſo ſoon broke; they are tough, Boy, they are tough.' 'But, Sir, anſwered *Nightingale*, my own Affections are engaged, and I never could be happy with any other Woman.

'Woman. How often have I heard you ſay, that 'Children ſhould be always ſuffered to chuſe for 'themſelves, and that you would let my Couſin *Har-* 'riet do ſo!' Why ay, replied the old Gentleman, 'ſo I would have them, but then I would have them 'chuſe wiſely.—Indeed, *Jack*, you muſt and ſhall 'leave this Girl.'—Indeed, Uncle, cries the other, I 'muſt and will have her.' 'You will, young Gentle- 'man? ſaid the Uncle; I did not expect ſuch a Word 'from you. I ſhould not wonder if you had uſed 'ſuch Language to your Father, who hath always 'treated you like a Dog, and kept you at the Diſtance 'which a Tyrant preſerves over his Subjects; but I 'who have lived with you upon an equal Footing, 'might ſurely expect better Uſage: But I know how 'to account for it all; it is all owing to your pre- 'poſterous Education, in which I have had too little 'Share. There is my Daughter now, whom I have 'brought up as my Friend, never doth any thing 'without my Advice, nor ever refuſes to take it when 'I give it her. You have never yet given her Ad- 'vice in an affair of this Kind, ſaid *Nightingale*, for 'I am greatly Miſtaken in my Couſin, if ſhe would 'be very ready to obey even your moſt poſitive Com- 'mands in abandoning her Inclinations.' 'Don't a- 'buſe my Girl, anſwered the old Gentleman with 'ſome Emotion; don't abuſe my *Harriet*. I have 'brought her up to have no Inclinations contrary to 'my own. By ſuffering her to do whatever ſhe 'pleaſes, I have enured her to a Habit of being pleaſed 'to do whatever I like.' 'Pardon me, Sir, ſaid '*Nightingale*, I have not the leaſt Deſign to reflect on 'my Couſin, for whom I have the greateſt Eſteem; 'and indeed I am convinced you will never put her 'to ſo ſevere a Trial, or lay ſuch hard Commands 'on her as you would do on me.—But, dear Sir, let 'us return to the Company; for they will begin to 'be uneaſy at our long Abſence. I muſt beg one

'Favour

'Favour of my dear Uncle, which is that he would 'not ſay any thing to ſhock the poor Girl or her 'Mother.' 'O you need not fear me,' anſwered he, 'I underſtand myſelf too well to affront Women; ſo 'I will readily grant you that Favour; and in Return 'I muſt expect another of you.' 'There are but 'few of your Commands, Sir,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'which I ſhall not very chearfully obey.' 'Nay, 'Sir, I aſk nothing, ſaid the Uncle, but the Honour 'of your Company home to my Lodging, that I may 'reaſon the Caſe a little more fully with you: For I 'would if poſſible have the Satisfaction of preſerving 'my Family, notwithſtanding the headſtrong Folly 'of my Brother, who, in his own Opinion, is the 'wiſeſt Man in the World.'

Nightingale, who well knew his uncle to be as headſtrong as his Father, ſubmitted to attend him Home, and then they both returned back into the Room, where the old Gentleman promiſed to carry himſelf with the ſame Decorum which he had before maintained.

CHAP. X. *A ſhort Chapter which concludes the Book.*

THE long Abſence of the Uncle and the Nephew occaſioned ſome Diſquiet in the Minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding Dialogue, the Uncle had more than once elevated his Voice, ſo as to be heard down Stairs; which, though they could not diſtinguiſh what he ſaid, had cauſed ſome evil foreboding in *Nancy* and her Mother, and indeed even in *Jones* himſelf.

When the good Company therefore again aſſembled, there was a viſible Alteration in all their Faces; and the good Humour which, at their laſt Meeting, univerſally ſhone forth in every Countenance, was now changed

changed into a much leſs agreeable Aſpect. It was a Change indeed common enough to the Weather in this Climate, from Sunſhine to Clouds, from *June* to *December*.

This Alteration was not however greatly remarked by any preſent; for as every one was now endeavouring to conceal their own Thoughts, and to act a Part, they became all too buſily engaged in the Scene to be Spectators of it. Thus neither the Uncle nor Nephew ſaw any Symptoms of Suſpicion in the Mother or Daughter; nor did the Mother or Daughter remark the over-acted Complaiſance of the old Man, nor the counterfeit Satisfaction which grinned in the Features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole Attention of two Friends being engaged in the Part which each is to act, in order to impoſe on the other, neither ſees nor ſuſpects the Art practiſed againſt himſelf; and thus the Thruſt of both (to borrow no improper Metaphor on the Occaſion) alike takes Place.

From the ſame Reaſon it is no unuſual Thing for both parties to be over-reached in a Bargain, though the one muſt be always the greater Loſer; as was he who ſold a blind Horſe, and received a bad Note in Payment.

Our Company in about half an Hour broke up, and the Uncle carried off his Nephew; but not before the latter had aſſured Miſs *Nancy*, in a Whiſper, that he would attend her early in the Morning, and fulfil all his Engagements.

Jones, who was the leaſt concerned in this Scene, ſaw the moſt. He did indeed ſuſpect the very Fact; for beſides obſerving the great Alteration in the Behaviour of the Uncle, the Diſtance he aſſumed, and his overſtrained Civility to Miſs *Nancy*; the carrying off a Bridegroom from his Bride at that Time of Night, was ſo extraordinary a Proceeding, that it could be only

only accounted for, by imagining that young *Nightingale* had revealed the whole Truth, which the apparent Openneſs of his Temper, and his being fluſtered with Liquor, made too probable.

While he was reaſoning with himſelf whether he ſhould acquaint theſe poor People with his Suſpicion, the Maid of the Houſe informed him, that a Gentlewoman deſired to ſpeak with him.—He went immediately out, and taking the Candle from the Maid, uſhered his Viſitant up Stairs, who in the Perſon of Mrs. *Honour* acquainted him with ſuch dreadful News concerning his *Sophia*, that he immediately loſt all Conſideration for every other Perſon; and his whole Stock of Compaſſion was entirely ſwallowed up in Reflections on his own Miſery, and on that of his unfortunate Angel.

What this dreadful Matter was, the Reader will be informed, after we have firſt related the many preceding Steps which produced it, and thoſe will be the Subject of the following Book.

BOOK XV. *In which the Hiſtory advances about two Days.*

CHAP. I. *Two ſhort to need a Preface.*

THERE are a Set of Religious, or rather Moral, Writers, who teach that Virtue is the certain Road to Happineſs, and Vice to Miſery, in this World. A very wholeſome and comfortable Doctrine, and to which we have but one Objection, namely, That it is not true.

Indeed if by Virtue theſe Writers mean, the Exerciſe of thoſe Cardinal Virtues, which like good Houſewives ſtay at home, and mind only the Buſineſs of their own Family, I ſhall very readily concede the Point:

Point: For ſo ſurely do all theſe contribute and lead to Happineſs, that I would almoſt wiſh, in Violation of all the antient and modern Sages, to call them rather by the Name of Wiſdom, than by that of Virtue: For with regard to this Life, no Syſtem, I conceive, was ever wiſer than that of the ancient *Epicureans*, who held this Wiſdom to conſtitute the chief Good; nor fooliſher than that of their Oppoſites, thoſe modern *Epicures*, who place all Felicity in the abundant Gratification of every ſenſual Appetite.

But if by Virtue is meant (as I almoſt think it ought) a certain relative Quality, which is always buſying itſelf without Doors, and ſeems as much intereſted in purſuing the Good of others as its own; I cannot ſo eaſily agree that this is the ſureſt Way to human Happineſs; becauſe I am afraid we muſt then include Poverty and Contempt, with all the Miſchiefs which Backbiting, Envy and Ingratitude can bring on Mankind, in our Idea of Happineſs; nay, ſometimes perhaps we ſhall be obliged to wait upon the ſaid Happineſs to a Gaol, ſince many by the above Virtue have brought themſelves thither.

I have not now Leiſure to enter upon ſo large a Field of Speculation, as here ſeems opening upon me: my Deſign was to wipe off a Doctrine that lay in my Way; ſince while Mr. *Jones* was acting the moſt virtuous Part imaginable, in labouring to preſerve his fellow-Creatures from Deſtruction, the Devil, or ſome other evil Spirit, one perhaps cloathed in human Fleſh, was hard at Work to make him completely miſerable in the Ruin of his *Sophia*.

This therefore would ſeem an Exception to the above Rule, if indeed it was a Rule; but as we have in our Voyage through Life ſeen ſo many other Exceptions to it, we chuſe to diſpute the Doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be Chriſtian, which we are convinced is not true, and

which is indeed deſtructive of one of the nobleſt Arguments that Reaſon alone can furniſh for the Belief of Immortality.

But as the Reader's Curioſity (if he hath any) muſt be now awake and hungry, we ſhall provide to feed it as faſt as we can.

CHAP. II. *In which is opened a very black Deſign againſt* Sophia.

I Remember a wiſe old Woman, who uſed to ſay, when Children are doing nothing, they are doing Miſchief. I will not enlarge this quaint Saying to the moſt beautiful Part of the Creation in general: But ſo far I may be allowed, that when the Effects of female Jealouſy do not appear openly in their proper Colours of Rage and Fury, we may ſuſpect that miſchievous Paſſion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above-ground.

This was exemplified in the Conduct of the Lady *Bellaſton*, who, under all the Smiles which ſhe wore in her Countenance, concealed much Indignation againſt *Sophia*; and as ſhe plainly ſaw that this young Lady ſtood between her and the full Indulgence of her Deſires, ſhe reſolved to get rid of her by ſome Means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable Opportunity, of accompliſhing this, preſented itſelf to her.

The Reader may be pleaſed to remember, that when *Sophia* was thrown into that Conſternation at the Play-houſe, by the Wit and Humour of a Set of young Gentlemen, who call themſelves the Town, we informed him, that ſhe had put herſelf under the Protection of a young Nobleman, who had very ſafely conducted her to her Chair.

This Nobleman, who frequently viſited Lady *Bellaſton*, had more than once ſeen *Sophia* there, ſince her Arrival

Arrival in Town, and had conceived a very great Liking to her; which Liking, as Beauty never looks more amiable than in Diſtreſs, *Sophia* had in this Fright ſo encreaſed, that he might now without any great Impropriety be ſaid to be actually in Love with her.

It may eaſily be believed that he would not ſuffer ſo handſome an Occaſion of Improving his Acquaintance with the beloved Object, as now offered itſelf, to elapſe, when even good-Breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a Viſit.

The next Morning therefore, after this Accident, he waited on *Sophia*, with the uſual Compliments and Hopes that ſhe had received no Harm from her laſt Night's Adventure.

As Love, like Fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is ſoon blown into a Flame; *Sophia* in a very ſhort Time completed her Conqueſt. Time now flew away unperceived, and the Noble Lord had been two Hours in Company with the Lady, before it entered into his Head that he had made too long a Viſit. Tho' this Circumſtance alone would have alarmed *Sophia*, who was ſomewhat more a Miſtreſs of Computation at preſent; ſhe had indeed much more pregnant Evidence from the Eyes of her Lover of what paſt within his Boſom; nay, though he did not make any open Declaration of his Paſſion, yet many of his Expreſſions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to Complaiſance, even in the Age when ſuch Complaiſance was in Faſhion; the very Reverſe of which is well known to be the reigning Mode at preſent.

Lady *Bellaſton* had been appriſed of his Lordſhip's Viſit at his firſt Arrival; and the length of it very well ſatisfied her that Things went as ſhe wiſhed, and as indeed ſhe had ſuſpected the ſecond Time ſhe ſaw this young Couple together. This Buſineſs ſhe rightly, I think, concluded, that ſhe ſhould by no means forward by mixing in the Company while they were

together; she therefore ordered her Servants that, when my Lord was going, they should tell him, she desired to speak with him, and employed the intermediate Time in meditating how best to accomplish a Scheme which she made no doubt but his Lordship would very readily embrace the Execution of.

Lord *Fellamar* (for that was the Title of this young Nobleman) was no sooner introduced to her Ladyship, than she attacked him in the following Strain: 'Bless 'me, my Lord, are you here yet? I thought my Servants had made a mistake and let you go away; and 'I wanted to see you about an Affair of some Importance.'—'Indeed, Lady *Bellaston*,' said he, I don't 'wonder you are astonished at the Length of my Visit: For I have staid above two Hours, and I did not 'think I had staid above half one.'—'What am I to 'conclude from thence, my Lord?' said she, 'The 'Company must be very agreeable which can make 'Time slide away so very deceitfully.'—'Upon my 'Honour,' said he, 'the most agreeable I ever saw. 'Pray tell me, Lady *Bellaston*, who is this blazing Star 'which you have produced among us all of a sudden?' '— What blazing Star, my Lord?' said she, affecting a Surprize.—'I mean,' said he, 'the Lady I saw here 'the other Day, whom I had last Night in my Arms 'at the Play-house, and to whom I have been making that unreasonable Visit.'—'O, my Cousin *Western*,' said she, 'why that blazing Star, my Lord, is 'the Daughter of a Country Booby Squire, and hath 'been in Town about a Fortnight, for the first Time.' —'Upon my Soul,' said he, 'I should swear she had 'been bred in a Court; for, besides her Beauty, I 'never saw any Thing so genteel, so sensible, so polite.'—'O brave!' cries the Lady, 'My Cousin 'hath you, I find.'—'Upon my Honour,' answered he, 'I wish she had; for I am in Love with her to 'Distraction.'—'Nay, my Lord,' said she, 'it is not 'wishing yourself very ill neither, for she is a very great

'great Fortune. I aſſure you ſhe is an only Child, and 'her Father's Eſtate is a good 3000*l.* a Year.' 'Then 'I can aſſure you, Madam,' anſwered the Lord, 'I 'think her the beſt Match in *England*.' 'Indeed, my 'Lord,' replied ſhe, 'if you like her, I heartily wiſh 'you had her.' 'If you think ſo kindly of me, Ma-'dam,' ſaid he, 'as ſhe is a Relation of your's, will 'you do me the Honour to propoſe it to her Father?' 'And are you really then in earneſt?' cries the Lady, with an affected Gravity. 'I hope, Madam,' anſwered he, 'you have a better Opinion of me, than 'to imagine I would jeſt with your Ladyſhip in an 'Affair of this Kind.' 'Indeed then,' ſaid the Lady, 'I will moſt readily propoſe your Lordſhip to her Fa-'ther, and I can, I believe, aſſure you of his joyful 'Acceptance of the Propoſal; but there is a Bar, 'which I am almoſt aſhamed to mention, and yet it 'is one you will never be able to conquer. You have 'a Rival, my Lord, and a Rival who, though I bluſh 'to name him, neither you nor all the World will ever 'be able to conquer.' 'Upon my Word, Lady *Bel-'laſton*,' cries he, 'you have ſtruck a damp to my 'Heart which hath almoſt deprived me of Being.' 'Fie! my Lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhould rather hope I 'had ſtruck Fire into you. A Lover, and talk of 'Damps in your Heart! I rather imagined you would 'have aſked your Rival's Name, that you might have 'immediately entered the Liſts with him.' 'I promiſe 'you, Madam,' anſwered he, 'there are very few 'Things I would not undertake for your charming 'Couſin; but pray who is this happy Man?'—'Why 'he is,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I am ſorry to ſay moſt happy 'Men with us are, one of the loweſt Fellows in the 'World. He is a Beggar, a Baſtard, a Foundling, a 'Fellow in meaner Circumſtances than one of your 'Lordſhip's Footmen.' 'And is it poſſible,' cried he, 'that a young Creature, with ſuch Perfections, ſhould 'think of beſtowing herſelf ſo unworthily?' 'Alas! my

'Lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'conſider the Country—the 'Bane of all young Women is the Country. There 'they learn a Set of romantic Notions of Love, and I 'know not what Folly, which this Town and good 'Company can ſcarce eradicate in a whole Winter. 'Indeed, Madam,' replied my Lord, 'your Couſin 'is of too immenſe a Value to be thrown away: Such 'Ruin as this muſt be prevented.' 'Alas!' cries ſhe, 'my Lord, how can it be prevented? The Family 'have already done all in their Power; but the Girl 'is, I think, intoxicated, and nothing leſs than Ruin 'will content her. And to deal more openly with you, 'I expect every Day to hear ſhe is run away with 'him.' 'What you tell me, Lady *Bellaſton*,' anſwered his Lordſhip, 'affects me moſt tenderly, and only 'raiſes my Compaſſion inſtead of leſſening my Adora- 'tion of your Couſin. Some means muſt be found to 'preſerve ſo ineſtimable a Jewel. Hath your Ladyſhip 'endeavoured to reaſon with her?' Here the Lady af- fected a Laugh, and cried, 'My dear Lord, ſure you 'know us better than to talk of reaſoning a young 'Woman out of her Inclinations. Theſe ineſtima- 'ble Jewels are as deaf as the Jewels they wear. 'Time, my Lord, Time is the only Medicine to cure 'their Folly; but this is a Medicine, which I am cer- 'tain ſhe will not take; nay, I live in hourly Horrors 'on her Account. In ſhort nothing but violent Me- 'thods will do.' 'What is to be done?' cries my Lord, 'what Methods are to be taken?—'Is there 'any Method upon Earth?—Oh! Lady *Bellaſton!* 'there is nothing which I would not undertake for ſuch 'a Reward.'—'I really know not,' anſwered the Lady, after a Pauſe, and then pauſing again, ſhe cryed out,—'Upon my Soul, I am at my Wit's End on this 'Girl's Account.—If ſhe can be preſerved, ſomething 'muſt be done immediately, and, as I ſay, nothing 'but violent Methods will do.——If your Lordſhip 'hath really this Attachment to my Couſin, (and

'to

'to do her Juſtice, except in this ſilly Inclination, 'of which ſhe will ſoon ſee her Folly, ſhe is every 'way deſerving,) I think there may be one Way, in- 'deed it is a very diſagreeable one, and what I am 'almoſt afraid to think of.——It requires great Spi- 'rit, I promiſe you.' 'I am not conſcious, Ma- 'dam,' ſaid he, 'of any Defect there, nor am I, 'I hope, ſuſpected of any ſuch. It muſt be an egre- 'gious Defect indeed, which would make me back- 'ward on this Occaſion. 'Nay, My Lord,' an- ſwered ſhe, 'I am far from doubting you. I am 'much more inclined to doubt my own Courage: 'for I muſt run a monſtrous Riſque. In ſhort, I 'muſt place ſuch a Confidence in your Honour, as a 'wiſe Woman will ſcarce ever place in a Man on any 'Conſideration.' In this Point likewiſe my Lord very well ſatisfied her; for his Reputation was ex- tremely clear, and common Fame did him no more than Juſtice, in ſpeaking well of him. 'Well then,' ſaid ſhe, 'my Lord,—I—I vow, I can't bear the 'Apprehenſion of——No, it muſt not be.——At 'leaſt every other Method ſhall be tried. Can you 'get rid of your Engagements and dine here to-day? 'Your Lordſhip will have an Opportunity of ſeeing 'a little more of Miſs *Weſtern*.——I promiſe you 'we have no Time to loſe. Here will be nobody 'but Lady *Betty*, and Miſs *Eagle*, and Colonel '*Hampſted*, and *Tom Edwards*; they will all go 'ſoon—and I ſhall be at home to nobody. Then 'your Lordſhip may be a little more explicit. Nay, 'I will contrive ſome Method to convince you of 'her Attachment to this Fellow.' My Lord made proper Compliments, accepted the Invitation, and then they parted to dreſs, it being now paſt three in the Morning, or, to reckon by the old Style, in the Afternoon.

CHAP. III. *A further Explanation of the foregoing Deſign.*

THO' the Reader may have long ſince concluded Lady *Bellaſton* to be a Member (and no inconſiderable one) of the Great World, ſhe was in reality a very conſiderable Member of *the Little World*; by which Appellation was diſtinguiſhed a very worthy and honourable Society, which not long ſince flouriſhed in this Kingdom.

Among other good Principles, upon which this Society was founded, there was one very remarkable; for as it was a Rule of an honourable Club of Heroes, who aſſembled at the Cloſe of the late War, that all the Members ſhould every Day fight once, at leaſt; ſo 'twas in this, that every Member ſhould, within the twenty-four Hours, tell at leaſt one merry Fib, which was to be propagated by all the Brethren and Siſterhood.

Many idle Stories were told about this Society, which from a certain Quality may be perhaps not unjuſtly ſuppoſed to have come from the Society themſelves. As, that the Devil was the Preſident, and that he ſat in Perſon in an elbow Chair at the upper End of the Table; but upon very ſtrict Enquiry, I find there is not the leaſt Truth in any of thoſe Tales, and that the Aſſembly conſiſted in reality of a Set of very good ſort of People, and the Fibs which they propagated were of a harmleſs Kind, and tended only to produce Mirth and good Humour.

Edwards was likewiſe a Member of this comical Society. To him therefore Lady *Bellaſton* applied, as a proper Inſtrument for our Purpoſe, and furniſhed him with a Fib, which he was to vent whenever the Lady gave him his Cue; and this was not to be till the Evening when all the Company but Lord *Fellamar* and himſelf were gone, and while they were engaged in a Rubber at Whiſt.

To

To this Time then, which was between ſeven and eight in the Evening, we will convey our Reader; when Lady *Bellaſton*, Lord *Fellamar*, Miſs *Weſtern*, and *Tom* being engaged at Whiſt, and in the laſt Game of their Rubbers, *Tom* received his Cue from Lady *Bellaſton*, which was, I proteſt, *Tom*, you are grown intolerable lately; you uſed to tell us all the News of the Town, and now you know no more of the World than if you lived out of it.

Mr. *Edwards* then began as follows: 'The Fault 'is not mine, Madam; It lies in the Dullneſs of the 'Age that doth nothing worth talking of—O la! tho' 'now I think on't, there hath a terrible Accident be-'fallen poor Col. *Wilcox*——Poor *Ned*——You 'know him, my Lord, every body knows him; 'faith! I am very much concerned for him.

'What is it, pray?' ſays Lady *Bellaſton*.

'Why, he hath killed a Man this Morning in a 'Duel, that's all.'

His Lordſhip, who was not in the Secret, aſked gravely, whom he had killed; to which *Edwards* anſwered, 'A young Fellow we none of us know; a 'Somerſetſhire Lad juſt come to Town, one *Jones* his 'Name is; a near Relation of one Mr. *Allworthy*, 'of whom your Lordſhip I believe hath heard. I 'ſaw the Lad lie dead in a Coffee-houſe.——Upon 'my Soul he is one of the fineſt Corpſes I ever ſaw 'in my Life.'

Sophia, who juſt began to deal as *Tom* had mentioned that a Man was killed, ſtopt her Hand and liſtened with Attention, (for all Stories of that Kind affected her) but no ſooner had he arrived at the latter part of the Story, than ſhe began to deal again; and having dealt three Cards to one, and ſeven to another, and ten to a third, at laſt dropt the reſt from her Hand, and fell back in her Chair.

The Company behaved as uſually on theſe Occaſions. The uſual Diſturbance enſued, the uſual Aſſiſt-

ance was ſummoned, and *Sophia* at laſt, as it is uſual, returned again to Life, and was ſoon after, at her earneſt Deſire, led to her own Apartment; where, at my Lord's Requeſt, Lady *Bellaſton* acquainted her with the Truth, attempted to carry it off as a Jeſt of her own, and comforted her with repeated Aſſurances, that neither his Lordſhip, nor *Tom*, though ſhe had taught him the Story, were in the true Secret of the Affair.

There was no farther Evidence neceſſary to convince Lord *Fellamar* how juſtly the Caſe had been repreſented to him by Lady *Bellaſton*; and now at her Return into the Room, a Scheme was laid between theſe two noble Perſons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous Light to his Lordſhip, (as he faithfully promiſed, and faithfully reſolved too, to make the Lady all the ſubſequent amends in his Power by Marriage;) yet many of our Readers, we doubt not, will ſee with juſt Deteſtation.

The next Evening at ſeven was appointed for the fatal Purpoſe, when Lady *Bellaſton* undertook that *Sophia* ſhould be alone, and his Lordſhip ſhould be introduced to her. The whole Family were to be regulated for the Purpoſe, moſt of the Servants diſpatched out of the Houſe, and for Mrs. *Honour* who, to prevent any Suſpicion, was to be left with her Miſtreſs till his Lordſhip's Arrival, Lady *Bellaſton* herſelf was to engage her in an Apartment as diſtant as poſſible from the Scene of the intended Miſchief, and out of the Hearing of *Sophia*.

Matters being thus agreed on, his Lordſhip took his Leave, and her Ladyſhip retired to Reſt, highly pleaſed with a Project of which ſhe had no Reaſon to doubt the Succeſs, and which promiſed ſo effectually to remove *Sophia* from being any future Obſtruction to her Amour with *Jones*, by means of which ſhe ſhould never appear to be guilty, even if the Fact appeared to the World; but this ſhe made no doubt of preventing,

ing, by huddling up a Marriage, to which ſhe thought the raviſhed *Sophia* would eaſily be brought to conſent, and at which all the reſt of her Family would rejoice.

But Affairs were not in ſo quiet a Situation in the Boſom of the other Conſpirator. His Mind was toſt in all the diſtracting Anxiety ſo nobly deſcribed by *Shakeſpear*.

Between the acting of a dreadful Thing,
And the firſt Motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantaſma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius and the mortal Inſtruments
Are then in Council; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an Inſurrection.———

Though the Violence of his Paſſion had made him eagerly embrace the firſt Hint of this Deſign, eſpecially as it came from a Relation of the Lady, yet when that Friend to Reflection, a Pillow, had placed the Action itſelf in all its natural Black Colours before his Eyes, with all the Conſequences which muſt, and thoſe which might probably, attend it; his Reſolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other Side; and after a long Conflict which laſted a whole Night between Honour and Appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady *Bellaſton*, and to relinquiſh the Deſign.

Lady *Bellaſton* was in Bed, though very late in the Morning, and *Sophia* ſitting by her Bedſide, when the Servant acquainted her that Lord *Fellamar* was below in the Parlour, upon which her Ladyſhip deſired him to ſtay, and that ſhe would ſee him preſently; but the Servant was no ſooner departed than poor *Sophia* began to entreat her Couſin not to encourage the Viſits of that odious Lord (ſo ſhe called him though a little unjuſtly) upon her Account. 'I ſee 'his Deſign,' ſaid ſhe, 'for he made downright Love 'to me Yeſterday Morning; but as I am reſolved

'never

'never to admit it, I beg your Ladyſhip not to leave 'us alone together any more, and to order the Ser-'vants that, if he enquires for me, I may be always 'denied to him.'

'La! Child,' ſays Lady *Bellaſton*, 'you Country 'Girls have nothing but Sweet-Hearts in your Head; 'you fancy every Man who is civil to you is making 'Love. He is one of the moſt gallant young Fellows 'about Town, and I am convinced means no more 'than a little Gallantry. Make Love to you indeed! 'I wiſh with all my Heart he would, and you muſt 'be an arrant mad Woman to refuſe him.'

'But as I ſhall certainly be that mad Woman.' cries *Sophia*, 'I hope his Viſits ſhall not be intruded 'upon me.'

'O Child,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'you need not 'be ſo fearful, if you reſolve to run away with that '*Jones*, I know no Perſon who can hinder you.'

'Upon my Honour, Madam,' cries *Sophia*, 'your 'Ladyſhip injures me. I will never run away with 'any Man; nor will I ever marry contrary to my 'Father's Inclinations.'

'Well, Miſs *Weſtern*,' ſaid the Lady, 'if you 'are not in a Humour to ſee Company this Morning, 'you may retire to your own Apartment; for I am 'not frightened at his Lordſhip, and muſt ſend for 'him up into my Dreſſing-Room.'

Sophia thanked her Ladyſhip and withdrew; and preſently afterwards *Fellamar* was admitted up Stairs.

CHAP. IV. *By which it will appear how dangerous an Advocate a Lady is, when ſhe applies her Eloquence to an ill Purpoſe.*

WHEN Lady *Bellaſton* heard the young Lord's Scruples, ſhe treated them with the ſame Diſdain, with which one of thoſe Sages of the Law, called *Newgate* Sollicitors, treats the Qualms of Conſcience

ſcience in a young Witneſs. 'My dear Lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'you certainly want a Cordial. I muſt ſend to 'Lady *Edgely* for one of her beſt Drams. Fie upon it! have more Reſolution. Are you frightened 'by the Word Rape? Or are you apprehenſive—? 'Well, if the Story of *Helen* was modern, I ſhould 'think it unnatural. I mean the Behaviour of *Paris*, not the Fondneſs of the Lady; for all Women 'love a Man of Spirit. There is another Story of 'the *Sabine* Ladies,—and that too, I thank Heaven, 'is very ancient. Your Lordſhip, perhaps, will admire my Reading; but I think Mr. *Hook* tells us 'they made tolerable good Wives afterwards. I 'fancy few of my married Acquaintance were raviſhed by their Huſbands.' 'Nay, dear Lady *Bellaſton*,' cried he, 'don't ridicule me in this Manner. 'Why, my good Lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'do 'you think any Woman in *England* would not laugh 'at you in her Heart, whatever Prudery ſhe might 'wear in her Countenance?——You force me to 'uſe a ſtrange kind of Language, and to betray my 'Sex moſt abominably: But I am contented with 'knowing my Intentions are good, and that I am 'endeavouring to ſerve my Couſin; for I think you 'will make her a Huſband notwithſtanding this; or, 'upon my Soul, I would not even perſuade her to 'fling herſelf away upon an empty Title. She ſhould 'not upbraid me hereafter with having loſt a Man of 'Spirit; for that his Enemies allow this poor young 'Fellow to be.

Let thoſe, who have had the Satisfaction of hearing Reflections of this Kind from a Wife or a Miſtreſs, declare whether they are at all ſweetened by coming from a female Tongue. Certain it is they ſunk deeper into his Lordſhip, than any Thing which *Demoſthenes* or *Cicero* could have ſaid on the Occaſion.

Lady *Bellaſton* perceiving ſhe had fired the young Lord's Pride, began now, like a true Orator, to rouſe

rouſe other Paſſions to its Aſſiſtance. 'My Lord,' ſaid ſhe, in a graver Voice, 'you will be pleaſed to 'remember you mentioned this Matter to me firſt; 'for I would not appear to you in the Light of one 'who is endeavouring to put off my Couſin upon you. 'Fourſcore thouſand Pounds do not ſtand in Need of 'an Advocate to recommend them. Nor doth Miſs '*Weſtern*,' ſaid he, 'require any Recommendation 'from her Fortune; for, in my Opinion, no Woman 'ever had half her Charms.' 'Yes, yes, my Lord,' replied the Lady, looking in the Glaſs, 'there have 'been Women with more than half her Charms, I 'aſſure you; not that I need leſſen her on that Ac-'count. She is a moſt delicious Girl, that's certain; 'and within theſe few Hours ſhe will be in the Arms 'of one, who ſurely doth not deſerve her, though I 'will give him his due, I believe he is truly a Man 'of Spirit.'

'I hope ſo, Madam,' ſaid my Lord; though I 'muſt own he doth not deſerve her; for unleſs Hea-'ven, or your Ladyſhip, diſappoint me, ſhe ſhall 'within that Time be in mine.

'Well ſpoken, my Lord,' anſwered the Lady. 'I 'promiſe you no Diſappointment ſhall happen from 'my Side; and within this Week I am convinced I 'ſhall call your Lordſhip my Couſin in Public.'

The Remainder of this Scene conſiſted intirely of Raptures, Excuſes, and Compliments, very pleaſant to have heard from the Parties; but rather dull when related at ſecond Hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an End to this Dialogue, and haſten to the fatal Hour, when every Thing was prepared for the De-ſtruction of poor *Sophia*.

But this being the moſt tragical Matter in our whole Hiſtory, we ſhall treat it in a Chapter by itſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. V. *Containing ſome Matters which may affect, and others which may ſurprize the Reader.*

THE Clock had now ſtruck Seven, and poor *Sophia*, alone and melancholy, ſat reading a Tragedy. It was the *Fatal Marriage*, and ſhe was now come to that Part where the poor, diſtreſt *Iſabella*, diſpoſes of her Wedding-Ring.

Here the Book dropt from her Hand, and a Shower of Tears ran down into her Boſom. In this Situation ſhe had continued a Minute, when the Door opened, and in came Lord *Fellamar*. *Sophia* ſtarted from her Chair at his Entrance; and his Lordſhip advancing forwards, and making a low Bow, ſaid, 'I 'am afraid, Miſs *Weſtern*, I break in upon you ab-'ruptly.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' ſays ſhe, 'I muſt 'own myſelf a little ſurprized at this unexpected 'Viſit.' 'If this Viſit be unexpected, Madam,' anſwered Lord *Fellamar*, 'my Eyes muſt have been very 'faithleſs Interpreters of my Heart, when laſt I had 'the Honour of ſeeing you. For ſurely you could 'not otherwiſe have hoped to detain my Heart in 'your Poſſeſſion, without receiving a Viſit from it's 'Owner.' *Sophia*, confus'd as ſhe was, anſwered this Bombaſt (and very properly, I think,) with a Look of inconceivable Diſdain. My Lord then made another and a longer Speech of the ſame Sort. Upon which *Sophia*, trembling, ſaid, 'Am I really to con-'ceive your Lordſhip to be out of your Senſes? Sure, 'my Lord, there is no other Excuſe for ſuch Beha-'viour.'—'I am, indeed, Madam, in the Situation you 'ſuppoſe,' cries his Lordſhip; 'and ſure you will 'pardon the effects of a Frenzy which you yourſelf 'have occaſioned: For Love hath ſo totally deprived 'me of Reaſon, that I am ſcarce accountable for any 'of my Actions.' Upon my Word, my Lord,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I neither underſtand your Words, nor your

'Be

'Behaviour.'—'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your Feet to explain both, by laying open my 'Soul to you, and declaring that I doat on you to the 'higheſt Degree of Diſtraction. O moſt adorable, 'moſt divine Creature, what Language can expreſs 'the Sentiments of my Heart?' 'I do aſſure you, my 'Lord,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I ſhall not ſtay to hear any 'more of this.' 'Do not,' cries he, 'think of 'leaving me thus cruelly: could you know half the 'Torments which I feel, that tender Boſom muſt 'pity what thoſe Eyes have cauſed.' Then fetching a deep Sigh, and laying hold of her Hand, he ran on for ſome Minutes in a Strain which would be little more pleaſing to the Reader, than it was to the Lady; and at laſt concluded with a Declaration, 'That if he 'was Maſter of the World, he would lay it at her 'Feet.' *Sophia* then, forcibly pulling away her Hand from his, anſwered, with much Spirit, 'I promiſe 'you, Sir, your World and its Maſter, I ſhould ſpurn 'from me with equal Contempt.' She then offered to go, and Lord *Fellamar* again laying hold of her Hand, ſaid, 'Pardon me, my beloved Angel, Free-'doms which nothing but Deſpair could have tempt-'ed me to take.—Believe me that could I have had 'any hope that my Title and Fortune, neither of them 'inconſiderable, unleſs when compared with your 'Worth, would have been accepted, I had, in the 'humbleſt Manner, preſented them to your Accept-'ance.——But I cannot loſe you —By Heaven I will 'ſooner part with my Soul.—You are, you muſt, 'you ſhall be only mine.' 'My Lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'I entreat you to deſiſt from a vain Purſuit; for, up-'on my Honour, I will never hear you on this Sub-'ject. Let go my Hand, my Lord, for I am re-'ſolved to go from you this Moment, nor will I ever 'ſee you more.' 'Then, Madam,' cries his Lordſhip, 'I muſt make the beſt Uſe of this Moment; for I can-'not, nor will I live without you.'——'What do

'you

'you mean, my Lord?' ſaid *Sophia*; 'I will raiſe 'the Family.' 'I have no Fear, Madam,' anſwered he, 'but of loſing you, and that I am reſolved to 'prevent, the only Way which Deſpair points to 'me.'——He then caught her in his Arms: upon which ſhe ſcreamed ſo loud, that ſhe muſt have alarmed ſome one to her aſſiſtance, had not Lady *Bellaſton* taken Care to remove all Ears. But a more lucky Circumſtance happened for poor *Sophia*; another Noiſe now broke forth, which almoſt drowned her Cries: For now the whole Houſe rung with, 'Where is ſhe? D—n me, I'll unkennell her this 'Inſtant. Shew me her Chamber, I ſay. Where 'is my Daughter, I know ſhe's in the Houſe, and 'I'll ſee her if ſhe's above Ground. Shew me where 'ſhe is.'——At which laſt Words the Door flew open, and in comes Squire *Weſtern*, with his Parſon and a Set of Myrmidons at his Heels.

How miſerable muſt have been the Condition of poor *Sophia*, when the enraged Voice of her Father was welcome to her Ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only Accident upon Earth, which could have preſerved the Peace of her Mind from being for ever deſtroyed.

Sophia, notwithſtanding her Fright, preſently knew her Father's Voice; and his Lordſhip, notwithſtanding his Paſſion, knew the Voice of Reaſon, which peremptorily aſſured him, it was not now a Time for the perpetration of his Villainy. Hearing, therefore, the Voice approach, and hearing likewiſe whoſe it was; (for as the Squire more than once roared forth the Word Daughter, ſo *Sophia*, in the Midſt of her Struggling, cried out upon her Father;) he thought proper to relinquiſh his Prey, having only diſordered her Handkerchief, and with his rude Lips committed Violence on her lovely Neck.

If the Reader's Imagination doth not aſſiſt me, I ſhall never be able to deſcribe the Situation of theſe

two

two Perſons when *Weſtern* came into the Room. *Sophia* tottered into a Chair, where ſhe ſat diſordered, pale, breathleſs, burſting with Indignation at Lord *Fellamar*; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the Arrival of her Father.

His Lordſhip ſat down near her, with the Bag of his Wig hanging over one of his Shoulders, the reſt of his dreſs being ſomewhat diſordered, and rather a greater Proportion of Linen than is uſual appearing at his Boſom. As to the reſt, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and aſhamed.

As to Squire *Weſtern*, he happened, at this Time, to be overtaken by an Enemy, which very frequently purſues and ſeldom fails to overtake, moſt of the Country Gentlemen in this Kingdom. He was literally ſpeaking drunk; which Circumſtance, together with his natural Impetuoſity, could produce no other Effect, than his running immediately up to his Daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his Tongue in the moſt inveterate Manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his Hands, had not the Parſon interpoſed, ſaying, 'for Heaven's Sake, Sir, ani-'madvert that you are in the Houſe of a great Lady. 'Let me beg you to mitigate your Wrath; it ſhould 'miniſter a Fullneſs of Satisfaction that you have 'found your Daughter; for as to Revenge, it belong-'eth not unto us. I diſcern great Contrition in the 'Countenance of the young Lady. I ſtand aſſured, 'if you will forgive her, ſhe will repent her of all her 'paſt Offences, and return unto her Duty.'

The Strength of the Parſon's Arms had at firſt been of more Service than the Strength of his Rhetoric. However, his laſt Words wrought ſome Effect, and the Squire anſwered, 'I'll forgee her if ſhe wull ha un. 'If wot ha un, *Sophy*, I'll forgee thee all. Why doſt 'unt ſpeak? Shat ha un? D—n me, ſhat ha un? 'Why doſt unt anſwer? Was ever ſuch a ſtubborn 'Tuoad?'

'Let

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more mode-
'rate, ſaid the Parſon; you frighten the young Lady
'ſo, that you deprive her of all the Power of Utte-
'rance.'

'Power of mine A—, anſwered the Squire. You
'take her Part then, do you? A pretty Parſon, truly,
'to ſide with an undutiful Child. Yes, yes, I will
'gee you a Living with a Pox. I'll gee un to the
'Devil ſooner.'

'I humbly crave your Pardon, ſaid the Parſon, I
'aſſure your Worſhip I meant no ſuch Matter.'

My Lady *Bellaſton* now entered the Room, and came up to the Squire, who no ſooner ſaw her, than reſolving to follow the Inſtructions of his Siſter, he made her a very civil Bow in the rural Manner, and paid her ſome of his beſt Compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his Complaints, and ſaid, 'There, my Lady Couſin, there ſtands the moſt un-
'dutiful Child in the World; ſhe hankers after a
'beggarly Raſcal, and won't marry one of the great-
'eſt Matches in all *England*, that we have provided
'for her.'

'Indeed, Couſin *Weſtern*, anſwered the Lady, I
'am perſuaded you wrong my Couſin. I am ſure
'ſhe hath better Underſtanding. I am convinced ſhe
'will not refuſe what ſhe muſt be ſenſible is ſo much
'to her Advantage.'

This was a wilful Miſtake in Lady *Bellaſton*; for ſhe well knew whom Mr. *Weſtern* meant; tho' perhaps ſhe thought he would eaſily be reconciled to his Lordſhip's Propoſals.

'Do you hear there,' quoth the Squire, 'what her
'Ladyſhip ſays? All your Family are for the Match.'
'Come, *Sophy*, be a good Girl, and be dutiful, and
'make your Father happy.'

'If my Death will make you happy, Sir,' anſwer-ed *Sophia*, 'you will ſhortly be ſo.'

'It's

'It's a Lie, *Sophy*, it's a d—n'd Lie, and you know it,' ſaid the Squire.

'Indeed, Miſs *Weſtern*,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'you 'injure your Father; he hath nothing in View but 'your Intereſt in this Match; and I and all your 'Friends muſt acknowledge the higheſt Honour done 'to your Family in the Propoſal.'

'Ay, all of us,' quoth the Squire; 'nay, it was 'no Propoſal of mine. She knows it was her Aunt 'propoſed it to me firſt.——Come, *Sophy*, once more 'let me beg you to be a good Girl, and gee me your 'Conſent before your Couſin.'

'Let me give him your Hand, Couſin,' ſaid the Lady. 'It is the Faſhion now-a-days to diſpenſe with 'Time and long Courtſhips.'

'Pugh,' ſaid the Squire, 'what ſignifies Time; 'won't they have Time enough to court afterwards? 'People may court very well after they have been 'a-bed together.

As Lord *Fellamar* was very well aſſured, that he was meant by Lady *Bellaſton*, ſo never having heard nor ſuſpected a Word of *Blifil*, he made no doubt of his being meant by the Father. Coming up therefore to the Squire, he ſaid, 'Though I have not the Ho-'nour, Sir, of being perſonally known to you; yet as I 'find, I have the Happineſs to have my Propoſals 'accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in Behalf of the 'young Lady, that ſhe may not be more ſollicited at 'this Time.

'You intercede, Sir! ſaid the Squire, why, who 'the Devil are you?'

'Sir, I am Lord *Fellamar*,' anſwered he, 'and am 'the happy Man, whom I hope you have done the 'Honour of accepting as a Son-in-Law.'

'You are a Son of a B—,' replied the Squire, 'for 'all your laced Coat. You my Son-in-Law, and be 'd——n'd to you!

'I ſhall take more from you, Sir, than from any 'Man,

'Man, anſwered the Lord; but I muſt inform you, 'that I am not uſed to hear ſuch Language without 'Reſentment.'

'Reſent my A—,' quoth the Squire. 'Don't think 'I am afraid of ſuch a Fellow as thee art? Becauſe 'haſt got a Spit there dangling at thy Side. Lay by 'your Spit and I'll give thee enough of meddling 'with what doth not belong to thee.——I'll teach 'you to Father-in-Law me. I'll lick thy Jacket.'

'It's very well, Sir,' ſaid my Lord, 'I ſhall make 'no Diſturbance before the Ladies. I am very well 'ſatisfied. Your humble Servant, Sir; Lady *Bel-* 'laſton, your moſt obedient.'

His Lordſhip was no ſooner gone, than Lady *Bellaſton*, coming up to Mr. *Weſtern*, ſaid, 'Bleſs me, 'Sir, what have you done? You know not whom 'you have affronted; he is a Nobleman of the firſt 'Rank and Fortune, and yeſterday made Propoſals 'to your Daughter; and ſuch as I am ſure you muſt 'accept with the higheſt Pleaſure.'

'Anſwer for yourſelf, Lady Couſin,' ſaid the Squire, 'I will have nothing to do with any of your Lords. 'My Daughter ſhall have an honeſt Country Gen- 'tleman; I have pitched upon one for her,——and 'ſhe ſhall ha' un.——I am ſorry for the trouble ſhe 'hath given your Ladyſhip with all my Heart.' Lady *Bellaſton* made a civil Speech upon the Word Trouble, to which the Squire anſwered, 'Why that's kind, '— and I would do as much for your Ladyſhip. To 'be ſure Relations ſhould do for one another. So I 'wiſh your Ladyſhip a good Night.—Come, Madam, 'you muſt go along with me by fair Means, or I'll 'have you carried down to the Coach.'

'*Sophia* ſaid ſhe would attend him without Force; 'but begged to go in a Chair, for ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould 'not be able to ride any other way.

'Prithee,' cries the Squire, 'wont unt perſwade me 'canſt not rid in a Coach, would'ſt? That's a pretty

'Thing

'Thing ſurely. No, no, I'll never let thee out of my 'Sight any more till art married, that I promiſe thee.' '*Sophia* told him ſhe ſaw he was reſolved to break 'her Heart.' 'O break thy Heart and be d—n'd, 'quoth he, if a good Huſband will break it. I don't 'value a Braſs Varden, not a Halfpenny of any undu-'tiful B— upon Earth.' He then took violently hold of her Hand: upon which the Parſon once more interfered, begging him to uſe gentle Methods. At that the Squire thundered out a Curſe, and bid the Parſon hold his Tongue, ſaying, 'At'n't in Pulpit now? when 'thou art there I never mind what doſt ſay; but 'I won't be Prieſt-ridden, nor taught how to be-'have myſelf by thee. I wiſh your Ladyſhip a good 'Night. Come along, *Sophy*, be a good Girl, and all 'ſhall be well. Shat ha un, d—n me, ſhat ha un.'

Mrs. *Honour* appeared below Stairs, and, with a low Curtſey to the Squire, offered to attend her Miſtreſs; but he puſhed her away, ſaying, 'Hold, Ma-'dam, hold, you come no more near my Houſe.' 'And will you take my Maid away from me,' ſaid *Sophia?*' 'Yes, indeed, Madam, will I,' cries the Squire; 'you need not fear being without a Servant, I 'will get you another Maid, and a better Maid than 'this, who, I'd lay five Pounds to a Crown, is no 'more a Maid than my Grannum. No, no, *Sophy*, ſhe 'ſhall contrive no more Eſcapes, I promiſe you.' He then packed up his Daughter and the Parſon into the Hackney Coach, after which he mounted himſelf, and ordered it to drive to his Lodgings. In the Way thither he ſuffered *Sophia* to be quiet, and entertained himſelf with reading a Lecture to the Parſon on good Manners, and a proper Behaviour to his Betters.

It is poſſible he might not ſo eaſily have carried off his Daughter from Lady *Bellaſton*, had that good Lady deſired to have detained her; but in reality ſhe was not a little pleaſed with the Confinement into which *Sophia* was going; and as her Project with Lord

Fellam.

Fellamar had failed of Succeſs, ſhe was well contented that other violent Methods were now going to be uſed in Favour of another Man.

CHAP. VI. *By what Means the Squire came to diſcover his Daughter.*

THOUGH the Reader in many Hiſtories is obliged to digeſt much more unaccountable Appearances than this of Mr. *Weſtern*, without any Satisfaction at all; yet as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our Power, we ſhall now proceed to ſhew by what Method the Squire diſcovered where his Daughter was.

In the third Chapter then of the preceding Book, we gave a Hint (for it is not our Cuſtom to unfold at any Time more than is neceſſary for the Occaſion) that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who was very deſirous of reconciling herſelf to her Uncle and Aunt *Weſtern*, thought ſhe had a probable Opportunity, by the Service of preſerving *Sophia* from committing the ſame Crime which had drawn on herſelf the Anger of her Family. After much Deliberation therefore, ſhe reſolved to inform her Aunt *Weſtern* where her Couſin was, and accordingly ſhe writ the following Letter, which we ſhall give the Reader at length for more Reaſons than one.

'Honoured Madam,

'The Occaſion of my writing this, will perhaps 'make a Letter of mine agreeable to my dear Aunt, 'for the Sake of one of her Nieces, though I have 'little Reaſon to hope it will be ſo on the Account of 'another.

'Without more Apology, as I was coming to 'throw my unhappy Self at your Feet, I met, by the 'ſtrangeſt Accident in the World, my Couſin *Sophy*, 'whoſe Hiſtory you are better acquainted with than 'myſelf, though, alas! I know infinitely too much;

'enough

'enough indeed to ſatisfy me, that, unleſs ſhe is immediately prevented, ſhe is in Danger of running into the ſame fatal Miſchief, which, by fooliſhly and ignorantly refuſing your moſt wiſe and prudent Advice, I have unfortunately brought on myſelf.

'In ſhort, I have ſeen the Man, nay, I was moſt part of Yeſterday in his Company, and a charming young Fellow I promiſe you he is. By what Accident he came acquainted with me is too tedious to tell you now; but I have this Morning changed my Lodging to avoid him, leſt he ſhould by my Means diſcover my Couſin; for he doth not yet know where ſhe is, and it is adviſeable he ſhould not till my Uncle hath ſecured her.——No Time therefore is to be loſt, and I need only inform you, that ſhe is now with Lady *Bellaſton*, whom I have ſeen, and who hath, I find, a Deſign to conceal her from her Family. You know, Madam, ſhe is a ſtrange Woman; but nothing could miſbecome me more, than to preſume to give any Hint to one of your great Underſtanding and great Knowledge of the World, beſides barely informing you of the Matter of Fact.

'I hope, Madam, the Care which I have ſhewn on this Occaſion for the good of my Family, will recommend me again to the Favour of a Lady, who hath always exerted ſo much Zeal for the Honour and true Intereſt of us all; and that it may be a Means of reſtoring me to your Friendſhip, which hath made ſo great a Part of my former, and is ſo neceſſary to my future, Happineſs. I am,

'With the utmoſt Reſpect,
'Honoured Madam,
'Your moſt dutiful obliged Niece,
'And moſt Obedient
'Humble Servant,
'*Harriet Fitzpatrick.*'

Mrs.

Mrs. *Weſtern* was now at her Brother's Houſe, where ſhe had reſided ever ſince the Flight of *Sophia*, in order to adminiſter Comfort to the poor Squire in his Affliction. Of this Comfort, which ſhe doled out to him in daily Portions, we have formerly given a Specimen.

She was now ſtanding with her Back to the Fire, and, with a Pinch of Snuff in her Hand, was dealing forth this daily Allowance of Comfort to the Squire, while he ſmoaked his Afternoon Pipe, when ſhe received the above Letter; which ſhe had no ſooner read, than ſhe delivered it to him, ſaying, 'There, 'Sir, there is an Account of your loſt Sheep. For-'tune hath again reſtored her to you, and if you will 'be governed by my Advice, it is poſſible you may 'preſerve her yet.'

The Squire had no ſooner read the Letter than he leaped from his Chair, threw his Pipe into the Fire, and gave a loud Huzza for Joy. He then ſummoned his Servants, called for his Boots, and ordered the Chevalier and ſeveral other Horſes to be ſaddled, and that Parſon *Supple* ſhould be immediately ſent for. Having done this, he turned to his Siſter, caught her in his Arms, and gave her a cloſe Embrace, ſaying, 'Zounds! you don't ſeem pleaſed, one would ima-'gine you was ſorry I have found the Girl.'

'Brother, anſwered ſhe, the deepeſt Politicians, 'who ſee to the Bottom, diſcover often a very diffe-'rent Aſpect of Affairs, from what ſwims on the 'Surface. It is true indeed, Things do look rather 'leſs deſperate than they did formerly in *Holland*, 'when *Lewis* the fourteenth was at the Gates of '*Amſterdam*; but there is a Delicacy required in this 'Matter, which you will pardon me, Brother, if I 'ſuſpect you want. There is a Decorum to be uſed 'with a Woman of Figure, ſuch as Lady *Bellaſton*, 'Brother, which requires a Knowledge of the World, 'ſuperior, I am afraid, to your's.'

'Siſter,' cries the Squire, 'I know you have no 'Opinion of my Parts; but I'll ſhew you on this 'Occaſion who is fool. Knowledge quotha! I have 'not been in the Country ſo long without having 'ſome Knowledge of Warrants and the Law of the 'Land. I know I may take my own wherever I 'can find it. Shew me my own Daughter, and if I 'don't know how to come at her, I'll ſuffer you to 'call me Fool as long as I live. There be Juſtices of 'Peace in *London*, as well as in other Places.'

'I proteſt,' cries ſhe, 'you make me tremble for 'the Event of this Matter, which, if you will proceed 'by my Advice, you may bring to ſo good an Iſſue. 'Do you really imagine, Brother, that the Houſe of 'a Woman of Figure is to be attacked by Warrants 'and brutal Juſtices of the Peace? I will inform you 'how to proceed. As ſoon as you arrive in Town, 'and have got yourſelf into a decent Dreſs (for in-'deed, Brother, you have none at preſent fit to ap-'pear in) you muſt ſend your Compliments to Lady '*Bellaſton*, and deſire Leave to wait on her. When 'you are admitted to her Preſence, as you certainly 'will be, and have told her your Story, and have 'made proper Uſe of my Name, (for I think you 'only juſt know one another by Sight, though you 'are Relations,) I am confident ſhe will withdraw 'her Protection from my Niece, who hath certainly 'impoſed upon her. This is the only Method.—— 'Juſtices of the Peace indeed! do you imagine any 'ſuch Event can arrive to a Woman of Figure in a 'civilized Nation.

'D—n their Figures,' cries the Squire; 'a pretty 'civilized Nation truly, where Women are above the 'Law. And what muſt I ſtand ſending a Parcel of 'Compliments to a confounded Whore, that keeps 'away a Daughter from her own natural Father? I 'tell you, Siſter, I am not ſo ignorant as you think 'me.——I know you would have Women above the 'Law,

'Law, but it is all a Lie; I heard his Lordſhip ſay 'at 'Size, that no one is above the Law. But this 'of your's is *Hanover* Law, I ſuppoſe.

'Mr. *Weſtern*, ſaid ſhe, I think you daily improve 'in Ignorance.——I proteſt you are grown an ar-'rant Bear.'

'No more a Bear than yourſelf, Siſter *Weſtern*,' ſaid the Squire.—'Pox! you may talk of your Civi-'lity an you will, I am ſure you never ſhew any to 'me. I am no Bear, no, nor no Dog neither, 'though I know Somebody, that is ſomething that 'begins with a B——, but Pox! I will ſhew you I 'have got more good Manners than ſome Folks.'

'Mr. *Weſtern*,' anſwered the Lady, 'you may ſay 'what you pleaſe, *Je vous meſpriſe de tout mon Cœur*. 'I ſhall not therefore be angry.——Beſides, as my 'Couſin, with that odious *Iriſh* Name, juſtly ſays, I 'have that Regard for the Honour and true Intereſt 'of my Family, and that Concern for my Niece, who 'is a Part of it, that I have reſolved to go to Town 'myſelf upon this Occaſion; for indeed, indeed, 'Brother, you are not a fit Miniſter to be employed 'at a polite Court —*Greenland*—*Greenland* ſhould 'always be the Scene of the Tramontane Negotiation.'

'I thank Heaven,' cries the Squire, 'I don't un-'derſtand you, now. You are got to your *Hanoverian* 'Linguo. However I'll ſhew you I ſcorn to be be-'hind-hand in Civility with you; and as you are not 'angry for what I have ſaid, ſo I am not angry for 'what you have ſaid. Indeed I have always thought 'it a folly for Relations to quarrel; and if they do 'now and then give a haſty Word, why People ſhould 'give and take; for my Part I never bear Malice; 'and I take it very kind of you to go up to *London*, 'for I never was there but twice in my Life, and then 'I did not ſtay above a Fortnight at a Time; and 'to be ſure I can't be expected to know much of the 'Streets and the Folks in that Time. I never de-

'nied that you know'd all theſe Matters better than I. 'For me to diſpute that would be all as one, as for 'you to diſpute the Management of a Pack of Dogs, 'or the finding a Hare ſitting, with me.——Which 'I promiſe you, ſays ſhe, I never will.—Well, and 'I promiſe you, returned he, that I never will diſ-'pute the t'other.'

Here then a League was ſtruck (to borrow a Phraſe from the Lady) between the contending Parties; and now the Parſon arriving, and the Horſes being ready, the Squire departed, having promiſed his Siſter to follow her Advice, and ſhe prepared to follow him the next Day.

But having communicated theſe Matters to the Parſon on the Road, they both agreed that the preſcribed Formalities might very well be diſpenſed with; and the Squire, having changed his Mind, proceeded in the Manner we have already ſeen.

CHAP. VII. *In which various Misfortunes befal poor* Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforeſaid Situation when Mrs. *Honour* arrived at Mrs. *Miller*'s, and called *Jones* out from the Company, as we have before ſeen, with whom, when ſhe found herſelf alone, ſhe began as follows.

'O my dear Sir, how ſhall I get Spirits to tell you; 'you are undone, Sir, and my poor Lady's undone, 'and I am undone.' 'Hath any thing happened to *So-'phia?*' cries *Jones*, ſtaring like a Madman. 'All that 'is bad,' cries *Honour*, 'O I ſhall never get ſuch ano-'ther Lady! O that I ſhould ever live to ſee this Day!' At theſe Words *Jones* turned pale as Aſhes, trembled and ſtammered; but *Honour* went on. 'O, Mr. *Jones*, 'I have loſt my Lady for ever.' 'How! What! for 'Heaven's Sake tell me.—O my dear *Sophia!*'—— 'You may well call her ſo, ſaid *Honour*, ſhe was the 'deareſt

'deareſt Lady to me.—I ſhall never have ſuch ano-
'ther Place.'——'D—n your Place,' cries *Jones*,
'where is? what! what is become of my *Sophia?*'
'Ay, to be ſure,' cries ſhe, 'Servants may be d—n'd.
'It ſignifies nothing what becomes of them, tho' they
'are turned away and ruined ever ſo much. To be
'ſure they are not Fleſh and Blood like other People.
'No to be ſure, it ſignifies nothing what becomes of
'them.' 'If you have any Pity, any Compaſſion.' cries
Jones, 'I beg you will inſtantly tell me what hath
'happened to *Sophia?*' 'To be ſure I have more Pity
'for you than you have for me,' anſwered *Honour*;
'I don't d—n you becauſe you have loſt the ſweeteſt
'Lady in the World. To be ſure you are worthy to be
'pitied, and I am worthy to be pitied too: For to be
'ſure if ever there was a good Miſtreſs'—'What hath
'happened,' cries *Jones*, in almoſt a raving Fit—
'What?—What?' ſaid *Honour!* 'why the worſt
'that could have happened both for you and for me.—
'Her Father is come to Town, and hath carried her
'away from us both.' Here *Jones* fell on his Knees
in Thankſgiving that it was no worſe.—'No worſe!'
repeated *Honour*, 'what could be worſe for either of
'us? He carried her off, ſwearing ſhe ſhould marry
'Mr. *Blifil*; that's for your Comfort; and for poor
'me, I am turned out of Doors.' 'Indeed, Mrs. *Ho-*
'*nour*,' anſwered *Jones*, 'you frightened me out of
'my Wits. I imagined ſome moſt dreadful ſudden
'Accident had happened to *Sophia*; ſomething, com-
'pared to which, even the ſeeing her married to *Blifil*
'would be a Trifle; but while there is Life, there are
'Hopes, my dear *Honour*. Women in this Land of
'Liberty cannot be married by actual brutal Force.'
'To be ſure, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that's true. There may
'be ſome Hopes for you; but alack-a-day! what
'Hopes are there for poor me? And to be ſure, Sir,
'you muſt be ſenſible I ſuffer all this upon your Ac-
'count. All the Quarrel the Squire hath to me is

'for taking your Part, as I have done, againſt Mr. '*Blifil.*' 'Indeed, Mrs. *Honour*,' anſwered he, 'I am 'ſenſible of my Obligations to you, and will leave no-'thing in my Power undone to make you amends. 'Alas! Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'what can make a Servant 'amends for the Loſs of one Place, but the getting 'another altogether as good!'—'Do not deſpair, Mrs. '*Honour*,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I hope to reinſtate you again 'in the ſame.' 'Alack-a-day, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'how can 'I flatter myſelf with ſuch Hopes, when I know it is a 'Thing impoſſible; for the Squire is ſo ſet againſt me; 'and yet if you ſhould ever have my Lady, as to be 'ſure I now hopes heartily you will; for you are a ge-'nerous good-natured Gentleman, and I am ſure you 'loves her, and to be ſure ſhe loves you as dearly as 'her own Soul; it is a Matter in vain to deny it; be-'cauſe as why, every Body, that is in the leaſt ac-'quainted with my Lady, muſt ſee it; for, poor dear 'Lady, ſhe can't diſſemble; and if two People who 'loves one another a'n't happy, why who ſhould be 'ſo? Happineſs don't always depend upon what Peo-'ple has; beſides my Lady has enough for both. To 'be ſure therefore, as one may ſay, it would be all 'the Pity in the World to keep too ſuch Lovers aſun-'der; nay, I am convinced, for my Part, you will meet 'together at laſt; for if it is to be, there is no pre-'venting it. If a Marriage is made in Heaven, all the 'Juſtices of Peace upon Earth can't break it off. To 'be ſure I wiſhes that Parſon *Supple* had but a little 'more Spirit to tell the Squire of his Wickedneſs in 'endeavouring to force his Daughter contrary to her 'Liking; but then his whole Dependance is on the 'Squire, and ſo the poor Gentleman, though he is a 'very religious good ſort of Man, and talks of the 'Badneſs of ſuch Doings behind the Squire's Back, yet 'he dares not ſay his Soul is his own to his Face. To 'be ſure I never ſaw him make ſo bold as juſt now, I 'was afraid the Squire would have ſtruck him.—I

'would

'would not have your Honour be melancholy, Sir, 'nor deſpair; Things may go better as long as you 'are ſure of my Lady, and that I am certain you may 'be, for ſhe never will be brought to conſent to mar-'ry any other Man. Indeed, I am terribly afeared 'the Squire will do her a Miſchief in his Paſſion: 'for he is a prodigious paſſionate Gentleman, and I 'am afraid too the poor Lady will be brought to 'break her Heart, for ſhe is as tender-hearted as 'a Chicken; it is pity, methinks, ſhe had not a little 'of my Courage. If I was in Love with a young 'Man, and my Father offered to lock me up, I'd tear 'his Eyes out, but I'd come at him; but then there's 'a great Fortune in the Caſe, which it is in her Fa-'ther's Power either to give her, or not; that, to be 'ſure, may make ſome Difference.'

Whether *Jones* gave ſtrict Attention to all the foregoing Harangue, or whether it was for want of any Vacancy in the Diſcourſe, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to anſwer, nor did ſhe once ſtop, till *Partridge* came running into the Room, and informed him that the great Lady was upon the Stairs.

Nothing could equal the Dilemma to which *Jones* was now reduced. *Honour* knew nothing of any Acquaintance that ſubſiſted between him and Lady *Bellaſton*, and was almoſt the laſt Perſon in the World to whom he would have communicated it. In this Hurry and Diſtreſs, he took (as is common enough) the worſt Courſe, and inſtead of expoſing her to the Lady, which would have been of little Conſequence, he choſe to expoſe the Lady to her; he therefore reſolved to hide *Honour*, whom he had but juſt Time to convey behind the Bed, and to draw the Curtains.

The Hurry in which *Jones* had been all Day engaged, on Account of his poor Landlady and her Family, the Terrors occaſioned by Mrs. *Honour*, and the Confuſion into which he was thrown by the ſudden Arrival of Lady *Bellaſton*, had altogether driven

former Thoughts out of his Head; ſo that it never once occurr'd to his Memory to act the Part of a ſick Man; which indeed, neither the Gayety of his Dreſs, nor the Freſhneſs of his Countenance, would have at all ſupported.

He received her Ladyſhip therefore rather agreeably to her Deſires than to her Expectations, with all the good Humour he could muſter in his Countenance, and without any real or affected Appearance of the leaſt Diſorder.

Lady *Bellaſton* no ſooner entered the Room, than ſhe ſquatted herſelf down on the Bed: 'So, my 'dear *Jones*,' ſaid ſhe, 'you find nothing can detain 'me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry 'with you, that I have neither ſeen nor heard from 'you all Day; for I perceive your Diſtemper would 'have ſuffered you to come abroad; Nay, I ſuppoſe 'you have not ſat in your Chamber all Day dreſt up 'like a fine Lady to ſee Company after a Lying-in; 'but, however, don't think I intend to ſcold you: 'For I never will give you an Excuſe for the cold 'Behaviour of a Huſband, by putting on the ill Humour of a Wife.

'Nay, Lady *Bellaſton*,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I am ſure 'your Ladyſhip will not upbraid me with Neglect of 'Duty, when I only waited for Orders. Who, my 'dear Creature, hath Reaſon to complain? Who 'miſſed an Appointment laſt Night, and left an 'unhappy Man to expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and 'languiſh?'

'Do not mention it, my dear *Jones*,' cried ſhe. 'If you knew the Occaſion, you would pity me. In 'ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive what Women of 'Condition are obliged to ſuffer from the Impertinence of Fools, in order to keep up the Farce of 'the World. I am glad, however, all your languiſhing and wiſhing have done you no Harm; for 'you never looked better in your Life. Upon my 'Faith!

'Faith! *Jones*, you might at this Inſtant ſit for the 'Picture of *Adonis*.'

There are certain Words of Provocation which Men of Honour hold can only properly be anſwered by a Blow. Among Lovers poſſibly there may be ſome Expreſſions which can only be anſwered by a Kiſs. The Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* now made *Jones* ſeems to be of this Kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a Look, in which the Lady conveyed more ſoft Ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her Tongue.

Jones was certainly at this Inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſt Situations imaginable; for, to carry on the Compariſon we made Uſe of before, tho' the Provocation was given by the Lady, *Jones* could not receive Satisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the Preſence of a third Perſon; Seconds in this kind of Duels not being according to the Law of Arms. As this Objection did not occur to Lady *Bellaſton*, who was ignorant of any other Woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome time in great Aſtoniſhment for an Anſwer from *Jones*, who, conſcious of the ridiculous Figure he made, ſtood at a Diſtance, and not daring to give the proper Anſwer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical, than this Scene would have been, if it had laſted much longer.

The Lady had already changed Colour two or three times; had got up from the Bed and ſat down again, while *Jones* was wiſhing the Ground to ſink under him, or the Houſe to fall on his Head, when an odd Accident freed him from an Embarraſſment, out of which neither the Eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Politicks of a *Michiavel* could have delivered him, without utter Diſgrace.

This was no other than the Arrival of young *Nightingale* dead drunk; or rather in that of State of Drunk-

enneſs, which deprives Men of the Uſe of their Reaſon, without depriving them of the Uſe of their Limbs.

Mrs. *Miller* and her Daughters were in Bed, and *Partridge* was ſmoaking his Pipe by the Kitchen Fire; ſo that he arrived at Mr. *Jones*'s Chamber Door without any Interruption. This he burſt open, and was entering without any Ceremony, when *Jones* ſtarted from his Seat, and ran to oppoſe him; which he did ſo effectually, that *Nightingale* never came far enough within the Door to ſee who was ſitting on the Bed.

Nightingale had in Reality miſtaken *Jones*'s Apartment for that in which himſelf had lodged; he therefore ſtrongly inſiſted on coming in, often ſwearing that he would not be kept from his own Bed. *Jones*, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the Hands of *Partridge*, whom the Noiſe on the Stairs ſoon ſummoned to his Maſter's Aſſiſtance.

And now *Jones* was unwillingly obliged to return to his own Apartment, where at the very Inſtant of his Entrance he heard Lady *Bellaſton* venting an Exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the ſame time, ſaw her flinging herſelf into a Chair in a vaſt Agitation, which in a Lady of a tender Conſtitution would have been an Hyſteric Fit.

In reality the Lady, frightened with the Struggle between the two Men, of which ſhe did not know what would be the Iſſue, as ſhe heard *Nightingale* ſwear many Oaths he would come to his own Bed, attempted to retire to her known Place of Hiding, which to her great Confuſion ſhe found to be already occupied by another.

'Is this Uſage to be borne, Mr. *Jones?*' cries the Lady, '— baſeſt of Men!——What Wretch is this 'to whom you have expoſed me?' 'Wretch!' cries *Honour*, burſting in a violent Rage from her Place of Concealment——'marry come up!——Wretch 'forſooth!—As poor a Wretch as I am, I am honeſt, 'that is more than ſome Folks who are richer can ſay.'

Jones,

Jones, inſtead of applying himſelf directly to take off the Edge of Mrs. *Honour*'s Reſentment, as a more experienced Gallant would have done, fell to curſing his Stars, and lamenting himſelf as the moſt unfortunate Man in the World; and preſently after, addreſſing himſelf to Lady *Bellaſton*, he fell to ſome very abſurd Proteſtations of Innocence. By this Time the Lady having recovered the Uſe of her Reaſon, which ſhe had as ready as any Woman in the World, eſpecially on ſuch Occaſions, calmly replied; 'Sir, you 'need make no Apologies, I ſee now who the Per'ſon is; I did not at firſt know Mrs. *Honour*, but 'now I do, I can ſuſpect nothing wrong between 'her and you; and I am ſure ſhe is a Woman of 'too good Senſe to put any wrong Conſtructions up'on my Viſit to you; I have been always her Friend, 'and it may be in my Power to be much more ſo 'hereafter.'

Mrs. *Honour* was altogether as placable, as ſhe was paſſionate. Hearing therefore Lady *Bellaſton* aſſume the ſoft Tone, ſhe likewiſe ſoftened her's.——'I'm 'ſure, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have been always 'ready to acknowledge your Ladyſhip's Friendſhips 'to me: ſure I never had ſo good a Friend as your 'Ladyſhip——and to be ſure now I ſee it is your 'Ladyſhip that I ſpoke to, I could almoſt bite my 'Tongue off for very mad.——I Conſtructions up'on your Ladyſhip——to be ſure it doth not become 'a Servant as I am to think about ſuch a great Lady '——I mean I was a Servant: For indeed I am no 'Body's Servant now, the more miſerable Wretch 'is me.——I have loſt the beſt Miſtreſs.'——Here *Honour* thought fit to produce a Shower of Tears.—'Don't cry, Child,' ſays the good Lady, 'Ways 'perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come 'to me to-morrow Morning.' She then took up her Fan which lay on the Ground, and without even looking at *Jones*, walked very majeſtically out of the Room;

Room; there being a kind of Dignity in the Impudence of Women of Quality, which their Inferiors vainly aſpire to attain to in Circumſtances of this Nature.

Jones followed her down Stairs, often offering her his Hand, which ſhe abſolutely refuſed him, and got into her Chair without taking any Notice of him as he ſtood bowing before her.

At his Return up Stairs, a long Dialogue paſt between him and Mrs. *Honour*, while ſhe was adjuſting herſelf after the Diſcompoſure ſhe had undergone. The Subject of this was his Infidelity to her young Lady; on which ſhe enlarged with great Bitterneſs; but *Jones* at laſt found Means to reconcile her, and not only ſo, but to obtain a Promiſe of moſt inviolable Secrecy, and that ſhe would the next Morning endeavour to find out *Sophia*, and bring him a further Account of the Proceedings of the Squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate Adventure to the Satisfaction only of Mrs. *Honour*; for a Secret (as ſome of my Readers will perhaps acknowledge from Experience) is often a very valuable Poſſeſſion; and that not only to thoſe who faithfully keep it, but ſometimes to ſuch as whiſper it about till it comes to the Ears of every one, except the ignorant Perſon, who pays for the ſuppoſed concealing of what is publickly known.

CHAP. VIII. *Short and ſweet.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Obligations ſhe had received from *Jones*, Mrs. *Miller* could not forbear in the Morning ſome gentle Remonſtrances for the Hurricane which had happened the preceding Night in his Chamber. Theſe were however ſo gentle and ſo friendly; profeſſing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real Good of Mr. *Jones* himſelf, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the Admonition of the good Woman, expreſſed

preſſed much Concern for what had paſt, excuſed it as well as he could, and promiſed never more to bring the ſame Diſturbance into the Houſe.

But though Mrs. *Miller* did not refrain from a ſhort Expoſtulation in private at their firſt Meeting, yet the Occaſion of his being ſummoned down Stairs that Morning was of a much more agreeable Kind; being indeed to perform the Office of a Father to Miſs *Nancy*, and to give her in Wedlock to Mr. *Nightingale*, who was now ready dreſt, and full as ſober as many of my Readers will think a Man ought to be, who receives a Wife in ſo imprudent a Manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the Eſcape which this young Gentleman had made from his Uncle, and for his Appearance in the Condition in which we have ſeen him the Night before.

Now when the Uncle had arrived at his Lodgings with his Nephew, partly to indulge his own Inclinations (for he dearly loved his Bottle) and partly to diſqualify his Nephew for the immediate Execution of his Purpoſe, he ordered Wine to be ſet on the Table; with which he ſo briſkly ply'd the young Gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much uſed to Drinking, did not deteſt it ſo as to be guilty of Diſobedience or of Want of Complaiſance by refuſing, was ſoon completely finiſhed.

Juſt as the Uncle had obtained this Victory, and was preparing a Bed for his Nephew, a Meſſenger arrived with a Piece of News, which ſo entirely diſconcerted and ſhocked him, that he in a Moment loſt all Conſideration for his Nephew, and his whole Mind became entirely taken up with his own Concerns.

This ſudden and afflicting News was no leſs than that his Daughter had taken the Opportunity of almoſt the firſt Moment of his Abſence, and had gone off with a Neighbouring young Clergyman; againſt whom tho' her Father could have had but one Objection,

tion, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet ſhe had never thought proper to communicate her Amour even to that Father; and ſo artfully ſhe managed, that it had never been once ſuſpected by any, till now that it was conſummated.

Old Mr. *Nightingale* no ſooner received this Account, than in the utmoſt Confuſion he ordered a Poſt-Chaiſe to be inſtantly got ready, and having recommended his Nephew to the Care of a Servant, he directly left the Houſe, ſcarce knowing what he did, or whither he went.

The Uncle being thus departed, when the Servant came to attend the Nephew to Bed, had waked him for that Purpoſe, and had at laſt made him ſenſible that his Uncle was gone, he, inſtead of accepting the kind Offices tendered him, inſiſted on a Chair being called; with this the Servant, who had received no ſtrict Orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the Houſe of Mrs. *Miller*, he had ſtaggered up to Mr. *Jones*'s Chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This Bar of the Uncle being now removed (though young *Nightingale* knew not as yet in what Manner) and all Parties being quickly ready, the Mother, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Nightingale*, and his Love, ſtept into a Hackney-Coach, which conveyed him to Doctor's Commons; where Miſs *Nancy* was, in vulgar Language, ſoon made an honeſt Woman, and the poor Mother became, in the pureſt Senſe of the Word, one of the happieſt of all human Beings.

And now Mr. *Jones*, having ſeen his good Offices to that poor Woman and her Family brought to a happy Concluſion, began to apply himſelf to his own Concerns; but here, leſt many of my Readers ſhould cenſure his Folly for thus troubling himſelf with the Affairs of others, and leſt ſome few ſhould think he acted more diſintereſtedly than indeed he did, we think proper to aſſure our Reader, that he was ſo far from

from being unconcerned in this Matter, that he had indeed a very conſiderable Intereſt in bringing it to that final Conſummation.

To explain this ſeeming Paradox at once, he was one who could truly ſay with him in *Terence*, *Homo ſum: Nihil humani a me alienum puto.* He was never an indifferent Spectator of the Miſery or Happineſs of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in greater Proportion as he himſelf contributed to either. He could not therefore be the Inſtrument of raiſing a whole Family from the loweſt State of Wretchedneſs to the higheſt Pitch of Joy, without conveying greater Felicity to himſelf; more perhaps than worldly Men often purchaſe to themſelves by undergoing the moſt ſevere Labour, and often by wading through the deepeſt Iniquity.

Thoſe Readers, who are of the ſame Complexion with him, will perhaps think this ſhort Chapter contains Abundance of Matter; while others may probably wiſh, ſhort as it is, that it had been totally ſpared as impertinent to the main Deſign, which I ſuppoſe they conclude is to bring Mr. *Jones* to the Gallows, or, if poſſible, to a more deplorable Cataſtrophe.

CHAP. IX. *Containing Love-Letters of ſeveral Sorts.*

MR. *Jones*, at his Return Home, found the following Letters lying on his Table, which he luckily opened in the Order they were ſent.

LETTER I.

'Surely I am under ſome ſtrange Infatuation; I 'cannot keep my Reſolutions a Moment, however 'ſtrongly made or juſtly founded. Laſt Night I re'ſolved never to ſee you more; this Morning I am 'willing to hear if you can, as you ſay, clear up this 'Affair.

'Affair. And yet I know that to be impoſſible. I 'have ſaid every Thing to myſelf which you can in-'vent.——Perhaps not. Perhaps your Invention is 'ſtronger. Come to me therefore the Moment you 'receive this. If you can forge an Excuſe, I almoſt 'promiſe you to believe it. Betrayed too——I will 'think no more.———Come to me directly.——— 'This is the third Letter I have writ, the two for-'mer are burnt—I am almoſt inclined to burn this 'too———I wiſh I preſerve my Senſes.——Come 'to me preſently.'

LETTER II.

'If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even ſuf-'fered within my Doors, come to me this inſtant.'

LETTER III.

'I now find you was not at Home when my Notes 'came to your Lodgings. The Moment you re-'ceive this let me ſee you;——I ſhall not ſtir out; 'nor ſhall any Body be let in but yourſelf. Sure no-'thing can detain you long.'

Jones had juſt read over theſe three Billets, when Mr. *Nightingale* came into the Room. 'Well, *Tom*,' ſaid he, 'any News from Lady *Bellaſton*, after laſt 'Night's Adventure?' (for it was now no Secret to any one in that Houſe who the Lady was.) 'The La-'dy *Bellaſton?*' anſwered *Jones* very gravely.—'Nay, 'dear *Tom*, cries *Nightingale*, 'don't be ſo reſerved to 'your Friends. Though I was too drunk to ſee her 'laſt Night, I ſaw her at the Maſquerade. Do you 'think I am ignorant who the Queen of the Fairies is?' 'And did you really then know the Lady at the Maſ-'querade?' ſaid *Jones*. 'Yes, upon my Soul, did I,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'and have given you twenty Hints of 'it ſince, though you ſeemed always ſo tender on that 'Point, that I would not ſpeak plainly. I fancy, my 'Friend, by your extreme Nicety in this Matter, you 'are not ſo well acquainted with the Character of the

'Lady

'Lady as with her Perſon. Don't be angry, *Tom*, but, 'upon my Honour, you are not the firſt young Fel-'low ſhe hath debauched. Her Reputation is in no 'Danger, believe me.'

Though *Jones* had no Reaſon to imagine the Lady to have been of the Veſtal Kind when his Amour began, yet as he was thoroughly ignorant of the Town, and had very little Acquaintance in it, he had yet no Knowledge of that Character which is vulgarly called a Demirep; that is to ſay, a Woman that intrigues with every Man ſhe likes, under the Name and Appearance of Virtue; and who, though ſome over-nice Ladies will not be ſeen with her, is viſited (as they term it) by the whole Town; in ſhort, whom every Body knows to be what no Body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that *Nightingale* was perfectly acquainted with his Intrigue, and began to ſuſpect that ſo ſcrupulous a Delicacy, as he had hitherto obſerved, was not quite neceſſary on the Occaſion, he gave a Latitude to his Friend's Tongue, and deſired him to ſpeak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard, of the Lady.

Nightingale, who, in many other Inſtances, was rather too effeminate in his Diſpoſition, had a pretty ſtrong Inclination to Tittle-Tattle. He had no ſooner, therefore, received a full Liberty of ſpeaking from *Jones*, than he entered upon a long Narrative concerning the Lady; which, as it contained many Particulars highly to her Diſhonour, we have too great a Tenderneſs for all Women of Condition to repeat; we would cautiouſly avoid giving an Opportunity to the future Commentators on our Works, of making any malicious Application; and of forcing us to be, againſt our Will, the Author of Scandal, which never entered into our Head.

Jones, having very attentively heard all that *Nightingale* had to ſay, fetched a deep Sigh, which the other obſerving, cried, 'Heyday! Why, thou art

'not

'not in Love I hope! Had I imagined my Stories 'would have affected you, I promiſe you ſhould ne-'ver have heard them.' 'O my dear Friend,' cries *Jones*, 'I am ſo entangled with this Woman, that I 'know not how to extricate myſelf.' 'In Love in-'deed? No, my Friend, but I am under Obliga-'tions to her, and very great ones. Since you know 'ſo much, I will be very explicit with you. It is 'owing perhaps ſolely to her, that I have not, before 'this, wanted a Bit of Bread. How can I poſſibly 'deſert ſuch a Woman? And yet I muſt deſert her, 'or be guilty of the blackeſt Treachery to one, who 'deſerves infinitely better of me than ſhe can: A Wo-'man, my *Nightingale*, for whom I have a Paſſion 'which few can have an Idea of. I am half diſtracted 'with Doubts how to act.' And is this other, pray, 'an honourable Miſtreſs?' cries *Nightingale*. 'Ho-'nourable?' anſwered *Jones*; 'No Breath ever yet 'durſt ſully her Reputation. The ſweeteſt Air is not 'purer, the limpid Stream not clearer, than her Ho-'nour. She is all over, both in Mind and Body, con-'ſummate Perfection. She is the moſt beautiful Crea-'ture in the Univerſe; and yet ſhe is Miſtreſs of ſuch 'noble elevated Qualities, that though ſhe is never 'from my Thoughts, I ſcarce ever think of her Beau-'ty, but when I ſee it.' And can you, my good 'Friend,' cries *Nightingale*, 'with ſuch an Engage-'ment as this upon your Hands, heſitate a Moment 'about quitting ſuch a—' 'Hold,' ſaid *Jones*, 'no 'more Abuſe of her; I deteſt the Thought of Ingra-'titude.' 'Pooh! anſwered the other, 'you are not 'the firſt upon whom ſhe hath conferred Obligations 'of this Kind. She is remarkably liberal where 'ſhe likes; though, let me tell you, her Favours are 'ſo prudently beſtowed, that they ſhould rather raiſe 'a Man's Vanity, than his Gratitude.' In ſhort, *Nightingale* proceeded ſo far on this Head, and told his Friend ſo many Stories of the Lady, which he

ſwore

ſwore to the Truth of, that he entirely removed all Eſteem for her from the Breaſt of *Jones*; and his Gratitude was leſſened in Proportion. Indeed he began to look on all the Favours he had received, rather as Wages than Benefits, which not only depreciated her, but himſelf too in his own Conceit, and put him quite out of Humour with both. From this Diſguſt, his Mind, by a natural Tranſition, turned towards *Sophia*: Her Virtue, her Purity, her Love to him, her Sufferings on his Account, filled all his Thoughts, and made his Commerce with Lady *Bellaſton* appear ſtill more odious. The Reſult of all was, that though his turning himſelf out of her *Service*, in which Light he now ſaw his Affair with her, would be the Loſs of his Bread, yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handſome Pretence; which having communicated to his Friend, *Nightingale* conſidered a little, and then ſaid, 'I have it, 'my Boy; I have found out a ſure Method: Pro-'poſe Marriage to her, and I would venture Hang-'ing upon the Succeſs.' 'Marriage!' cries *Jones*. 'Ay, propoſe Marriage,' anſwered *Nightingale*, 'and 'ſhe will declare off in a Moment. I knew a young 'Fellow, whom ſhe kept formerly, who made the 'Offer to her in earneſt, and was preſently turned off 'for his Pains.'

Jones declared he could not venture the Experiment. 'Perhaps,' ſaid he, 'ſhe may be leſs ſhocked 'at this Propoſal from one Man than from another. 'And if ſhe ſhould take me at my Word, where am 'I then? Caught in my own Trap, and undone for 'ever.' 'No;' anſwered *Nightingale*, 'not if I 'can give you an Expedient, by which you may, at 'any Time, get out of the Trap.'—'What Ex-'pedient can that be?' replied *Jones*. 'This,' anſwered *Nightingale*. 'The young Fellow I men-'tioned, who is one of the moſt intimate Acquain-'tances I have in the World, is ſo angry with her for

'ſome

'ſome ill Offices ſhe hath ſince done him, that I 'am ſure he would, without any Difficulty, give you 'a Sight of her Letters; upon which you may 'decently break with her, and declare off before 'the Knot is ty'd, if ſhe ſhould really be willing to 'tie it, which I am convinced ſhe will not.

After ſome Heſitation, *Jones*, upon the Strength of this Aſſurance, conſented; but as he ſwore he wanted the Confidence to propoſe the Matter to her Face, he wrote the following Letter, which *Nightingale* dictated.

'*Madam*,

'I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfor-'tunate Engagement abroad, I ſhould have miſſed 'receiving the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Commands 'the Moment they came; and the Delay which I 'muſt now ſuffer of vindicating myſelf to your Lady-'ſhip, greatly adds to this Misfortune. O Lady '*Bellaſton*, what a Terror have I been in for Fear 'your Reputation ſhould be expoſed by theſe perverſe 'Accidents. There is one only Way to ſecure it. I 'need not name what it is. Only permit me to ſay, 'that as your Honour is as dear to me as my own, 'ſo my ſole Ambition is to have the Glory of laying 'my Liberty at your Feet; and believe me when 'I aſſure you, I can never be made completely hap-'py, without you generouſly beſtow on me a legal 'Right of calling you mine for ever. I am,

Madam,

With moſt profound Reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt Obliged,

Obedient Humble Servant,

Thomas Jones.'

To this ſhe preſently returned the following Anſwer.

'*Sir*,

'When I read over your ſerious Epiſtle, I could, 'from its Coldneſs and Formality, have ſworn that

'you

'you had already the legal Right you mention; nay, 'that we had, for many Years, compoſed that mon-'ſtrous Animal, a Huſband, and Wife. Do you real-'ly then imagine me a Fool? Or do you fancy your-'ſelf capable of ſo entirely perſuading me out of my 'Senſes, that I ſhould deliver my whole Fortune 'into your Power, in order to enable you to ſupport 'your Pleaſures at my Expence. Are theſe the 'Proofs of Love which I expected? Is this the Re-'turn for——but I ſcorn to upbraid you, and am 'in great Admiration of your profound Reſpect.

'*P. S.* I am prevented from reviſing:——Per-'haps I have ſaid more than I meant——Come to 'me at Eight this Evening.'

Jones, by the Advice of his Privy-Council, re-ply'd:

'*Madam*,

'It is impoſſible to expreſs how much I am ſhock-'ed at the Suſpicion you entertain of me. Can La-'dy *Bellaſton* have conferred Favours on a Man 'whom ſhe could believe capable of ſo baſe a De-'ſign? Or can ſhe treat the moſt ſolemn Tie of Love 'with Contempt? Can you imagine, Madam, that if 'the Violence of my Paſſion, in an unguarded Mo-'ment, overcame the Tenderneſs which I have for 'your Honour, I would think of indulging myſelf in 'the Continuance of an Intercourſe, which could not 'poſſibly eſcape long the Notice of the World; and 'which, when diſcovered, muſt prove ſo fatal to 'your Reputation? If ſuch be your Opinion of me, 'I muſt pray for a ſudden Opportunity of return-'ing thoſe pecuniary Obligations, which I have been 'ſo unfortunate to receive at your Hands; and for 'thoſe of a more tender Kind, I ſhall ever remain, '*&c.*' And ſo concluded in the very Words with which he had concluded the former Letter.

The Lady anſwered as follows.

'I ſee

'I ſee you are a Villain; and I deſpiſe you from 'my Soul. If you come here, I ſhall not be at 'Home.'

Though *Jones* was well ſatisfied with his Deliverance from a Thraldom which thoſe who have ever experienced it will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lighteſt, he was not, however, perfectly eaſy in his Mind. There was, in this Scheme, too much of Fallacy to ſatisfy one who utterly deteſted every Species of Falſhood or Diſhoneſty: Nor would he, indeed, have ſubmitted to put it in Practice, had he not been involved in a diſtreſsful Situation, where he was obliged to be guilty of ſome Diſhonour, either to the one Lady or the other; and ſurely the Reader will allow, that every good Principle, as well as Love, pleaded ſtrongly in Favour of *Sophia*.

Nightingale highly exulted in the Succeſs of his Stratagem, upon which he received many Thanks, and much Applauſe from his Friend. He anſwered, 'Dear *Tom*, we have conferred very different Obli-'gations on each other. To me you owe the re-'gaining your Liberty; to you I owe the Loſs of 'mine. But if you are as happy in the one Inſtance, 'as I am in the other, I promiſe you we are the two 'happieſt Fellows in *England*.'

The two Gentlemen were now ſummoned down to Dinner, where Mrs. *Miller*, who performed herſelf the Office of Cook, had exerted her beſt Talents, to celebrate the Wedding of her Daughter. This joyful Circumſtance ſhe aſcribed principally to the friendly Behaviour of *Jones*, her whole Soul was fired with Gratitude towards him, and all her Looks, Words, and Actions were ſo buſied in expreſſing it, that her Daughter and even her new Son-in-Law, were very little the Objects of her Conſideration.

Dinner was juſt ended when Mrs. *Miller* received a Letter; but as we had Letters enough in this Chapter, we ſhall communicate the Contents in our next.

CHAP.

CHAP. X. *Conſiſting partly of Facts, and partly of Obſervations upon them.*

THE Letter then which arrived at the End of the preceding Chapter was from Mr. *Allworthy*, and the purport of it was his Intention to come immediately to Town, with his Nephew *Blifil*, and a Deſire to be accommodated with his uſual Lodgings, which were the firſt Floor for himſelf, and the ſecond for his Nephew.

The Chearfulneſs, which had before diſplay'd itſelf in the Countenance of the poor Woman, was a little clouded on this Occaſion. This News did indeed a good deal diſconcert her. To requite ſo diſintereſted a Match with her Daughter, by preſently turning her new Son-in-Law out of Doors, appeared to her very unjuſtifiable on the one Hand; and on the other ſhe could ſcarce bear the Thoughts of making an Excuſe to Mr. *Allworthy*, after all the Obligations received from him, for depriving him of Lodgings which were indeed ſtrictly his Due: For that Gentleman, in conferring all his numberleſs Benefits on others, acted by a Rule diametrically oppoſite to what is practiſed by moſt generous People. He contrived, on all Occaſions, to hide his Beneficence, not only from the World, but even from the Object of it. He conſtantly uſed the Words Lend and Pay, inſtead of Give; and by every other Method he could invent, always leſſened the Favours he conferred with his Tongue, while he was heaping them with both his Hands. When he ſettled the Annuity of 50*l.* a Year, therefore, on Mrs. *Miller*, he told her, 'It 'was in Conſideration of always having her Firſt-'Floor when he was in Town,' (which he ſcarce ever intended to be) 'but that ſhe might let it at any other 'Time, for that he would always ſend her a Month's 'Warning.' He was now, however, hurried to Town

Town ſo ſuddenly, that he had no Opportunity of giving ſuch Notice: and this Hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his Lodgings, adding, *if they were then empty:* For he would moſt certainly have been well ſatisfied to have relinquiſhed them on a leſs ſufficient Excuſe than what Mrs. *Miller* could now have made.

But there are a ſort of Perſons, who, as *Prior* excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by ſomething

Beyond the fix'd and ſettled Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools:
Beyond the Letter of the Law.

To theſe it is ſo far from being ſufficient that their Defence would acquit them at the *Old-Bailey*, that they are not even contented, though Conſcience, the ſevereſt of all Judges, ſhould diſcharge them. Nothing ſhort of the Fair and Honourable will ſatisfy the Delicacy of their Minds, and if any of their Actions fall ſhort of this Mark, they mope and pine, are as uneaſy and reſtleſs as a Murderer, who is afraid of a Ghoſt, or of the Hangman.

Mrs. *Miller* was one of theſe. She could not conceal her Uneaſineſs at this Letter; with the Contents of which ſhe had no ſooner acquainted the Company, and given ſome Hints of her Diſtreſs, than *Jones*, her good Angel, preſently relieved her Anxiety. 'As for 'myſelf, Madam,' ſaid he, 'my Lodging is at your 'Service at a Moment's Warning; and Mr. *Night-* 'ingale, I am ſure, as he cannot yet prepare a houſe 'fit to receive his Lady, will conſent to return to his 'new Lodging, whither Mrs. *Nightingale* will cer- 'tainly conſent to go.' With which Propoſal both Huſband and Wife inſtantly agreed.

The Reader will eaſily believe, that the Cheeks of Mrs. *Miller* began again to glow with additional Gratitude to *Jones*; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to perſwade him that Mr. *Jones* having, in his laſt Speech

Speech, called her Daughter Mrs. *Nightingale*, (it being the firſt Time that agreeable Sound had ever reached her Ears) gave the fond Mother more Satisfaction, and warmed her Heart more towards *Jones*, than his having diſſipated her preſent Anxiety.

The next Day was then appointed for the Removal of the new-married Couple, and of Mr. *Jones*, who was likewiſe to be provided for in the ſame Houſe with his Friend. And now the Serenity of the Company was again reſtored, and they paſt the Day in the utmoſt Chearfulneſs, all except *Jones*, who, though he outwardly accompanied the reſt in their Mirth, felt many a bitter Pang on the account of his *Sophia*; which were not a little heightened by the News of Mr. *Blifil*'s coming to Town, (for he clearly ſaw the Intention of his Journey :) And what greatly aggravated his Concern was, that Mrs. *Honour*, who had promiſed to enquire after *Sophia* and to make her Report to him early the next Evening, had diſappointed him.

In the Situation that he and his Miſtreſs were in at this Time, there were ſcarce any Grounds for him to hope that he ſhould hear any good News; yet he was as impatient to ſee Mrs. *Honour*, as if he had expected ſhe would bring him a Letter with an Aſſignation in it from *Sophia*, and bore the Diſappointment as ill. Whether this Impatience aroſe from that natural Weakneſs of the human Mind, which makes it deſirous to know the worſt, and renders Uncertainty the moſt intolerable of Pains! or whether he ſtill flattered himſelf with ſome ſecret Hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the laſt, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the Powers exerciſed by this Paſſion over our Mind, one of the moſt wonderful is that of ſupporting Hope in the midſt of Deſpair. Difficulties, Improbabilities, nay, Impoſſibilities are quite overlooked by it, ſo that to any Man

extremely in Love, may be applied what *Addiſon* ſays of *Cæſar*,

The Alps, *and* Pyrenæans *ſink before him!*

Yet it is equally true, that the ſame Paſſion will ſometimes make Mountains of Mole-hills, and produce Deſpair in the midſt of Hope; but theſe cold fits laſt not long in good Conſtitutions. Which Temper *Jones* was now in, we leave the Reader to gueſs, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had ſpent two Hours in expectations, when being unable any longer to conceal his Uneaſineſs, he retired to his Room; where his Anxiety had almoſt made him frantick, when the following Letter was brought him from Mrs. *Honour*, with which we ſhall preſent the Reader *verbatim & literatim.*

"SIR,

" I ſhud ſartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too mi " Prommiſs haddunt it bin that hur Laſhipp prevent " mee; for too bee ſur, Sir, you noſe very wel that " every Perſun muſt luk furſt at ome, and ſartenly " ſuch anuther offar mite not ave ever hapned, ſo as " I ſhud ave been juſtly to blam, had I not accepted " of it when her Laſhip was ſo veri kind as to offar to " mak me hur one Uman, without mi ever aſkin any " ſuch Thing, to bee ſur ſhe is won of thee beſt " Ladis in thee Wurld, and Pepil who ſaſe to thee " Contrari muſt bee veri wicket Pepil in thare Harts. " To be ſur if ever I ave ſad any thing of that Kine it " as bin thru Ignorens and I am hartili ſorri for it. " I noſe your Onor to be a Genteelman of more Onur " and Oneſty, if I ever ſaid ani ſuch thing to repete " it to hurt a pore Servant that as alwis ad thee gra- " teſt Reſpect in thee Wurld for ure Onur. To bee " ſur won ſhud kepe wons Tung within one's Teeth, " for no Boddi noſe what may hapen; and too bee ſur " if ani Bodi ad tolde me Yeſterday, that I ſhud haf " bin in ſo gud a Plaſe to Day, I ſhud not haf be- " leeved it; for to be ſur I never was a dremd of

" any

" any ſuch Thing, nor ſhud I ever ha ſoft after ani
" other Bodi's Plaſe; but as her Laſhip waſs ſo kine
" of her one a cord too give it mee without aſkin,
" to be ſure Mrs *Etoff* herſelf, nor no other Bodi,
" can blam me for excepting ſuch a Thing when it
" falls in mi Waye. I beg ure Onur not to menſhon
" ani thing of what I haf ſad, for I wiſh ure Onur
" all thee good Luk in thee Wurld; and I don't cueſ-
" tion butt thatt u will haf Madam *Sofia* in the End;
" but aſs to myſelf ure Onur noſe I kant bee of any
" farder Sarvis to u in that Matter, nou bein under
" thee Cumand of anuther Perſon, and nott my one
" Miſtreſs, I begg ure Onur to ſay nothing of what
" paſt, and believe me to be,

" Sir,

" Ure Onur's umble Sarvant

" To Cumand till Deth,

" *Honour Blackmore.*"

Various were the Conjectures which *Jones* entertained on this Step of Lady *Bellaſton*; who in reality had little further Deſign than to ſecure within her own Houſe the Repoſitory of a Secret, which ſhe choſe ſhould make no farther Progreſs than it had made already; but moſtly ſhe deſired to keep it from the Ears of *Sophia*; for tho' that young Lady was almoſt the only one who would never have repeated it again, her Ladyſhip could not perſuade herſelf of this; ſince as ſhe now hated poor *Sophia* with moſt implacable Hatred, ſhe conceived a reciprocal Hatred to herſelf to be lodged in the tender Breaſt of our Heroine, where no ſuch Paſſion had ever yet found an Entrance.

While *Jones* was terrifying himſelf with the Apprehenſion of a thouſand dreadful Machinations, and deep political Deſigns, which he imagined to be at the Bottom of the Promotion of *Honour*, Fortune, who hitherto ſeems to have been an utter Enemy to his

Match with *Sophia*, try'd a new Method to put a final End to it, by throwing a Temptation in his Way, which in his preſent deſperate Situation it ſeemed unlikely he ſhould be able to reſiſt.

CHAP. XI. *Containing curious, but not unprecedented, Matter.*

THERE was a Lady, one Mrs. *Hunt*, who had often ſeen *Jones* at the Houſe where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the Women there, and indeed a very great Friend to Mrs. *Miller*. Her Age was about thirty, for ſhe owned ſix and twenty; her Face and Perſon very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her Relations to an old *Turkey* Merchant, who having got a great Fortune had left off Trade. With him ſhe lived without Reproach, but not without Pain, in a State of great Self-denial, for about twelve Years; and her Virtue was rewarded by his dying, and leaving her very rich. The firſt year of her Widowhood was juſt at an End, and ſhe had paſt it in a good deal of Retirement, ſeeing only a few particular Friends, and dividing her Time between her Devotions and Novels, of which ſhe was always extremely fond. Very good Health, a warm Conſtitution, and a great deal of Religion, made it abſolutely neceſſary for her to marry again; and ſhe reſolved to pleaſe herſelf in her ſecond Huſband, as ſhe had done her Friends in the firſt. From her the following Billet was brought to *Jones*.

'Sir,

'From the firſt Day I ſaw you, I doubt my Eyes 'have told you too plainly, that you were not indif-'ferent to me; but neither my Tongue nor my Hand 'ſhould have ever avowed it, had not the Ladies of 'the Family where you are lodged given me ſuch a 'Character of you, and told me ſuch Proofs of your

'Virtue

'Virtue and Goodneſs, as convince me you are not 'only the moſt agreeable, but the moſt worthy, of 'Men. I have alſo the Satisfaction to hear from them, 'that neither my Perſon, Underſtanding or Character 'are diſagreeable to you. I have a Fortune ſufficient 'to make us both happy, but which cannot make me 'ſo without you. In thus diſpoſing of myſelf, I 'know I ſhall incur the Cenſure of the World, but 'if I did not love you more than I fear the World, 'I ſhould not be worthy of you. One only Difficulty 'ſtops me: I am informed you are engaged in a 'Commerce of Gallantry with a Woman of Faſhion. 'If you think it worth while to ſacrifice that to the 'Poſſeſſion of me, I am your's; if not, forget my 'Weakneſs, and let this remain an eternal Secret be-'tween you and

'*Arabella Hunt.*'

At the reading of this *Jones* was put into a violent Flutter. His Fortune was then at a very low Ebb, the Source being ſtopt from which hitherto he had been ſupplied. Of all he had received from Lady *Bellaſton*, not above five Guineas remained, and that very Morning he had been dunned by a Tradeſman for twice that Sum. His honourable Miſtreſs was in the Hands of her Father, and he had ſcarce any Hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be ſubſiſted at her Expence from that little Fortune ſhe had independent of her Father, went much againſt the Delicacy both of his Pride and his Love. This Lady's Fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no Objection to her in any Reſpect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any Woman except *Sophia*. But to abandon *Sophia*, and marry another, that was impoſſible; he could not think of it upon any Account. Yet why ſhould he not, ſince it was plain ſhe could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeleſs Paſſion for him? Ought he not

to do ſo in Friendſhip to her? This Notion prevailed ſome Moments, and he had almoſt determined to be falſe to her from a high Point of Honour; but that Refinement was not able to ſtand very long againſt the Voice of Nature, which cried in his Heart, that ſuch Friendſhip was Treaſon to Love. At laſt he called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. *Hunt*.

'Madam,

'It would be but a poor Return to the Favour you 'have done me, to ſacrifice any Gallantry to the Poſ-'ſeſſion of you, and I would certainly do it, tho' I 'were not diſengaged, as at preſent I am, from any 'Affair of that Kind. But I ſhould not be the ho-'neſt Man you think me, if I did not tell you, that 'my Affections are engaged to another, who is a 'Woman of Virtue, and one that I never can leave, 'though it is probable I ſhall never poſſeſs her. God 'forbid that, in Return of your Kindneſs to me, I 'ſhould do you ſuch an Injury, as to give you my 'Hand, when I cannot give my Heart. No, I had 'much rather ſtarve than be guilty of that. Even 'though my Miſtreſs was married to another, I 'would not marry you unleſs my Heart had entirely 'effaced all Impreſſions of her. Be aſſured that your 'Secret was not more ſafe in your own Breaſt, than 'in that of,

'Your moſt Obliged, and
'Grateful Humble Servant,
Tom Jones.'

When our Hero had finiſhed and ſent this Letter, he went to his Scrutore, took out Miſs *Weſtern*'s Muff, kiſſed it ſeveral Times, and then ſtrutted ſome Turns about his Room with more Satisfaction of Mind than ever any *Iriſhman* felt in carrying off a Fortune of fifty Thouſand Pounds.

CHAP

CHAP. XII. *A Diſcovery made by* Partridge.

WHILE *Jones* was exulting in the Conſciouſneſs of his Integrity, *Partridge* came capering into the Room, as was his Cuſtom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good Tidings. He had been diſpatched that Morning, by his Maſter, with Orders to endeavour by the Servants of Lady *Bellaſton*, or by any other Means, to diſcover whither *Sophia* had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful Countenance told our Hero, that he had found the loſt Bird. 'I have ſeen, Sir, ſays 'he, *Black George*, the Game-keeper, who is one 'of the Servants whom the Squire hath brought 'with him to Town. I knew him preſently, though 'I have not ſeen him theſe ſeveral Years; but you 'know, Sir, he is a very remarkable Man, or, to 'uſe a purer Phraſe, he hath a moſt remarkable 'Beard, the largeſt and blackeſt I ever ſaw. It was 'ſome Time however before *Black George* could re-'collect me.'—'Well, but what is your good News?' cries *Jones*, 'what do you know of my *Sophia?*'—— 'You ſhall know preſently, Sir,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'I am coming to it as faſt as I can.—You are ſo im-'patient, Sir, you would come at the Infinitive 'Mood, before you can get to the Imperative. As 'I was ſaying, Sir, it was ſome time before he re-'collected my Face.'—'Confound your Face,' cries *Jones*, 'what of my *Sophia?*'—'Nay, Sir, anſwered '*Partridge*, I know nothing more of Madam *So-'phia*, than what I am going to tell you; and I 'ſhould have told you all before this if you had not 'interrupted me; but if you look ſo angry at me, 'you will frighten all of it out of my Head, or, to 'uſe a purer Phraſe, out of my Memory. I never 'ſaw you look ſo angry ſince the Day we left *Upton*, 'which I ſhall remember if I was to live a thouſand

'Years.' 'Well, pray go on in your own Way,' ſaid *Jones*, 'you are reſolved to make me mad, I find. 'Not for the World,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'I have 'ſuffered enough for that already; which, as I ſaid, 'I ſhall bear in my Remembrance the longeſt Day I 'have to live.'--'Well, but *Black George?*' cries *Jones*. —'Well, Sir, as I was ſaying, it was a long Time 'before he could recollect me, for indeed I am very 'much altered ſince I ſaw him. *Non ſum qualis eram.* 'I have had Troubles in the World, and nothing al-'ters a Man ſo much as Grief. I have heard it will 'change the Colour of a Man's Hair in a Night. 'However, at laſt know me he did, that's ſure e-'nough; for we are both of an Age, and were at 'the ſame Charity-School. *George* was a great Dunce, 'but no matter for that; all Men do not thrive in 'the World according to their Learning. I am ſure 'I have Reaſon to ſay ſo; but it will be all one a 'Thouſand Years hence. Well, Sir,———where 'was I?—O—well, we no ſooner knew each other, 'than after many hearty Shakes by the Hand, we 'agreed to go to an Alehouſe and take a Pot, and by 'good Luck the Beer was ſome of the beſt I have met 'with ſince I have been in Town.———Now, Sir, 'I am coming to the Point; for no ſooner did I name 'you, and told him, that you and I came to Town 'together, and had lived together ever ſince, than he 'called for another Pot, and ſwore he would drink to 'your Health; and indeed he drank your Health ſo 'heartily, that I was overjoyed to ſee there was ſo 'much Gratitude left in the World; and after we 'had emptied that Pot, I ſaid I would be my Pot too, 'and ſo we drank another to your Health; and then 'I made haſte home to tell you the News.'

'What News?' cries *Jones*, 'you have not men-'tioned a Word of my *Sophia!*'———Bleſs me! 'I had like to have forgot that. Indeed we mention-'ed a great deal about young Madam *Weſtern*, and

'*George*

'*George* told me all; that Mr. *Blifil* is coming to 'Town in order to be married to her. He had beſt 'make haſte then, ſays I, or ſome Body will have 'her before he comes, and indeed, ſays I, Mr. *Sea-* '*grim*, it is a thouſand Pities ſome Body ſhould not 'have her; for he certainly loves her above all the 'Women in the World. I would have both you 'and ſhe know, that it is not for her Fortune he fol- 'lows her; for I can aſſure you as to Matter of that, 'there is another Lady, of much greater Quality and 'Fortune than ſhe can pretend to, who is ſo fond of 'Somebody, that ſhe comes after him Day and Night.' Here *Jones* fell into a Paſſion with *Partridge*, for having, as he ſaid, betrayed him; but the poor Fellow anſwered, he had mentioned no Name; 'Be- 'ſides, Sir, ſaid he, I can aſſure you, *George* is ſin- 'cerely your Friend, and wiſhed Mr. *Blifil* at the 'Devil more than once; nay, he ſaid he would do 'any Thing in his Power upon Earth to ſerve you; 'and ſo I am convinced he will.——Betray you 'indeed! why, I queſtion whether you have a better 'Friend than *George* upon Earth, except myſelf, or 'one that would go farther to ſerve you.'

'Well, ſays *Jones*, a little pacified, you ſay this 'Fellow, who I believe indeed is enough inclined to 'be my Friend, lives in the ſame Houſe with *Sophia?*

'In the ſame Houſe! anſwered *Partridge*, why, 'Sir, he is one of the Servants of the Family, and 'very well dreſt I promiſe you he is; if it was not 'for his black Beard you would hardly know him.'

'One Service, then at leaſt he may do me, ſays '*Jones*; ſurely he can certainly convey a Letter to 'my *Sophia*.'

'You have hit the Nail *ad Unguem*, cries *Par-* 'tridge; how came I not to think of it? I will en- 'gage he ſhall do it upon the very firſt mentioning.'

'Well then, ſaid *Jones*, do you leave me at pre- 'ſent, and I will write a Letter which you ſhall de-

'liver to him To-morrow Morning; for I ſuppoſe 'you know where to find him.'

'O yes, Sir,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'I ſhall certainly 'find him again, there is no Fear of that. The 'Liquor is too good for him to ſtay away long. I 'make no doubt but he will be there every Day he 'ſtays in Town.'

'So you don't know the Street then where my '*Sophia* is lodged? cries *Jones*.'

'Indeed, Sir, I do, ſays *Partridge*.'

'What is the Name of the Street? cries *Jones*.

'The Name, Sir, why here, Sir, juſt by, an-'ſwered *Partridge*, not above a Street or two off. 'I don't indeed know the very Name; for as he 'never told me, if I had aſked, you know it might 'have put ſome Suſpicion into his Head. No, no, 'Sir, let me alone for that, I am too cunning for 'that, I promiſe you.'

'Thou art moſt wonderfully cunning indeed, re-'plied *Jones*; however I will write to my Charmer, 'ſince I believe you will be cunning enough to find 'him To-morrow at the Alehouſe.'

And now having diſmiſſed the Sagacious *Partridge*, Mr. *Jones* ſat himſelf down to write, in which Employment we ſhall leave him for a Time. And here we put an End to the fifteenth Book.

BOOK XVI. *Containing the Space of five Days.*

CHAP. I. *Of Prologues.*

I HAVE heard of a Dramatic Writer who uſed to ſay, he would rather write a Play than a Prologue; in like manner, I think, I can with leſs Pains write one

one of the Books of this Hiſtory, than the Prefatory Chapter to each of them.

To ſay the Truth, I believe many a hearty Curſe hath been devoted on the Head of that Author, who firſt inſtituted the Method of prefixing to his Play that Portion of Matter which is called the Prologue; and which at firſt was Part of the Piece itſelf, but of latter Years hath had uſually ſo little Connexion with the Drama before which it ſtands, that the Prologue to one Play might as well ſerve for any other. Thoſe indeed of more modern Date, ſeem to be written on the ſame three Topics, *viz.* an Abuſe of the Taſte of the Town, a Condemnation of all Cotemporary Authors, and an Elogium on the Performance juſt about to be repreſented. The Sentiments in all theſe are very little varied, nor is it poſſible they ſhould; and indeed I have often wondered at the great Invention of Authors, who have been capable of finding ſuch various Phraſes to expreſs the ſame thing.

In like manner I apprehend, ſome future Hiſtorian (if any one ſhall do me the Honour of imitating my Manner) will, after much ſcratching his Pate, beſtow ſome good Wiſhes on my Memory, for having firſt eſtabliſhed theſe ſeveral initial Chapters; moſt of which, like modern Prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other Book in this Hiſtory, as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other Hiſtory as to this.

But however Authors may ſuffer by either of theſe Inventions the Reader will find ſufficient Emolument in the one, as the Spectator hath long found in the other.

Firſt, it is well known, that the Prologue ſerves the Critic for an Opportunity to try his Faculty of Hiſſing, and to tune his Cat-call to the beſt Advantage; by which means, I have known thoſe Muſical Inſtruments ſo well prepared, that they have been able

able to play in full Concert at the firſt riſing of the Curtain.

The ſame Advantages may be drawn from theſe Chapters, in which the Critic will be always ſure of meeting with ſomething that may ſerve as a Whetſtone to his noble Spirit; ſo that he may fall with a more hungry Appetite for Cenſure on the Hiſtory itſelf. And here his Sagacity muſt make it needleſs to obſerve, how artfully theſe Chapters are calculated for that excellent Purpoſe; for in theſe we have always taken Care to interſperſe ſomewhat of the ſour or acid Kind, in order to ſharpen and ſtimulate the ſaid Spirit of Criticiſm.

Again, the indolent Reader, as well as Spectator, finds great Advantage from both theſe; for as they are not obliged either to ſee the one or read the others, and both the Play and the Book are thus protracted, by the former they have a Quarter of an Hour longer to ſit at Dinner, and by the Latter they have the Advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth Page inſtead of the firſt, a Matter by no means of trivial Conſequence to Perſons who read Books with no other View than to ſay they have read them, a more general Motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only Law Books, and Good Books, but the Pages of *Homer* and *Virgil*, of *Swift* and *Cervantes* have been often turned over.

Many other are the Emoluments which ariſe from both theſe, but they are for the moſt Part ſo obvious that we ſhall not at preſent ſtay to enumerate them; eſpecially ſince it occurs to us that the principal Merit of both the Prologue and Preface is that they be ſhort.

CHAP.

CHAP. II. *A whimſical Adventure which befel the Squire, with the diſtreſſed Situation of* Sophia.

WE muſt now convey the Reader to Mr. *Weſtern*'s Lodgings which were in *Piccadilly*, where he was placed by the Recommendation of the Landlord at the *Hercules Pillars* at *Hide-Park-Corner*; for at that Inn, which was the firſt he ſaw on his Arrival in Town, he placed his Horſes, and in thoſe Lodgings, which were the firſt he heard of, he depoſited himſelf.

Here when *Sophia* alighted from the Hackney-Coach which brought her from the Houſe of Lady *Bellaſton*, ſhe deſired to retire to the Apartment provided for her, to which her Father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himſelf. A ſhort Dialogue, neither very material nor pleaſant to relate minutely, then paſſed between them, in which he preſſed her vehemently to give her Conſent to the Marriage with *Blifil*, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in Town in a few Days; but inſtead of complying, ſhe gave a more peremptory and reſolute Refuſal than ſhe had ever done before. This ſo incenſed her Father, that, after many bitter Vows that he would force her to have him whether ſhe would or no, he departed from her with many hard Words and Curſes, locked the Door, and put the Key into his Pocket.

While *Sophia* was left with no other Company than what attend the cloſeſt State Priſoner, namely, Fire and Candle, the Squire ſat down to regale himſelf over a Bottle of Wine, with his Parſon and the Landlord of the *Hercules Pillars*, who, as the Squire ſaid, would make an excellent third Man, and could inform them of the News of the Town, and how Affairs went; for to be ſure, ſays he, he knows a great deal,

ſince

ſince the Horſes of many of the Quality ſtand at his Houſe.

In this agreeable Society, Mr. *Weſtern* paſt that Evening and great Part of the ſucceeding Day, during which Period nothing happened of ſufficient Conſequence to find a Place in this Hiſtory. All this time *Sophia* paſt by herſelf; for her Father ſwore ſhe ſhould never come out of her Chamber alive, unleſs ſhe firſt conſented to marry *Blifil*; nor did he ever ſuffer the Door to be unlocked, unleſs to convey her Food, on which Occaſions he always attended himſelf.

The ſecond Morning after his Arrival, while he and the Parſon were at Breakfaſt together on a Toaſt and Tankard, he was informed that a Gentleman was below to wait on him.

'A Gentleman!' quoth the Squire, 'who the Devil can he be? Do, Doctor, go down and ſee who 'tis. Mr. *Blifil* can hardly be come to Town yet.—Go down, do, and know what his Buſineſs is.'

The Doctor returned with an Account that it was a very well dreſt Man, and by the Ribbon in his Hat, he took him for an Officer of the Army; that he ſaid he had ſome particular Buſineſs, which he could deliver to none but Mr. *Weſtern* himſelf.

'An Officer!' cries the Squire, 'what can any ſuch Fellow have to do with me? If he wants an Order for Baggage-Waggons, I am no Juſtice of Peace here, nor can I grant a Warrant.——Let un come up then, if he muſt ſpeak to me.

A very genteel Man now entered the Room; who, having made his Compliments to the Squire, and deſired the Favour of being alone with him, delivered himſelf as follows.

"Sir, I come to wait upon you by the Command "of my Lord *Fellamar*, but with a very different "Meſſage from what I ſuppoſe you expect, after "what paſt the other Night."

"My

'My Lord who?' cries the Squire, 'I never heard 'the Name o'un.

'His Lordſhip,' ſaid the Gentleman, 'is willing 'to impute every thing to the Effect of Liquor, and 'the moſt trifling Accknowledgment of that Kind 'will ſet every thing right; for as he hath the moſt 'violent Attachment to your Daughter, you, Sir, are 'the laſt Perſon upon Earth, from whom he would 'reſent an Affront; and happy is it for you both that 'he hath given ſuch publick Demonſtrations of his 'Courage, as to be able to put up an Affair of this 'Kind, without Danger of any Imputation on his 'Honour. All he deſires therefore, is, that you will 'before me make ſome Acknowledgment, the ſlight-'eſt in the World will be ſufficient, and he intends 'this Afternoon to pay his Reſpects to you, in order 'to obtain your Leave of viſiting the young Lady on 'the Footing of a Lover.

'I don't underſtand much of what you ſay, Sir,' ſaid the Squire; 'but I ſuppoſe by what you talk a-'bout my Daughter, that this is the Lord which my 'Lady Couſin *Bellaſton* mentioned to me, and ſaid 'ſomething about his courting my Daughter. If ſo 'be, that how, that be the Caſe——you may give 'my Service to his Lordſhip, and tell un the Girl is 'diſpoſed of already.

'Perhaps, Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman, 'you are not 'ſufficiently apprized of the Greatneſs of this Offer. 'I believe ſuch a Perſon, Title, and Fortune, would 'be no where refuſed.

'Lookee, Sir,' anſwered the Squire, 'to be very 'plain, my Daughter is beſpoke already; but if ſhe 'was not, I would not marry her to a Lord upon 'any Account; I hate all Lords; they are a Parcel 'of Courtiers and *Hanoverians*, and I will have no-'thing to do with them.'——

'Well, Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman, 'if that is your 'Reſolution, the Meſſage I am to deliver to you, is,

'that

'that my Lord deſires the Favour of your Company 'this Morning in *Hide-Park*.'

'You may tell my Lord,' anſwered the Squire, 'that 'I am buſy and cannot come. I have enough to look 'after at home, and can't ſtir abroad on any Account.'

'I am ſure, Sir,' quoth the other, 'you are too 'much a Gentleman to ſend ſuch a Meſſage; you 'will not, I am convinced, have it ſaid of you, that 'after having affronted a noble Peer, you refuſe him 'Satisfaction. His Lordſhip would have been wil-'ling, from his great Regard to the young Lady, 'to have made up Matters in another Way; but un-'leſs he is to look on you as a Father, his Honour will 'not ſuffer his putting up ſuch an Indignity as you 'muſt be ſenſible you offered him.'

'I offered him!' cries the Squire; 'it is a d--mn'd 'Lie. I never offered him any Thing.'

Upon theſe Words the Gentleman returned a very ſhort verbal Rebuke, and this he accompanied at the ſame Time with ſome manual Remonſtrances, which no ſooner reached the Ears of Mr. *Weſtern*, than that worthy Squire began to caper very briſkly about the Room, bellowing at the ſame Time with all his Might, as if deſirous to ſummon a greater Number of Spectators to behold his Agility.

The Parſon who had left great part of the Tankard unfiniſhed, was not retired far; he immediately attended therefore on the Squire's Vociferation, crying, 'Bleſs me! Sir, what's the Matter?'——'Matter!' quoth the Squire, 'here's a High-way-Man, I be-'lieve, who wants to rob and murder me——for he 'hath fallen upon me with that Stick there in his 'Hand, when I wiſh I may be d——n'd if I gid un 'the leaſt Provocation.'

'How, Sir,' ſaid the Captain, 'did you not tell 'me I ly'd.'

'No, as I hope to be ſaved,' anſwered the Squire. '—I believe I might ſay, "'Twas a Lie that I had

"offered

" offered any Affront to my Lord,"——' but I never ' ſaid the Word *you lie.*——I underſtand myſelf ' better, and you might have underſtood yourſelf ' better, than to fall upon a naked Man. If I had ' had a Stick in my Hand, you would not have dared ' ſtrike me. I'd have knocked thy Lanthorn Jaws ' about thy Ears. Come down into Yard this Minute, ' and I'll take a Bout with thee at ſingle Stick for ' a broken Head, that I will; or I will go into naked ' Room, and box thee for a Belly full. At unt half ' a Man, at unt I'm ſure.

The Captain, with ſome Indignation, replied, ' I ' ſee, Sir, you are below my Notice, and I ſhall in- ' form his Lordſhip you are below his.—I am ſorry ' I have dirted my Fingers with you.'——At which Words he withdrew, the Parſon interpoſing to prevent the Squire from ſtopping him, in which he eaſily prevailed, as the other though he made ſome Efforts for the Purpoſe, did not ſeem very violently bent on Succeſs. However, when the Captain was departed, the Squire ſent many Curſes and ſome Menaces after him; but as theſe did not ſet out from his Lips till the Officer was at the Bottom of the Stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his Ears, or at leaſt did not retard his Departure.

Poor *Sophia* however, who, in her Priſon, heard all her Father's Outcries from firſt to laſt, began now firſt to thunder with her Foot, and afterwards to ſcream as loudly as the old Gentleman himſelf had done before, though in a much ſweeter Voice. Theſe Screams ſoon ſilenced the Squire, and turned all his Conſideration towards his Daughter, whom he loved ſo tenderly, that the leaſt Apprehenſion of any Harm happening to her, threw him preſently into Agonies: For, except in that ſingle Inſtance in which the whole future Happineſs of her Life was concerned, ſhe was ſovereign Miſtreſs of his Inclinations.

Having

Having ended his Rage againſt the Captain, with ſwearing he would take the Law of him, the Squire now mounted up Stairs to *Sophia*, whom, as ſoon as he had unlocked and opened the Door, he found all pale and breathleſs. The Moment however that ſhe ſaw her Father, ſhe collected all her Spirits, and catching him hold by the Hand, ſhe cry'd paſſionately, 'O my dear Sir, I am almoſt frightened to Death; I 'hope to Heaven no Harm hath happened to you.' '———No, no,' cries the Squire,' no great Harm. 'The Raſcal hath not hurt me much, but rat me if I 'don't ha the Laa o'un.' 'Pray, dear Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'tell me what's the Matter, who is it that hath in-'ſulted you?' 'I don't know the Name o'un,' anſwered *Weſtern*, 'ſome Officer Fellow I ſuppoſe that 'we are to pay for beating us, but I'll make him pay 'this Bout, if the Raſcal hath got any thing, which 'I ſuppoſe he hath not. For thof he was dreſt out ſo 'vine, I queſtion whether he hath got a Voot of 'Land in the World.' 'But, dear Sir,' cries ſhe, 'what was the Occaſion of your Quarrel?' 'What 'ſhould it be, *Sophy?*' anſwered the Squire, 'but a-'bout you, *Sophy?* All my Misfortunes are about 'you; you will be the Death of your poor Father 'at laſt. Here's a Varlet of a Lord, the Lord knows 'who forſooth! who hath taan a Liking to you, and 'becauſe I would not gi un my Conſent, he ſent me 'a Kallenge. Come, do, be a good Girl, *Sophy*, and 'put an End to all your Father's Troubles; come, do, 'conſent to ha un; he will be in Town within this 'Day or two; do but promiſe me to marry un as ſoon 'as he comes, and you will make me the happieſt Man 'in the World, and I will make you the happieſt 'Woman; you ſhall have the fineſt Cloaths in *Lon-'don*, and the fineſt Jewels, and a Coach and Six at 'your Command. I promiſed *Allworthy* already to 'give up half my Eſtate——Od rabbit it! I ſhould 'hardly ſtick at giving up the whole.'——Will my

'Papa

'Papa be ſo kind,' ſays ſhe, as to hear me ſpeak?'—'Why wout aſk, *Sophy?*' cries he, 'when doſt know 'that I had rather hear thy Voice, than the Muſic of 'the beſt Pack of Dogs in *England.*——Hear thee, 'my dear little Girl! I hope I ſhall hear thee as long 'as I live; for if I ever was to loſe that Pleaſure, I 'would not gee a Braſs Varden to live a Moment 'longer. Indeed, *Sophy*, you do not know how I 'love you, indeed you don't, or you never could 'have run away, and left your poor Father, who hath 'no other Joy, no other Comfort, upon Earth, but 'his little *Sophy*. At theſe Words the Tears ſtood in his Eyes; and *Sophia*, (with the Tears ſtreaming from her's) anſwered, 'Indeed, my dear Papa, I 'know you have loved me tenderly, and Heaven is 'my Witneſs how ſincerely I have returned your Af-'fection; nor could any thing but an Apprehenſion 'of being forced into the Arms of this Man, have 'driven me to run from a Father whom I love ſo 'paſſionately, that I would, with Pleaſure, ſacrifice 'my Life to his Happineſs; nay, I have endeavoured 'to reaſon myſelf into doing more, and had almoſt 'worked up a Reſolution, to endure the moſt miſer-'able of all Lives, to comply with your Inclination. 'It was that Reſolution alone to which I could not 'force my Mind: nor can I ever.' Here the Squire began to look wild, and the Foam appeared at his Lips; which *Sophia* obſerving, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded; 'If my Father's Life, his 'Health, or any real Happineſs of his was at Stake, 'here ſtands your reſolved Daughter, may Heaven 'blaſt me, if there is a Miſery I would not ſuffer to 'preſerve you.—No, that moſt deteſted, moſt loath-'ſome of all Lots would I embrace. I would give 'my Hand to *Blifil* for your Sake.'—I tell thee, it will 'preſerve me,' anſwers the Father; 'it will gee me 'Health, Happineſs, Life, every thing.—Upon my 'Soul I ſhall die if doſt refuſe me; I ſhall break my

'Heart,

'Heart, I ſhall, upon my Soul.'—Is it poſſible, ſays 'ſhe, you can have ſuch a Deſire to make me miſer-'able?' 'I tell thee noa,' anſwered he loudly, 'my 'whole Deſire is to make thee happy; me! d—n 'me if there is a Thing upon Earth I would not do 'to ſee thee happy.'——'And will not my dear Papa 'allow me to have the leaſt Knowledge of what will 'make me ſo? If it be true that Happineſs conſiſts in 'Opinion; what muſt be my Condition, when I ſhall 'think myſelf the moſt miſerable of all the Wretches 'upon Earth.' 'Better think yourſelf ſo,' ſaid he, 'than know it by being married to a poor baſtardly 'Vagabond.' 'If it will content you, Sir,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I will give you the moſt ſolemn Promiſe 'never to marry him, nor any other one while my 'Papa lives, without his Conſent. Let me dedicate 'my whole Life to your Service; let me be again 'your poor *Sophy*, and my whole Buſineſs and Plea-'ſure be, as it hath been, to pleaſe and divert you.' 'Lookee, *Sophy*,' anſwered the Squire, 'I am not 'to be chouſed in this Manner. Your Aunt *Weſtern* 'would then have Reaſon to think me the Fool ſhe 'doth. No, no, *Sophy*, I'd have you to know I have 'got more Wiſdom, and know more of the World, 'than to take the Word of a Woman in a Matter 'where a Man is concerned.' How, Sir, have I de-'ſerved this Want of Confidence? ſaid ſhe, have I 'ever broke a ſingle Promiſe to you? Or have I ever 'been found guilty of a Falſhood from my Cradle?' 'Lookee, *Sophy*, cries he, that's neither here nor 'there. I am determin'd upon this Match, and have 'him you ſhall, d—n me if ſhat unt. D—n me if 'ſhat unt, though doſt hang thyſelf the next Morn-'ing.' At repeating which Words he clinched his Fiſt, knit his Brows, bit his Lips, and thundered ſo loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified *Sophia* ſunk trembling into her Chair, and had not a Flood of

Tears

Tears come immediately to her Relief, perhaps worſe had followed.

Weſtern beheld the deplorable Condition of his Daughter with no more Contrition or Remorſe, than the Turnkey of *Newgate* feels at viewing the Agonies of a tender Wife, when taking her laſt Farewel of her condemned Huſband; or rather he looked down on her with the ſame Emotions which ariſe in an honeſt fair Tradeſman, who ſees his Debtor dragged to Priſon for 10*l.* which, though a juſt Debt, the Wretch is wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the Caſe ſtill more nearly, he felt the ſame Compunction with a Bawd, when ſome poor Innocent, whom ſhe hath enſnared into her Hands, falls into Fits at the firſt Propoſal of what is called ſeeing Company. Indeed this Reſemblance would be exact, was it not that the Bawd hath an Intereſt in what ſhe doth, and the Father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwiſe, can in Reality have none in urging his Daughter to almoſt an equal Proſtitution.

In this Condition he left his poor *Sophia*, and departing with a very vulgar Obſervation on the Effect of Tears, he locked the Room, and returned to the Parſon, who ſaid every Thing he durſt in Behalf of the young Lady, which though perhaps it was not quite ſo much as his Duty required, yet was it ſufficient to throw the Squire into a violent Rage, and into many indecent Reflections on the whole Body of the Clergy, which we have too great an Honour for that ſacred Function to commit to Paper.

CHAP. III. *What happened to* Sophia *during her Confinement.*

THE Landlady of the Houſe where the Squire lodged had begun very early to entertain a ſtrange Opinion of her Gueſts. However as ſhe was informed that the Squire was a Man of a vaſt Fortune, and

and as ſhe had taken Care to exact a very extraordinary Price for her Rooms, ſhe did not think proper to give any Offence; for though ſhe was not without ſome Concern for the Confinement of poor *Sophia*, of whoſe great Sweetneſs of Temper and Affability, the Maid of the Houſe had made ſo favourable a Report, which was confirmed by all the Squire's Servants, yet ſhe had much more Concern for her own Intereſt, than to provoke one, whom, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe perceived to be a very haſtiſh Kind of a Gentleman.

Though *Sophia* eat but little, yet ſhe was regularly ſerved with her Meals; indeed I believe if ſhe had liked any one Rarity, that the Squire, however angry, would have ſpared neither Pains nor Coſt to have procured it for her; ſince, however ſtrange it may appear to ſome of my Readers, he really doated on his Daughter, and to give her any Kind of Pleaſure was the higheſt Satisfaction of his Life.

The Dinner Hour being arrived, *black George* carried her up a Pullet, the Squire himſelf (for he had ſworn not to part with the Key) attending the Door. As *George* depoſited the Diſh, ſome Compliments paſſed between him and *Sophia*, (for he had not ſeen her ſince ſhe left the Country, and ſhe treated every Servant with more Reſpect than ſome Perſons ſhew to thoſe who are in a very ſlight Degree their Inferiors.) *Sophia* would have had him take the Pullet back, ſaying ſhe could not eat; but *George* begged her to try, and particularly recommended her to the Eggs, of which he ſaid it was full.

All this Time the Squire was waiting at the Door; but *George* was a great Favourite with his Maſter, as his Employment was in Concerns of the higheſt Nature, namely, about the Game, and was accuſtomed to take many Liberties. He had officiouſly carried up the Dinner, being, as he ſaid, very deſirous to ſee his young Lady; he made therefore no Scruple of keeping his Maſter ſtanding above ten Minutes, while Civilities

vilities were paſſing between him and *Sophia*, for which he received only a good-humoured Rebuke at the Door when he returned.

The Eggs of Pullets, Partridges, Pheaſants, *&c.* were, as *George* well knew, the moſt favourite Dainties of *Sophia*. It was therefore no Wonder that he, who was a very good-natured Fellow, ſhould take Care to ſupply her with this Kind of Delicacy, at a Time when all the Servants in the Houſe were afraid ſhe would be ſtarved; for ſhe had ſcarce ſwallowed a ſingle Morſel in the laſt forty Hours.

Though Vexation hath not the ſame Effect on all Perſons, as it uſually hath on a Widow, whoſe Appetite it often renders ſharper than it can be rendered by the Air on *Banſted* Downs, or *Saliſbury* Plain, yet the ſublimeſt Grief, notwithſtanding what ſome People may ſay to the contrary, will eat at laſt. And *Sophia* herſelf, after ſome little Conſideration, began to diſſect the Fowl, which ſhe found to be as full of Eggs as *George* had reported it.

But if ſhe was pleaſed with theſe, it contained ſomething which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a Fowl with three Legs be ſo invaluable a Curioſity, when perhaps Time hath produced a Thouſand ſuch, at what Price ſhall we eſteem a Bird which ſo totally contradicts all the Laws of Animal Œconomy, as to contain a Letter in its Belly? *Ovid* tells us of a Flower into which *Hyacinthus* was metamorphoſed, that bears Letters on its Leaves, which *Virgil* recommended as a Miracle to the Royal Society of his Day; but no Age nor Nation hath ever recorded a Bird with a Letter in its Maw.

But though a Miracle of this Kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in *Europe*, and perhaps in a fruitleſs Enquiry, yet the Reader, by barely recollecting the laſt Dialogue which paſſed between Meſſieurs *Jones* and *Partridge*, will be very eaſily ſatisfied

tisfied from whence this Letter came, and how it found its Paſſage into the Fowl.

Sophia, notwithſtanding her long Faſt, and notwithſtanding her favourite Diſh was there before her, no ſooner ſaw the Letter than ſhe immediately ſnatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows.

'Madam,

'Was I not ſenſible to whom I have the Honour 'of writing, I ſhould endeavour, however difficult, 'to paint the Horrors of my Mind, at the Account 'brought me by Mrs. *Honour*: But as Tenderneſs 'alone can have any true Idea of the Pangs which 'Tenderneſs is capable of feeling; ſo can this moſt 'amiable Quality, which my *Sophia* poſſeſſes in the 'moſt eminent Degree, ſufficiently inform her what 'her *Jones* muſt have ſuffered on this melancholy Oc'caſion.—Is there a Circumſtance in the World 'which can heighten my Agonies, when I hear of 'any Misfortune which hath befallen you? Surely 'there is one only, and with that I am accurſed. It 'is, my *Sophia*, the dreadful Conſideration that I am 'myſelf the wretched Cauſe. Perhaps I here do my'ſelf too much Honour, but none will envy me an 'Honour which coſts me ſo extremely dear. Pardon 'me this Preſumption, and pardon me the greater 'ſtill, if I aſk you, whether my Advice, my Aſſiſt'ance, my Preſence, my Abſence, my Death or my 'Tortures can bring you any Relief? Can the moſt 'perfect Admiration, the moſt watchful Obſervance, 'the moſt ardent Love, the moſt melting Tender'neſs, the moſt reſigned Submiſſion to your Will, 'make you Amends for what you are to ſacrifice to 'my Happineſs? If they can, fly, my lovely Angel, 'to thoſe Arms which are ever open to receive and 'protect you; and to which, whether you bring your'ſelf alone, or the Riches of the World with you, 'is, in my Opinion, an Alternative not worth regard'ing. If, on the contrary, Wiſdom ſhall predomi-

'nate,

'nate, and, on the moſt mature Reflection, inform 'you, that the Sacrifice is too great; and if there be 'no Way left to reconcile you to your Father, and 'reſtore the Peace of your dear Mind, but by aban-'doning me, I conjure you drive me for ever from 'your Thoughts, exert your Reſolution, and let no 'Compaſſion for my Sufferings bear the leaſt Weight 'in that tender Boſom. Believe me, Madam, I do 'ſincerely love you better than myſelf, that my great 'and principal End is your Happineſs. My firſt 'Wiſh (why would not Fortune indulge me in it?) 'was, and, pardon me if I ſay, ſtill is, to ſee you every 'Moment the happieſt of Women; my ſecond Wiſh 'is to hear you are ſo; but no Miſery on Earth can 'equal mine, while I think you owe an uneaſy Mo-'ment to him who is,

'Madam,

'In every Senſe, and to every Purpoſe,

'Your devoted

'*Thomas Jones.*'

What *Sophia* ſaid, or did, or thought upon this Letter, how often ſhe read it, or whether more than once, ſhall all be left to our Reader's Imagination. The Anſwer to it he may perhaps ſee hereafter, but not at preſent; for this Reaſon, among others, that ſhe did not now write any, and that for ſeveral good Cauſes, one of which was this, ſhe had no Paper, Pen, nor Ink.

In the Evening while *Sophia* was meditating on the Letter ſhe had received, or on ſomething elſe, a violent Noiſe from below diſturbed her Meditations. This Noiſe was no other than a round Bout at Altercation between two Perſons. One of the Combatants, by his Voice, ſhe immediately diſtinguiſhed to be her Father; but ſhe did not ſo ſoon diſcover the ſhriller Pipes to belong to the Organ of her Aunt *Weſtern*, who was juſt arrived in Town, and having

by means of one of her Servants, who ſtopt at the *Hercules Pillars*, learnt where her Brother lodged, ſhe drove directly to his Lodgings.

We ſhall therefore take our Leave at preſent of *Sophia*, and, with our uſual Good-Breeding, attend her Ladyſhip.

CHAP. IV. *In which* Sophia *is delivered from her Confinement.*

THE Squire and the Parſon (for the Landlord was now otherwiſe engaged) were ſmoaking their Pipes together, when the Arrival of the Lady was firſt ſignified. The Squire no ſooner heard her Name, than he immediately ran down to uſher her up Stairs; for he was a great Obſerver of ſuch Ceremonials, eſpecially to his Siſter, of whom he ſtood more in Awe than of any other human Creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himſelf.

Mrs. *Weſtern*, on her Arrival in the Dining-Room, having flung herſelf into a Chair, began thus to harangue. 'Well, ſurely no one ever had ſuch an intolerable Journey. I think the Roads, ſince ſo many Turnpike Acts, are grown worſe than ever. La, Brother, how could you get into this odious Place? No Perſon of Condition, I dare ſwear, ever ſet Foot here before.' 'I don't know, cries the Squire, I think they do well enough; it was Landlord recommended them. I thought as he knew moſt of the Quality, he could beſt ſhew me where to get among um.' 'Well, and where's my Niece? ſays the Lady, have you been to wait upon Lady *Bellaſton* yet?' 'Ay, ay, cries the Squire, your Niece is ſafe enough; ſhe is up Stairs in Chamber.' 'How,' anſwered the Lady, 'is my Niece in this Houſe, and doth ſhe not know of my being here?' 'No, nobody can well get to her, ſays the Squire, for ſhe is under Lock and Key. I have

'her

'her ſafe; I vetched her from my Lady Couſin the 'firſt Night I came to Town, and I have taken Care 'o' her ever ſince; ſhe is as ſecure as a Fox in a 'Bag, I promiſe you.' 'Good Heaven! returned 'Mrs. *Weſtern*, what do I hear! I thought what a 'fine piece of Work would be the Conſequence of 'my Conſent to your coming to Town yourſelf; nay, 'it was indeed your own Headſtrong Will, nor can I 'charge myſelf with having ever conſented to it. Did 'not you promiſe me, Brother, that you would take 'none of theſe Headſtrong Meaſures? Was it not by 'thoſe Headſtrong Meaſures that you forced my Niece 'to run away from you in the Country? Have you 'a Mind to oblige her to take ſuch another Step?' 'Z——ds and the Devil, cries the Squire, daſhing 'his Pipe on the Ground, did ever Mortal hear the 'like? when I expected you would have commend-'ed me for all I have done, to be fallen upon in this 'Manner!' 'How! Brother, ſaid the Lady, have 'I ever given you the leaſt Reaſon to imagine I ſhould 'commend you for locking up your Daughter? Have 'I not often told you, that Women in a free Coun-'try are not to be treated with ſuch arbitrary Power? 'We are as free as the Men, and I heartily wiſh I 'could not ſay we deſerve that Freedom better. If 'you expect I ſhould ſtay a Moment longer in this 'wretched Houſe, or that I ſhould ever own you 'again as my Relation, or that I ſhould ever trou-'ble myſelf again with the Affairs of your Family, 'I inſiſt upon it that my Niece be ſet at Liberty this 'Inſtant.' This ſhe ſpoke with ſo commanding an Air, ſtanding with her Back to the Fire, with one Hand behind her, and a Pinch of Snuff in the other, that I queſtion whether *Thaleſtris*, at the Head of her Amazons, ever made a more tremendous Figure. It is no Wonder therefore that the poor Squire was not Proof againſt the Awe which ſhe inſpired. 'There, he cried, throwing down the Key, 'There it is, do

'whatever you pleaſe. I intended only to have kept 'her up till *Blifil* came to Town, which can't be 'long; and now if any Harm happens in the mean 'Time, remember who is to be blamed for it.'

'I will anſwer it with my Life, cry'd Mrs. *Weſtern*, but I ſhall not intermeddle at all, unleſs upon 'one Condition, and that is, that you will commit 'the whole entirely to my Care without taking any 'one Meaſure yourſelf, unleſs I ſhall eventually ap-'point you to act. If you ratify theſe Preliminaries, 'Brother, I yet will endeavour to preſerve the Ho-'nour of your Family; if not, I ſhall continue in a 'neutral State.'

'I pray you, good Sir, ſaid the Parſon, permit your-'ſelf this once to be admoniſhed by her Ladyſhip; 'peradventure by communing with young Madam '*Sophia*, ſhe will effect more than you have been 'able to perpetrate by more rigorous Meaſures.'

'What doſt thee open upon me?' cries the Squire. 'If thee doſt begin to babble, I ſhall whip thee in 'preſently.'

'Fie, Brother,' anſwered the Lady, 'is this Lan-'guage to a Clergyman? Mr. *Supple* is a Man of 'Senſe, and gives you the beſt Advice, and the whole 'World, I believe, will concur in his Opinion; but 'I muſt tell you I expect an immediate Anſwer to 'my categorical Propoſals. Either cede your Daugh-'ter to my Diſpoſal, or take her wholly to your 'own ſurprizing Diſcretion, and then I here, before 'Mr. *Supple*, evacuate the Garriſon, and renounce 'you and your Family for ever.'

'I pray you let me be a Mediator,' cries the Par-ſon; 'let me ſupplicate you.'

'Why there lies the Key on the Table,' cries the Squire. 'She may take un up if ſhe pleaſes; who 'hinders her?'

'No, Brother,' anſwered the Lady, 'I inſiſt on 'the

'the Formality of its being delivered me, with a full 'Ratification of all the Conceſſions ſtipulated.'

'Why then I will deliver it to you.'—There 'tis, cries the Squire. 'I am ſure, Siſter, you can't ac-'cuſe me of ever denying to truſt my Daughter to 'you. She hath lived a wi' you a whole Year and muore 'to a Time without my ever zeeing her.' 'And it 'would have been happy for her,' anſwered the Lady, 'if ſhe had always lived with me. Nothing of this 'Kind would have happened under my Eye.'

'Ay, certainly,' cries he, 'I only am to blame.'

'Why, you are to blame, Brother,' anſwered ſhe, 'I have been often obliged to tell you ſo, and ſhall al-'ways be obliged to tell you ſo. However, I hope 'you will now amend, and gather ſo much Experi-'ence from paſt Errors, as not to defeat my wiſeſt 'Machinations by your Blunders. Indeed, Brother, 'you are not qualified for theſe Negotiations. All 'your whole Scheme of Politics is wrong. I once 'more, therefore, inſiſt, that you do not intermed-'dle. Remember only what is paſt.———

'Z—ds and Bl—d, Siſter,' cries the Squire, 'What 'would you have me ſay? You are enough to pro-'voke the Devil.'

'There now,' ſaid ſhe, 'juſt according to the old 'Cuſtom. I ſee, Brother, there is no talking to 'you. I will appeal to Mr. *Supple*, who is a Man 'of Senſe, if I ſaid any Thing which could put any 'Human Creature into a Paſſion; but you are ſo 'wrong-headed every Way.'

'Let me beg you, Madam,' ſaid the Parſon, 'not 'to irritate his Worſhip.'

'Irritate him?' ſaid the Lady;———'Sure you 'are as great a Fool as himſelf. Well, Brother, 'ſince you have promiſed not to interfere, I will once 'more undertake the Management of my Niece. Lord 'have Mercy on all Affairs which are under the Di-'rections of Men. The Head of one Woman is worth

'a thouſand of you.' And now having ſummoned a Servant to ſhew her to *Sophia*, ſhe departed, bearing the Key with her. She was no ſooner gone, than the Squire (having firſt ſhut the Door) ejaculated twenty Bitches, and as many hearty Curſes, againſt her, not ſparing himſelf for having ever thought of her Eſtate; but added, 'Now one hath been a Slave ſo long, 'it would be Pity to loſe it at laſt, for want of hold-'ing out a little longer. The Bitch can't live for e-'ver, and I know I am down for it upon the Will.'

The Parſon greatly commended his Reſolution; and now the Squire having ordered in another Bottle, which was his uſual Method when any Thing either pleaſed or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal Julep, ſo totally waſh away his Choler, that his Temper was become perfectly placid and ſerene, when Mrs. *Weſtern* returned with *Sophia* into the Room. The young Lady had on her Hat and Capuchin, and the Aunt acquainted Mr. *Weſtern*, 'that ſhe intended to take her Niece with 'her to her own Lodgings; for, indeed, Brother,' ſays ſhe, 'theſe Rooms are not fit to receive a Chriſ-'tian Soul in.'

'Very well, Madam,' quoth *Weſtern*, 'whatever 'you pleaſe. The Girl can never be in better Hands 'than your's; and the Parſon here can do me the 'Juſtice to ſay, that I have ſaid fifty Times behind 'your Back, that you was one of the moſt ſenſible 'Women in the World.'

'To this,' cries the Parſon, 'I am ready to bear 'Teſtimony.

'Nay, Brother,' ſays Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'I have al-'ways, I am ſure, given you as favourable a Cha-'racter. You muſt own you have a little too much 'Haſtineſs in your Temper; but when you will al-'low yourſelf Time to reflect, I never knew a Man 'more reaſonable.'

'Why

'Why then, Siſter, if you think ſo,' ſaid the Squire, 'here's your good Health with all my Heart. I am 'a little paſſionate ſometimes, but I ſcorn to bear any 'Malice. *Sophy*, do you be a good Girl, and do e-'very Thing your Aunt orders you.'

'I have not the leaſt Doubt of her,' anſwered Mrs. *Weſtern*. 'She hath already an Example before her 'Eyes, in the Behaviour of that Wretch her Couſin '*Harriet*, who ruined herſelf by neglecting my Ad-'vice.——O Brother, what think you? You was 'hardly gone out of hearing, when you ſet out for '*London*, when who ſhould arrive but that impudent 'Fellow with the odious *Iriſh* Name——that *Fitzpa-'trick*. He broke in abruptly upon me without No-'tice, or I would not have ſeen him. He ran on a 'long, unintelligible Story about his Wife, to which 'he forced me to give him a Hearing; but I made 'him very little Anſwer, and delivered him the Let-'ter from his Wife, which I bid him anſwer himſelf. 'I ſuppoſe the Wretch will endeavour to find us out; 'but I beg you will not ſee her, for I am determined 'I will not.'

'I zee her?' anſwered the Squire; 'you need not 'fear me.' I'll gee no Encouragement to ſuch undu-'tiful Wenches. It is well for the Fellow her Huſ-'band, I was not at Houme. Od rabbit it, he ſhould 'have taken a Dance thru the Horſe-pond, I promiſe 'un. You zee, *Sophy*, what Undutifulneſs brings 'Volks to do. You have an Example in your own 'Family.' 'Brother, cries the Aunt, you need not 'ſhock my Niece by ſuch odious Repetitions. Why 'will you not leave every Thing entirely to me?' 'Well, well; I wull, I wull;' ſaid the Squire. And now Mrs. *Weſtern*, luckily for *Sophia*, put an End to the Converſation, by ordering Chairs to be called: I ſay luckily; for had it continued much longer, freſh Matter of Diſſention would, moſt probably, have a-riſen between the Brother and Siſter; between whom

Education and Sex made the only Difference; for both were equally violent and equally positive, they had both a vast Affection for *Sophia*, and both a sovereign Contempt for each other.

CHAP. V. *In which* Jones *receives a Letter from* Sophia, *and goes to a Play with Mrs.* Miller *and* Partridge.

THE Arrival of *Black George* in Town, and the good Offices which that grateful Fellow had promised to do for his old Benefactor, greatly comforted *Jones* in the midst of all the Anxiety and Uneasiness which he had suffered on the Account of *Sophia*, from whom, by the Means of the said *George*, he received the following Answer to his Letter, which *Sophia*, to whom the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, was restored with her Liberty, wrote the very Evening when she departed from her Confinement.

'*Sir*,

'As I do not doubt your Sincerity in what you 'write, you will be pleased to hear that some of my 'Afflictions are at an End, by the Arrival of my 'Aunt *Western* with whom I am at present, and with 'whom I enjoy all the Liberty I can desire. One 'Promise my Aunt hath insisted on my making, 'which is, that I will not see or converse with any 'Person without her Knowledge and Consent. This 'Promise I have most solemnly given, and shall most 'inviolably keep: And tho' she hath not expressly 'forbidden me writing, yet that must be an Omission 'from Forgetfulness; or this, perhaps, is included 'in the Word conversing. However, as I cannot 'but consider this as a Breach of her generous Con'fidence in my Honour, you cannot expect that I 'shall, after this, continue to write myself, or to re'ceive Letters, without her Knowledge. A Promise 'is with me a very sacred Thing, and to be extend-

'ed

'ed to every Thing underſtood from it; as well as 'to what is expreſſed by it; and this Conſideration 'may perhaps, on Reflection, afford you ſome Com-'fort. But why ſhould I mention a Comfort to you 'of this Kind? For though there is one Thing in 'which I can never comply with the beſt of Fathers, 'yet am I firmly reſolved never to act in Defiance of 'him, or to take any Step of Conſequence without his 'Conſent. A firm Perſwaſion of this muſt teach you 'to divert your Thoughts from what Fortune hath '(perhaps) made impoſſible. This your own Intereſt 'perſuades you. This may reconcile you, I hope, to 'Mr. *Allworthy*; and if it will, you have my Injunc-'tions to purſue it. Accidents have laid ſome Obliga-'tions on me, your good Intentions probably more. 'Fortune may, perhaps, be ſometimes kinder to us 'both than at preſent. Believe this, that I ſhall al-'ways think of you as I think you deſerve, and am,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

Sophia Weſtern.'

'I charge you write to me no more——at pre-'ſent at leaſt; and accept this, which is now of no 'Service to me, which I know you muſt want, and 'think you owe the Trifle only to that Fortune by 'which you found it.' *

A Child, who hath juſt learnt his Letters, would have ſpelt this Letter out in leſs Time than *Jones* took in reading it. The Senſations it occaſioned were a Mixture of Joy and Grief; ſomewhat like what divides the Mind of a good Man when he peruſes the Will of his deceaſed Friend, in which a large Legacy, which his Diſtreſſes make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleaſed than diſpleaſed; and indeed the Reader may probably wonder that he was diſpleaſed at all; but the Reader

* Meaning perhaps, the Bank bill for 100*l.*

is not quite ſo much in Love as was poor *Jones*: And Love is a Diſeaſe, which tho' it may in ſome Inſtances reſemble a Conſumption, (which it ſometimes cauſes) in others proceeds in direct Oppoſition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itſelf, or ſees any one Symptom in a favourable Light.

One Thing gave him complete Satisfaction, which was, that his Miſtreſs had regained her Liberty, and was now with a Lady where ſhe might at leaſt aſſure herſelf of a decent Treatment. Another comfortable Circumſtance, was the Reference which ſhe made to her Promiſe of never marrying any other Man: For however diſintereſted he might imagine his Paſſion, and notwithſtanding all the generous Overtures made in his Letter, I very much queſtion whether he could have heard a more afflicting Piece of News, than that *Sophia* was married to another, tho' the Match had been never ſo great, and never ſo likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined Degree of *Platonic* Affection which is abſolutely detached from the Fleſh, and is indeed intirely and purely ſpiritual, is a Gift confined to the female part of the Creation: many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtleſs with great Truth) that they would, with the utmoſt Readineſs, reſign a Lover to a Rival, when ſuch Reſignation was proved to be neceſſary for the temporal Intereſt of ſuch Lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this Affection is in Nature, though I cannot pretend to ſay, I have ever ſeen an Inſtance of it.

Mr. *Jones* having ſpent three Hours in reading and kiſſing the aforeſaid Letter, and being, at laſt, in a State of good Spirits, from the laſt mentioned Conſiderations, he agreed to carry an Appointment which he had before made into Execution. This was to attend Mrs. *Miller* and her younger Daughter into the Gallery at the Playhouſe, and to admit Mr. *Partridge* as one of the Company. For as *Jones* had really that Taſte for Humour which many affect, he expected to

enjoy

enjoy much Entertainment in the Criticiſms of *Partridge*; from whom he expected the ſimple Dictates of Nature, unimproved indeed, but likewiſe unadulterated, by Art.

In the Firſt Row then of the Firſt Gallery did Mr. *Jones*, Mrs. *Miller*, her youngeſt Daughter, and *Partridge* take their Places; *Partridge* immediately declared, it was the fineſt Place he had ever been in. When the firſt Muſick was play'd, he ſaid, 'It was a 'Wonder how ſo many Fidlers could play at one 'Time without putting one another out.' While the Fellow was lighting the upper Candles, he cry'd out to Mrs. *Miller*, 'Look, look, Madam, the very 'Picture of the Man in the End of the Common-'Prayer-Book, before the Gun-powder-Treaſon Ser-'vice:' Nor could he help obſerving, with a Sigh, when all the Candles were lighted, 'That here were 'Candles enough burnt in one Night, to keep an ho-'neſt poor Family for a whole Twelvemonth.'

As ſoon as the Play, which was *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*, began, *Partridge* was all Attention, nor did he break Silence till the Entrance of the Ghoſt; upon which he aſked *Jones*, 'what Man that was in 'the ſtrange Dreſs? ſomething,' ſaid he, 'like what 'I have ſeen in a Picture. Sure it is not Armour, is 'it?' *Jones* anſwered, 'That is the Ghoſt.' To which *Partridge* replied with a Smile, 'Perſuade me to that, 'Sir, if you can. Though I can't ſay I ever actually 'ſaw a Ghoſt in my Life, yet I am certain, I ſhould 'know one, if I ſaw him, better than that comes to. 'No, no, Sir, Ghoſts don't appear in ſuch Dreſſes 'as that, neither.' In this Miſtake, which cauſed much Laughter, in the Neighbourhood of *Partridge*, he was ſuffered to continue, 'till the Scene between the *Ghoſt* and *Hamlet*, when *Partridge* gave that Credit to Mr. *Garrick*, which he had denied to *Jones*, and fell into ſo violent a Trembling, that his Knees knocked againſt each other. *Jones* aſked him what was the

the Matter, and whether, he was afraid of the Warrior upon the Stage? 'O la! Sir,' ſaid he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid 'of any Thing; for I know it is but a Play: And if 'it was really a Ghoſt, it could do one no Harm at 'ſuch a Diſtance, and in ſo much Company; and 'yet if I was frightened, I am not the only Perſon.' 'Why, who,' cries *Jones*, 'doſt thou take to be ſuch 'a Coward here beſides thyſelf?' 'Nay, you may 'call me Coward if you will; but if that little Man 'there upon the Stage is not frightened, I never ſaw 'any Man frightened in my Life. Ay, ay; *go along 'with you!* Ay, to be ſure! Who's Fool then? Will 'you? Lud have Mercy upon ſuch Fool-Hardineſs! '——Whatever happens it is good enough for you '——*Follow you?* I'd follow the Devil as ſoon. Nay, 'perhaps it is the Devil——for they ſay he can put 'on what Likeneſs he pleaſes.—Oh! here he is again. '—*No farther!* No, you have gone far enough al'ready; farther than I'd have gone for all the King's 'Dominions.' *Jones* offered to ſpeak, but *Partridge* cried Huſh, huſh, dear Sir, 'don't you hear him!' And during the whole Speech of the Ghoſt, he ſat with his Eyes fixed partly on the Ghoſt, and partly on *Hamlet*, and with his Mouth open; the ſame Paſſions, which ſucceeded each other in *Hamlet*, ſucceeding likewiſe in him.

When the Scene was over, *Jones* ſaid, 'Why, '*Partridge*, you exceed my Expectations. You en'joy the Play more than I conceived poſſible.' 'Nay, 'Sir,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'If you are not afraid of 'the Devil, I can't help it; but to be ſure it is natu'ral to be ſurprized at ſuch Things, though I know 'there is nothing in them: Not that it was the Ghoſt 'that ſurpriſed me neither; for I ſhould have known 'that to have been only a Man in a ſtrange Dreſs: 'But when I ſaw the little Man ſo frightened himſelf, 'it was that which took Hold of me.' And doſt thou

'imagine

'imagine then, *Partridge*, cries *Jones*, that he was 'really frightened?' 'Nay, Sir, ſaid *Partridge*, did 'not you yourſelf obſerve afterwards, when he found 'out it was his own Father's Spirit, and how he was 'murdered in the Garden, how his Fear forſook him 'by Degrees, and he was ſtruck dumb with Sorrow, 'as it were, juſt as I ſhould have been, had it been 'my own Caſe.——But huſh! O la! What Noiſe is 'that? There he is again.——Well, to be certain, 'though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am 'glad I am not down yonder where thoſe Men are.' Then turning his Eyes again upon *Hamlet*, 'Ay, you 'may draw your Sword; what ſignifies a Sword a-'gainſt the Power of the Devil?'

During the ſecond Act, *Partridge* made very few Remarks. He greatly admired the Fineneſs of the Dreſſes; nor could he help obſerving upon the King's Countenance. Well,' ſaid he, 'how People may be 'deceived by Faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a 'true ſaying. Who would think by looking in the 'King's Face, that he had ever committed a Murder?' He then enquired after the Ghoſt, but *Jones*, who intended he ſhould be ſurprized, gave him no other Satisfaction, than 'that he might poſſibly ſee him a-'gain ſoon, and in a Flaſh of Fire.'

Partridge ſat in fearful Expectation of this; and now, when the Ghoſt made his next Appearance, *Partridge* cried out, 'There, Sir, now; what ſay you 'now? Is he frightened now or no? As much fright-'ened as you think me, and, to be ſure, no Body 'can help ſome Fears, I would not be in ſo bad a 'Condition as what's his Name, Squire *Hamlet*, is 'there, for all thē World. Bleſs me! What's become 'of the Spirit? As I am a living Soul, I thought I 'ſaw him ſink into the Earth.' 'Indeed, you ſaw 'right,' anſwered *Jones*. 'Well, well,' cries *Par-'tridge*, I know it is only a Play; and beſides, if 'there was any Thing in all this, Madam *Miller* 'would

would not laugh ſo: For as to you, Sir, you would 'not be afraid, I believe, if the Devil was here in 'Perſon.—There, there—Ay, no Wonder you are in 'ſuch a Paſſion; ſhake the vile wicked Wretch to 'Pieces, if ſhe was my own Mother I ſhould ſerve her 'ſo. To be ſure, all Duty to a Mother is forfeited 'by ſuch wicked Doings.——Ay, go about your Bu-'ſineſs; I hate the Sight of you.'

Our Critic was now pretty ſilent till the Play which *Hamlet* introduces before the King. This he did not at firſt underſtand, 'till *Jones* explained it to him; but he no ſooner entered into the Spirit of it, than he began to bleſs himſelf that he had never committed Murder. Then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, he aſked her, 'If ſhe did not imagine the King looked as if he was 'touched; though he is, ſaid he, a good Actor, and 'doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have 'ſo much to anſwer for, as that wicked Man there 'hath, to ſit upon a much higher Chair than he ſits 'upon.——No wonder he ran away; for your Sake 'I'll never truſt an innocent Face again.

The Grave-digging Scene next engaged the Attention of *Partridge*, who expreſſed much Surprize at the Number of Skulls thrown upon the Stage. To which *Jones* anſwered, 'That it was one of the moſt famous 'Burial-Places about Town.' No wonder then,' cries *Partridge*, 'that the Place is haunted. But I never 'ſaw in my Life a worſe Grave-digger. I had a Sex-'ton, when I was Clerk, that ſhould have dug three 'Graves while he is digging one. The Fellow 'handles a Spade, as if it was the firſt Time he had 'ever had one in his Hand. Ay, ay, you may ſing. 'You had rather ſing than work, I believe.'——— Upon *Hamlet*'s taking up the Skull, he cry'd out, 'Well, it is ſtrange to ſee how fearleſs ſome Men 'are, I never could bring myſelf to touch any Thing 'belonging to a dead Man on any Account.——He

'ſeemed

'ſeemed frightened enough too at the Ghoſt I 'thought. *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.*

Little more worth remembering occured during the Play; at the End of which *Jones* aſked him, 'which of the Players he had liked beſt?' To this he anſwered, with ſome Appearance of Indignation at the Queſtion, 'The King without Doubt.' 'Indeed, 'Mr. *Partridge*,' ſays Mrs. *Miller*, 'you are not of 'the ſame Opinion with the Town; for they are all 'agreed that *Hamlet* is acted by the beſt Player who 'was ever on the Stage.' 'He the beſt Player!' cries *Partridge* with a contemptuous Sneer, 'why 'I could act as well as he myſelf. I am ſure if I 'had ſeen a Ghoſt, I ſhould have looked in the very 'ſame Manner, and done juſt as he did. And then, 'to be ſure, in that Scene, as you call it, between 'him and his Mother, where you told me he acted 'ſo fine, why, Lord help me, any Man, that is, any 'good Man, that had ſuch a Mother, would have 'done exactly the ſame. I know you are only jo-'king with me; but, indeed, Madam, though I was 'never at a Play in *London*, yet I have ſeen acting 'before in the Country; and the King for my Mo-'ney; he ſpeaks all his Words diſtinctly, half as loud 'again as the other.——Any Body may ſee he is an 'Actor.'

While Mrs. *Miller* was thus engaged in Converſation with *Partridge*, a Lady came up to Mr. *Jones*, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*. She ſaid, ſhe had ſeen him from the other Part of the Gallery, and had taken that Opportunity of ſpeaking to him, as ſhe had ſomething to ſay, which might be of great Service to himſelf. She then acquainted him with her Lodgings, and made him an Appointment the next Day in the Morning; which upon Recollection, ſhe preſently changed to the Afternoon; at which Time *Jones* promiſed to attend her.

Thus

Thus ended the Adventure of the Play-houſe; where *Partridge* had afforded great Mirth, not only to *Jones* and Mrs. *Miller*, but to all who ſat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he ſaid, than to any Thing that paſſed on the Stage.

He durſt not go to Bed all that Night, for Fear of the Ghoſt, and for many Nights after, ſweat two or three Hours before he went to ſleep, with the ſame Apprehenſions, and waked ſeveral Times in great Horrors, crying out, 'Lord have Mercy upon us! 'there it is.'

CHAP. VI. *In which the Hiſtory is obliged to look back.*

IT is almoſt impoſſible for the beſt Parent to obſerve an exact Impartiality to his Children, even though no ſuperior Merit ſhould biaſs his Affection; but ſure a Parent can hardly be blamed, when that Superiority determines his Preference.

As I regard all the Perſonages of this Hiſtory in the Light of my Children, ſo I muſt confeſs the ſame Inclination of Partiality to *Sophia*; and for that I hope the Reader will allow me the ſame Excuſe, from the Superiority of her Character.

This extraordinary Tenderneſs, which I have for my Heroine, never ſuffers me to quit her any long Time without the utmoſt Reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to enquire what hath happened to this lovely Creature ſince her Departure from her Father's, but that I am obliged firſt to pay a ſhort Viſit to Mr. *Bliſil*.

Mr. *Weſtern*, in the firſt Confuſion into which his Mind was caſt, upon the ſudden News he received of his Daughter, and in his firſt Hurry to go after her, had not once thought of ſending any Account of the Diſcovery to *Bliſil*. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himſelf, and accordingly ſtopt

ſtopt at the very firſt Inn he came to, and diſpatched away a Meſſenger to acquaint *Blifil* with his having found *Sophia*, and with his firm Reſolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to Town.

As the Love which *Blifil* had for *Sophia* was of that violent Kind, which nothing but the Loſs of her Fortune, or ſome ſuch Accident, could leſſen, his Inclination to the Match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own Account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this Offer. Indeed he now propoſed the Gratification of a very ſtrong Paſſion beſides Avarice, by marrying this young Lady, and this was Hatred: For he concluded that Matrimony afforded an equal Opportunity of ſatisfying either Hatred or Love; and this Opinion is very probably verified by much Experience. To ſay the Truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary Behaviour of married Perſons to each other, we ſhall perhaps be apt to conclude, that the Generality ſeek the Indulgence of the former Paſſion only in their union of every Thing but of Hearts.

There was one Difficulty, however, in his Way, and this aroſe from Mr. *Allworthy*. That good Man, when he found by the Departure of *Sophia*, (for neither that, nor the Cauſe of it, could be concealed from him) the great Averſion which ſhe had for his Nephew, began to be ſeriouſly concerned that he had been deceived into carrying Matters ſo far. He by no Means concurred with the Opinions of thoſe Parents, who think it as immaterial to conſult the Inclinations of their Children in the Affair of Marriage, as to ſollicit the good Pleaſure of their Servants when they intend to take a Journey; and who are by Law, or Decency at leaſt, withheld often from uſing abſolute Force. On the contrary, as he eſteemed the Inſtitution to be of the moſt ſacred Kind, he thought every preparatory Caution neceſſary to preſerve it holy

holy and inviolate; and very wiſely concluded, that the ſureſt Way to effect this, was by laying the Foundation in previous Affection.

Blifil indeed ſoon cured his Uncle of all Anger on the Score of Deceit, by many Vows and Proteſtations that he had been deceived himſelf, with which the many Declarations of *Weſtern* very well tallied; but now to perſuade *Allworthy* to conſent to the renewing his Addreſſes, was a Matter of ſuch apparent Difficulty, that the very Appearance was ſufficient to have deterred a leſs enterprizing Genius; but this young Gentleman ſo well knew his own Talents, that nothing within the Province of Cunning, ſeemed to him hard to be atchieved.

Here then he repreſented the Violence of his own Affection, and the Hopes of ſubduing Averſion in the Lady by Perſeverance. He begged that, in an Affair on which depended all his future Repoſe, he might at leaſt be at Liberty to try all fair Means for Succeſs. Heaven forbid, he ſaid, that he ſhould ever think of prevailing by any other than the moſt gentle Methods. 'Beſides, Sir, ſaid he, if they fail, you 'may then (which will be ſurely Time enough) deny 'your Conſent.' He urged the great and eager Deſire which Mr. *Weſtern* had for the Match, and laſtly, he made great Uſe of the Name of *Jones*, to whom he imputed all that had happened, and from whom, he ſaid, to preſerve ſo valuable a young Lady was even an Act of Charity.

All theſe Arguments were well ſeconded by *Thwackum*, who dwelt a little ſtronger on the Authority of Parents than Mr. *Blifil* himſelf had done. He aſcribed the Meaſures which Mr. *Blifil* was deſirous to take to Chriſtian Motives; 'and though,' ſays he, 'the good young Gentleman hath mentioned Charity 'laſt, I am almoſt convinced it is his firſt and prin-'cipal Conſideration.'

Square,

Square, poſſibly had he been preſent, would have ſung to the ſame Tune, though in a different Key, and would have diſcovered much more moral Fitneſs in the Proceeding; but he was now gone to *Bath* for the Recovery of his Health.

Allworthy, though not without Reluctance, at laſt yielded to the Deſires of his Nephew. He ſaid, he would accompany him to *London*, where he might be at Liberty to uſe every honeſt Endeavour to gain the Lady: 'But, I declare,' ſaid he, 'I will never 'give my Conſent to any abſolute Force being put 'on her Inclinations, nor ſhall you ever have her, 'unleſs ſhe be brought freely to Compliance.'

Thus did the Affection of *Allworthy* for his Nephew betray the ſuperior Underſtanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the Prudence of the beſt of Heads often defeated by the Tenderneſs of the beſt of Hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhoped-for Acquieſcence in his Uncle, reſted not till he had carried his Purpoſe into Execution. And as no immediate Buſineſs required Mr. *Allworthy*'s Preſence in the Country, and little Preparation is neceſſary to Men for a Journey, they ſet out the very next Day, and arrived in Town that Evening, when Mr. *Jones*, as we have ſeen, was diverting himſelf with *Partridge* at the Play.

The Morning after his Arrival, Mr. *Blifil* waited on Mr. *Weſtern*, by whom he was moſt kindly and graciouſly received, and from whom he had every poſſible Aſſurance (perhaps more than was poſſible) that he ſhould very ſhortly be as happy as *Sophia* could make him; nor would the Squire ſuffer the young Gentleman to return to his Uncle, till he had, almoſt againſt his Will, carried him to his Siſter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII. *In which Mr.* Weſtern *pays a Viſit to his Siſter, in company with Mr.* Blifil.

MRS. *Weſtern* was reading a Lecture on Prudence, and Matrimonial Politics to her Niece, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke in with leſs Ceremony than the Laws of Viſiting require. *Sophia* no ſooner ſaw *Blifil*, than ſhe turned pale, and almoſt loſt the Uſe of all her Faculties; but her Aunt on the contrary waxed red, and, having all her Faculties at Command, began to exert her Tongue on the Squire.

'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am aſtoniſhed at your Behaviour, will you never learn any Regard to Decorum? Will you ſtill look upon every Apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your Country Tenants? Do you think yourſelf at Liberty to invade the Privacies of Women of Condition, without the leaſt Decency or Notice?'——'Why, what a Pox! is the Matter now, quoth the Squire, one would think, I had caught you at——None of your Brutality, Sir, I beſeech you,' anſwered ſhe. ——'You have ſurprized my poor Niece ſo, that ſhe can hardly, I ſee, ſupport herſelf.——Go, my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your Spirits; for I ſee you have Occaſion.' At which Words, *Sophia*, who never received a more welcome Command, haſtily withdrew.

To be ſure, Siſter,' cries the Squire, 'you are mad, when I have brought Mr. *Blifil* here to court her, to force her away.

'Sure, Brother,' ſays ſhe, 'you are worſe than mad, when you know in what Situation Affairs are, to——I am ſure, I aſk Mr. *Blifil* pardon, but he knows very well to whom to impute ſo diſagreeable a Reception. For my own Part, I am ſure, I ſhall always be very glad to ſee Mr. *Blifil*; but his own

'good

'good Senſe would not have ſuffered him to proceed 'ſo abruptly, had you not compelled him to it.'

Blifil bowed and ſtammered, and looked like a Fool; but *Weſtern*, without giving him Time to form a Speech for the Purpoſe, anſwered, 'Well, well, 'I am to blame if you will, I always am, certainly; 'but come, let the Girl be fetched back again, or let 'Mr. *Blifil* go to her——He's come up on Purpoſe, 'and there is no Time to be loſt.'

'Brother,' cries Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'Mr. *Blifil*, I 'am confident, underſtands himſelf better than to 'think of ſeeing my Niece any more this Morning 'after what hath happened. Women are of a nice 'Contexture, and our Spirits when diſordered are 'not to be recompoſed in a Moment. Had you ſuf-'fered Mr. *Blifil* to have ſent his Compliments to 'my Niece, and to have deſired the Favour of wait-'ing on her in the Afternoon, I ſhould poſſibly have 'prevailed on her to have ſeen him: but now I de-'ſpair of bringing about any ſuch Matter.

'I am very ſorry, Madam,' cried *Blifil*, 'that 'Mr. *Weſtern*'s extraordinary Kindneſs to me, which 'I can never enough acknowledge, ſhould have oc-'caſioned——' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe interrupting him, 'you need make no Apologies, we all know 'my Brother ſo well.'

'I don't care what any Body knows of me,' an-ſwered the Squire,—'but when muſt he come to ſee 'her? for conſider, I tell you, he is come up on 'purpoſe, and ſo is *Allworthy*.' 'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'whatever Meſſage Mr. *Blifil* thinks proper to 'ſend to my Niece, ſhall be delivered to her, and I 'ſuppoſe ſhe will want no Inſtructions to make a 'proper Anſwer. I am convinced ſhe will not refuſe 'to ſee Mr. *Blifil* at a proper Time.'——'The De-'vil ſhe won't,' anſwered the Squire.——'Odſbud! '——Don't we know——I ſay nothing, but ſome 'Volk are wiſer than all the World.——If I might

'have

'have had my Will, ſhe had not run away before: 'And now I expect to hear every Moment ſhe is 'guone again. For as great a Fool as ſome Volk 'think me, I know very well ſhe hates'——'No 'Matter, Brother,' replied Mrs. *Weſtern*. 'I will 'not hear my Niece abuſed. It is a Reflection on 'my Family. She is an Honour to it, and ſhe will 'be an Honour to it, I promiſe you. I will pawn 'my whole Reputation in the World on her Conduct. '——I ſhall be glad to ſee you, Brother, in the Af-'ternoon; for I have ſomewhat of Importance to 'mention to you.——At preſent Mr. *Blifil*, as 'well as you, muſt excuſe me, for I am in haſte to 'dreſs.'——'Well but,' ſaid the Squire, 'do, ap-'point a Time.'——'Indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can ap-'point no Time.——I tell you, I will ſee you in 'the Afternoon.'——'What the Devil would you 'have me do,' cries the Squire, turning to *Blifil*, 'I 'can no muore turn her, than a Beagle can turn an 'old Hare. Perhaps, ſhe will be in a better Hu-'mour in the Afternoon.'——'I am condemned, I 'ſee, Sir, to Misfortune,' anſwered *Blifil*, 'but I 'ſhall always own my Obligations to you.'——He then took a ceremonious Leave of Mrs. *Weſtern*, who was altogether as ceremonious on her Part, and then they departed, the Squire muttering to himſelf, with an Oath, that *Blifil* ſhould ſee his Daughter in the Afternoon.

If Mr. *Weſtern* was little pleaſed with this Interview, *Blifil* was leſs. As to the former, he imputed the whole Behaviour of his Siſter to her Humour only, and to her Diſſatisfaction at the Omiſſion of Ceremony in the Viſit; but *Blifil* ſaw a little deeper into Things. He ſuſpected ſomewhat of more Conſequence, from two or three Words which dropt from the Lady; and to ſay the Truth, he ſuſpected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the ſeveral Matters which will be contained in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII. *Schemes of Lady* Bellaſton *for the Ruin of* Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a Root in the Mind of Lord *Fellamar* to be plucked up by the rude Hands of Mr. *Weſtern*. In the Heat of Reſentment he had indeed given a Commiſſion to Captain *Egglane*, which the Captain had far exceeded in the Execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his Lordſhip been able to find the Captain after he had ſeen Lady *Bellaſton*, which was in the Afternoon of the Day after he had received the Affront; but ſo induſtrious was the Captain in the Diſcharge of his Duty, that having, after long Enquiry, found out the Squire's Lodgings very late in the Evening, he ſat up all Night at a Tavern, that he might not miſs the Squire in the Morning, and by that Means miſſed the Revocation which my Lord had ſent to his Lodgings.

In the Afternoon then next after the intended Rape of *Sophia*, his Lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a Viſit to Lady *Bellaſton*, who laid open ſo much of the Character of the Squire, that his Lordſhip plainly ſaw the Abſurdity he had been guilty of taking any Offence at his Words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable Deſigns on his Daughter. He then unboſomed the violence of his Paſſion to Lady *Bellaſton*, who readily undertook the Cauſe, and encouraged him with certain Aſſurance of a moſt favourable Reception, from all the Elders of the Family, and from the Father himſelf when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the Nature of the Offer made to his Daughter. The only Danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the Fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a Beggar and a Vagabond, had by ſome Means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable Cloaths, and paſt for a Gentleman. 'Now,' ſays ſhe, 'as I have, for the Sake of my Couſin, made

'it

'it my Buſineſs to enquire after this Fellow, I have 'luckily found out his Lodging;' with which ſhe then acquainted his Lordſhip. 'I am thinking, my 'Lord,' added ſhe, '(for this Fellow is too mean 'for your perſonal Reſentment) whether it would 'not be poſſible for your Lordſhip to contrive ſome 'Method of having him preſſed and ſent on board a 'Ship. Neither Law nor Conſcience forbids this 'Project: For the Fellow, I promiſe you, however 'well dreſt, is but a Vagabond, and as proper as any 'Fellow in the Streets to be preſſed into the Service; 'and as for the conſcientious Part, ſurely the Preſer-'vation of a young Lady from ſuch Ruin is a moſt 'meritorious Act; nay, with regard to the Fellow 'himſelf, unleſs he could ſucceed (which Heaven for-'bid) with my Couſin, it may probably be the means 'of preſerving him from the Gallows, and perhaps 'may make his Fortune in an honeſt Way.'

Lord *Fellamar* very heartily thanked her Ladyſhip, for the Part which ſhe was pleaſed to take in the Affair, upon the Succeſs of which his whole future Happineſs entirely depended. He ſaid, he ſaw at preſent no Objection to the preſſing Scheme, and would conſider of putting it in Execution. He then moſt earneſtly recommended to her Ladyſhip to do him the Honour of immediately mentioning his Propoſals to the Family; to whom, he ſaid, he offered a *Carte Blanche*, and would ſettle his Fortune in almoſt any Manner they ſhould require. And after uttering many Extaſies and Raptures concerning *Sophia*, he took his Leave and departed, but not before he had received the ſtrongeſt Charge to beware of *Jones*, and to loſe no Time in ſecuring his Perſon, where he ſhould no longer be in a Capacity of making any Attempts to the Ruin of the young Lady.

The Moment Mrs. *Weſtern* was arrived at her Lodgings, a Card was diſpatched with her Compliments to Lady *Bellaſton*; who no ſooner received it, than

than with the Impatience of a Lover, ſhe flew to her Couſin, rejoiced at the fair Opportunity, which beyond her Hopes offered itſelf; for ſhe was much better pleaſed with the Proſpect of making the Propoſals to a Woman of Senſe, and who knew the World, than to a Gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the Appellation of *Hottentot*; though indeed from him ſhe apprehended no Danger of a Refuſal.

The two Ladies being met, after very ſhort previous Ceremonials, fell to Buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs. *Weſtern* no ſooner heard the Name of Lord *Fellamar* than her Cheeks glowed with Pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the Eagerneſs of his Paſſion, the Earneſtneſs of his Propoſals, and the Generoſity of his Offer, ſhe declared her full Satisfaction in the moſt explicit Terms.

In the Progreſs of their Converſation their Diſcourſe turned to *Jones*, and both Couſins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate Attachment, which, both agreed, *Sophia* had to that young Fellow; and Mrs. *Weſtern* entirely attributed it to the Folly of her Brother's Management. She concluded however at laſt, with declaring her Confidence in the good Underſtanding of her Niece, who though ſhe would not give up her Affection in Favour of *Blifil*, will, I doubt not, ſays ſhe, ſoon be prevailed upon to ſacrifice a ſimple Inclination to the Addreſſes of a fine Gentleman, who brings her both a Title and a large Eſtate: 'For 'indeed,' added ſhe, 'I muſt do *Sophy* the Juſtice 'to confeſs, this *Blifil* is but a hideous kind of Fel-'low, as you know, *Bellaſton*, all Country Gentle-'men are, and hath nothing but his Fortune to re-'commend him.'

'Nay,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'I don't then ſo much 'wonder at my Couſin; for I promiſe you this *Jones* 'is a very agreeable Fellow, and hath one Virtue 'which the Men ſay is a great Recommendation to

'us. What do you think *Bell*—I ſhall certainly make 'you laugh; nay, I can hardly tell you myſelf for 'laughing?—Will you believe that the Fellow hath 'had the Aſſurance to make Love to me? But if you 'ſhould be inclined to diſbelieve it, here is Evidence 'enough, his own Hand-writing, I aſſure you.' She then delivered her Couſin the Letter with the Propoſals of Marriage, which if the Reader hath a Deſire to ſee, he will find already on Record in the XVth Book of this Hiſtory.

'Upon my Word, I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'this is indeed a Maſter-piece of Aſſurance. 'With your leave, I may poſſibly make ſome uſe of 'this Letter.' 'You have my full Liberty,' cries Lady *Bellaſton*, 'to apply it to what Purpoſe you 'pleaſe. However, I would not have it ſhewn to 'any but Miſs *Weſtern*, nor to her unleſs you find 'Occaſion.' 'Well, and how did you uſe the Fel-'low?' returned Mrs. *Weſtern*. 'Not as a Huſ-'band,' ſaid the Lady, 'I am not married, I pro-'miſe you, my Dear. You know, *Bell*, I have 'try'd the Comforts once already, and once I think 'is enough for any reaſonable Woman.'

This Letter Lady *Bellaſton* thought would certainly turn the Ballance againſt *Jones* in the Mind of *Sophia*, and ſhe was emboldened to give it up, partly by her Hopes of having him inſtantly diſpatched out of the Way, and partly by having ſecured the Evidence of *Honour*, who, upon ſounding her, ſhe ſaw ſufficient Reaſon to imagine, was prepared to teſtify whatever ſhe pleaſed.

But perhaps the Reader may wonder why Lady *Bellaſton*, who in her Heart hated *Sophia*, ſhould be ſo deſirous of promoting a Match, which was ſo much to the Intereſt of the young Lady. Now I would deſire ſuch Readers to look carefully into human Nature, Page almoſt the laſt, and there he will find, in ſcarce legible Characters, that Women, notwithſtanding

withſtanding the prepoſterous Behaviour of Mothers, Aunts, &c. in Matrimonial Matters, do in Reality think it ſo great a Misfortune to have their Inclinations in Love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry Enmity higher than upon theſe Diſappointments; again he will find it written, much about the ſame Place, that a Woman who hath once been pleaſed with the Poſſeſſion of a Man, will go above half way to the Devil, to prevent any other Woman from enjoying the ſame.

If he will not be contented with theſe Reaſons, I freely confeſs I ſee no other Motive to the Actions of that Lady, unleſs we will conceive ſhe was bribed by Lord *Fellamar*, which for my own Part I ſee no Cauſe to ſuſpect.

Now this was the Affair which Mrs. *Weſtern* was preparing to introduce to *Sophia*, by ſome prefatory Diſcourſe on the Folly of Love, and on the Wiſdom of legal Proſtitution for Hire, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke abruptly upon her; and hence aroſe all that Coldneſs in her Behaviour to *Blifil*, which tho' the Squire, as was uſual with him, imputed to a wrong Cauſe, infuſed into *Blifil* himſelf, (he being a much more cunning Man,) a Suſpicion of the real Truth.

CHAP. IX. *In which* Jones *pays a Viſit to Mrs.* Fitzpatrick.

THE Reader may now perhaps be pleaſed to return with us to Mr. *Jones*, who at the appointed Hour attended on Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but before we relate the Converſation which now paſt, it may be proper, according to our Method, to return a little back, and to account for ſo great an Alteration of Behaviour in this Lady, that from changing her Lodging principally to avoid Mr. *Jones*, ſhe had now induſtriouſly, as hath been ſeen, ſought this Interview.

And here we ſhall need only to reſort to what happened the preceding Day, when hearing from Lady *Bellaſton*, that Mr. *Weſtern* was arrived in Town, ſhe went to pay her Duty to him, at his Lodgings at *Piccadilly*, when ſhe was received with many ſcurvy Compellations too coarſe to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of Doors. From hence an old Servant of her Aunt *Weſtern*, with whom ſhe was well acquainted, conducted her to the Lodgings of that Lady, who treated her, not more kindly, but more politely; or, to ſay the Truth, with Rudeneſs in another Way. In ſhort, ſhe returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her Scheme of Reconciliation had proved abortive, but that ſhe muſt for ever give over all Thoughts of bringing it about by any Means whatever. From this Moment Deſire of Revenge only filled her Mind; and in this Temper meeting *Jones* at the Play, an Opportunity ſeemed to her to occur of effecting this Purpoſe.

The Reader muſt remember, that he was acquainted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* in the Account ſhe gave of her own Story, with the Fondneſs Mrs. *Weſtern* had formerly ſhewn for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at *Bath*, from the Diſappointment of which, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* derived the great Bitterneſs her Aunt had expreſſed toward her. She had therefore no Doubt but that the good Lady would as eaſily liſten to the Addreſſes of Mr. *Jones*, as ſhe had before done to the other; for the Superiority of Charms, was clearly on the ſide of Mr. *Jones*, and the Advance which her Aunt had ſince made in Age, ſhe concluded (how juſtly I will not ſay) was an Argument rather in Favour of her Project than againſt it.

Therefore, when *Jones* attended, after a previous Declaration of her Deſire of ſerving him, ariſing, as ſhe ſaid, from a firm Aſſurance how much ſhe ſhould by ſo doing oblige *Sophia*; and after ſome Excuſes for her former Diſappointment, and after acquainting Mr.

Mr. *Jones* in whoſe Cuſtody his Miſtreſs was, of which ſhe thought him ignorant; ſhe very explicitly mentioned her Scheme to him, and adviſed him to make ſham Addreſſes to the older Lady, in order to procure an eaſy Acceſs to the Younger, informing him at the ſame Time of the Succeſs which Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had formerly owed to the very ſame Stratagem.

Mr *Jones* expreſt great Gratitude to the Lady for the kind Intentions towards him which ſhe had expreſſed, and indeed teſtified, by this Propoſal; but beſides intimating ſome Diffidence of Succeſs from the Lady's Knowledge of his Love to her Niece, which had not been her Caſe in regard to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, he ſaid, he was afraid Miſs *Weſtern* would never agree to an Impoſition of this Kind, as well from her utter Deteſtation of all Fallacy, as from her avowed Duty to her Aunt.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was a little nettled at this; and indeed, if it may not be called a Lapſe of the Tongue, it was a ſmall Deviation from Politeneſs in *Jones*, and into which he would ſcarce have fallen, had not the Delight he felt in praiſing *Sophia*, hurried him out of all Reflection; for this Commendation of one Couſin was more than a tacit Rebuke on the other.

'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered the Lady, with ſome Warmth, 'I cannot think there is any thing eaſier 'than to cheat an old Woman with a Profeſſion of 'Love, when her Complexion is amorous; and 'tho' ſhe is my Aunt, I muſt ſay, there never was a 'more liquoriſh one than her Ladyſhip. Can't you 'pretend that the Deſpair of poſſeſſing her Niece 'from her being promiſed to *Blifil*, has made you 'turn your Thoughts towards her? As to my Couſin '*Sophia*, I can't imagine her to be ſuch a Simpleton 'as to have the leaſt Scruple on ſuch an Account, 'or to conceive any Harm in puniſhing one of theſe

'Haggs for the many Miſchiefs they bring upon Families, by their Tragi-comic Paſſions; for which 'I think it is pity they were not puniſhable by Law. 'I had no ſuch Scruple myſelf, and yet I hope my 'Couſin *Sophia* will not think it an Affront when I 'ſay ſhe cannot deteſt every real Species of Falſhood 'more than her Couſin *Fitzpatrick*. To my Aunt 'indeed I pretend no Duty, nor doth ſhe deſerve 'any. However, Sir, I have given you my Advice, 'and if you decline purſuing it, I ſhall have the leſs 'Opinion of your Underſtanding, that's all.'

Jones now clearly ſaw the Error he had committed, and exerted his utmoſt Power to rectify it; but he only faltered and fluttered into Nonſenſe and Contradiction. To ſay the Truth, it is often ſafer to abide by the Conſequences of the firſt Blunder, than to endeavour to rectify it; for by ſuch Endeavours, we generally plunge deeper inſtead of extricating ourſelves; and few Perſons will, on ſuch Occaſions, have the good Nature which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* diſplayed to *Jones*; by ſaying, with a Smile, 'You need 'attempt no more Excuſes; for I can eaſily forgive a 'real Lover, whatever is the Effect of Fondneſs for 'his Miſtreſs.'

She then renewed her Propoſal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no Argument which her Invention could ſuggeſt on the Subject, for ſhe was ſo violently incenſed againſt her Aunt, that ſcarce any Thing was capable of affording her equal Pleaſure with expoſing her, and, like a true Woman, ſhe would ſee no Difficulties in the Execution of a favourite Scheme.

Jones, however, perſiſted in declining the Undertaking, which had not indeed the leaſt Probability of Succeſs. He eaſily perceived the Motives which induced Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* to be ſo eager in preſſing her Advice. He ſaid he would not deny the tender and paſſionate Regard he had for *Sophia*; but was ſo conſcious

ſcious of the Inequality of their Situations, that he could never flatter himſelf ſo far, as to hope that ſo divine a young Lady would condeſcend to think on one ſo unworthy; nay, he proteſted he could ſcarce bring himſelf to wiſh ſhe ſhould. He concluded with a Profeſſion of generous Sentiments, which we have not at preſent Leiſure to inſert.

There are ſome fine Women (for I dare not here ſpeak in too general Terms) with whom ſelf is ſo predominant, that they never detach it from any Subject; and as Vanity is with them a ruling Principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever Praiſe they meet with; and, though the Property of others, convey it to their own Uſe. In the Company of theſe Ladies it is impoſſible to ſay any Thing handſome of another Woman, which they will not apply to themſelves; nay they often improve the Praiſe they ſeize; as for Inſtance, if her Beauty, her Wit, her Gentility, her Good Humour, deſerve ſo much Commendation, what do I deſerve who poſſeſs thoſe Qualities in ſo much more eminent a Degree?

To theſe Ladies a Man often recommends himſelf while he is commending another Woman; and while he is expreſſing Ardour and generous Sentiments for his Miſtreſs, they are conſidering what a charming Lover this Man would make to them, who can feel all this Tenderneſs for an inferior Degree of Merit. Of this, ſtrange as it may ſeem, I have ſeen many Inſtances beſides Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a Somewhat for Mr. *Jones*, the Symptoms of which ſhe much ſooner underſtood than poor *Sophia* had formerly done.

To ſay the Truth, perfect beauty in both Sexes is a more irreſiſtible Object than it is generally thought; for notwithſtanding ſome of us are contented with more homely Lots, and learn by Rote (as Children to repeat what gives them no Idea) to deſpiſe Out-

ſide, and to value more ſolid Charms; yet I have always obſerved, at the Approach of conſummate Beauty, that theſe more ſolid Charms only ſhine with that Kind of Luſtre, which the Stars have after the Riſing of the Sun.

When *Jones* had finiſhed his Exclamations, many of which would have become the Mouth of *Oroondates* himſelf, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* heaved a deep Sigh, and taking her Eyes off from *Jones*, on whom they had been ſome Time fixed, and dropping them on the Ground, ſhe cry'd, 'Indeed, Mr. *Jones*, I pity you; 'but it is the Curſe of ſuch Tenderneſs to be thrown 'away on thoſe who are inſenſible of it. I know 'my Couſin better than you, Mr. *Jones*, and I muſt 'ſay, any Woman who makes no Return to ſuch a 'Paſſion and ſuch a Perſon, is unworthy of both.'

'Sure, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'you can't mean'— 'Mean!' cries Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, 'I know not what 'I mean: there is ſomething, I think, in true Ten- 'derneſs bewitching; few Women ever meet with 'it in Men, and fewer ſtill know how to value it when 'they do. I never heard ſuch truly noble Sentiments, 'and I can't tell how it is, but you force one to be- 'lieve you. Sure ſhe muſt be the moſt contemptible 'of Women who can overlook ſuch Merit.'

The Manner and Look with which all this was ſpoke, infuſed a Suſpicion into *Jones*, which we don't care to convey in direct Words to the Reader. Inſtead of making any Anſwer, he ſaid, 'I am afraid, 'Madam, I have made too tireſome a Viſit,' and offered to take his Leave.

'Not at all, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.— 'Indeed I pity you, Mr. *Jones*, indeed I do; but if 'you are going, conſider the Scheme I mentioned, 'I am convinced you will approve it, and let me ſee 'you again as ſoon as you can.——To-morrow 'Morning if you will, or at leaſt ſome Time To- 'morrow. I ſhall be at Home all Day.'

Jones

Jones then, after many Expreſſions of Thanks, very reſpectfully retired; nor could Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* forbear making a Preſent of a Look at parting, by which if he had underſtood nothing, he muſt have had no Underſtanding in the Language of the Eyes. In reality, it confirmed his Reſolution of returning to her no more; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this Hiſtory, his whole Thoughts were now ſo confined to his *Sophia*, that I believe no Woman upon Earth could have now drawn him into an Act of Inconſtancy.

Fortune, however, who was not his Friend, reſolved, as he intended to give her no ſecond Opportunity, to make the beſt of this; and accordingly produced the tragical Incident which we are now in ſorrowful Notes to record.

CHAP. X. *The Conſequence of the preceding Viſit.*

MR. *Fitzpatrick* having received the Letter before-mentioned, from Mrs. *Weſtern*, and being by that Means acquainted with the Place to which his Wife was retired, returned directly to *Bath*, and thence the Day afterwards ſet forwards to *London*.

The Reader hath been already often informed of the jealous Temper of this Gentleman. He may likewiſe be pleaſed to remember the Suſpicion which he had at *Upton* conceived of *Jones*, upon his finding him in the Room with Mrs. *Waters*; and though ſufficient Reaſons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear that Suſpicion, yet now reading ſo handſome a Character of Mr. *Jones* from his Wife, cauſed him to reflect that ſhe likewiſe was in the Inn at the ſame Time, and jumbling together ſuch a Confuſion of Circumſtances in a Head which was naturally none of the cleareſt, that the Whole produced that green-

ey'd Monſter mentioned by *Shakeſpear* in his Tragedy of *Othello*.

And now, as he was enquiring in the Street after his Wife, and had juſt received Directions to the Door, unfortunately Mr. *Jones* was iſſuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the Face of *Jones*; however, ſeeing a young well-dreſt Fellow coming from his Wife, he made directly up to him, and aſked him what he had been doing in that Houſe: 'For I 'am ſure, ſaid he, you muſt have been in it, as I ſaw 'you come out of it.'

Jones anſwered very modeſtly, 'That he had been 'viſiting a Lady there.' To which *Fitzpatrick* replied, 'What Buſineſs have you with the Lady?' Upon which *Jones*, who now perfectly remembered the Voice, Features, and indeed Coat of the Gentleman, cried out,——'Ha, my good Friend! give me 'your Hand; I hope there is no ill Blood remaining 'between us upon a ſmall Miſtake which happened 'ſo long ago.'

'Upon my Soul, Sir,' ſaid *Fitzpatrick*, 'I don't 'know your Name, nor your Face.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid *Jones*, 'neither have I the Pleaſure of knowing 'your Name, but your Face I very well remember to 'have ſeen before, at *Upton*, where a fooliſh Quar'rel happened between us, which, if it is not made 'up yet, we will now make up over a Bottle.'

At *Upton!*' cried the other.—'Ha! upon my Soul, 'I believe your Name is *Jones*.' 'Indeed, anſwered he, 'it is.'—'O, upon my Soul,' cries *Fitzpatrick*, 'you are the very Man I wanted to meet.——Upon 'my Soul, I will drink a Bottle with you preſently; 'but firſt I will give you a great Knock over the Pate. 'There is for you, you Raſcal. Upon my Soul, if 'you do not give me Satisfaction for that Blow, I 'will give you another.' And then drawing his Sword, puts himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, which was the only Science he underſtood.

Jones

Jones was a little ſtaggered by the Blow, which came ſomewhat unexpectedly; but preſently recovering himſelf, he alſo drew; and tho' he underſtood nothing of Fencing, preſt on ſo boldly upon *Fitzpatrick*, that he beat down his Guard, and ſheathed one half of his Sword in the Body of the ſaid Gentleman, who had no ſooner received it than he ſtept backwards, dropt the Point of his Sword, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I 'have Satisfaction enough; I am a dead Man.'

'I hope not,' cries *Jones*, 'but whatever be the 'Conſequence, you muſt be ſenſible you have drawn 'it upon yourſelf.' At this Inſtant a Number of Fellows ruſhed in and ſeized *Jones*, who told them he ſhould make no Reſiſtance, and begged ſome of them at leaſt would take Care of the wounded Gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the Fellows, 'the wounded Gen-'tleman will be taken Care enough of; for I ſuppoſe 'he hath not many Hours to live. As for you, Sir, 'you have a Month at leaſt good yet.' 'D—n me, '*Jack*,' ſaid another, 'he hath prevented his Voyage; 'he's bound to another Port now;' and many other ſuch Jeſts was our poor *Jones* made the Subject of, by theſe Fellows, who were indeed the Gang employed by Lord *Fellamar*, and had dogged him into the Houſe of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, waiting for him at the Corner of the Street when this unfortunate Accident happened.

The Officer who commanded this Gang very wiſely concluded, that his Buſineſs was now to deliver his Priſoner into the Hands of the Civil Magiſtrate. He ordered him therefore to be carried to a public Houſe, where having ſent for a Conſtable, he delivered him to his Cuſtody.

The Conſtable ſeeing Mr. *Jones* very well dreſt, and hearing that the Accident had happened in a Duel, treated his Priſoner with great Civility, and at his Requeſt, diſpatched a Meſſenger to enquire after the wounded Gentleman, who was now at a Tavern under the Surgeon's Hands. The Report brought back

was,

was, that the Wound was certainly mortal, and there were no Hopes of Life. Upon which the Conſtable informed *Jones*, that he muſt go before a Juſtice. He anſwered, 'Wherever you pleaſe; I am indiffe-'rent as to what happens to me; for tho' I am con-'vinced I am not guilty of Murder in the Eye of the 'Law, yet the Weight of Blood I find intolerable 'upon my Mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the Juſtice, where the Surgeon who dreſt Mr. *Fitzpatrick* appeared, and depoſed that he believed the Wound to be mortal; upon which the Priſoner was committed to the *Gate-houſe*. It was very late at Night, ſo that *Jones* would not ſend for *Partridge* till the next Morning; and as he never ſhut his Eyes till Seven, ſo it was near Twelve before the poor Fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his Maſter ſo long, received a Meſſage which almoſt deprived him of his Being, when he heard it.

He went to the *Gate-houſe* with trembling Knees and a beating Heart, and was no ſooner arrived in the Preſence of *Jones*, than he lamented the Misfortune that had befallen him with many Tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great Terror; for as the News now arrived that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was dead, the poor Fellow apprehended every Minute that his Ghoſt would enter the Room. At laſt he delivered him a Letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from *Sophia* by the Hands of *Black George*.

Jones preſently diſpatched every one out of the Room, and having eagerly broke open the Letter, read as follows.

'You owe the hearing from me again to an Ac-'cident which I own ſurprizes me. My Aunt hath 'juſt now ſhewn me a Letter from you to Lady *Bel-'laſton*, which contains a Propoſal of Marriage. I 'am convinced it is your own Hand; and what more

'ſurprizes

'ſurprizes me is, that it is dated at the very Time 'when you would have me imagine you was under 'ſuch Concern on my Account.——I leave you to 'comment on this Fact. All I deſire is, that your 'Name may never more be mentioned to

'*S. W.*'

Of the preſent Situation of Mr. *Jones*'s Mind, and of the Pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the Reader a better Idea, than by ſaying his Miſery was ſuch, that even *Thwackum* would almoſt have pitied him. But bad as it is, we ſhall at preſent leave him in it, as his good Genius (if he really had any) ſeems to have done. And here we put an End to the ſixteenth Book of our Hiſtory.

BOOK XVII. *Containing three Days.*

CHAP. I. *Containing a Portion of introductory Writing.*

WHEN a Comic Writer hath made his principal Characters as happy as he can; or when a Tragic Writer hath brought them to the higheſt Pitch of human Miſery, they both conclude their Buſineſs to be done, and that their Work is come to a Period.

Had we been of the Tragic Complexion, the Reader muſt allow we were now very nearly arrived at this Period, ſince it would be difficult for the Devil, or any of his Repreſentatives on Earth, to have contrived much greater Torments for poor *Jones*, than thoſe to which we left him in the laſt Chapter; and as for *Sophia*, a good-natured Woman would hardly wiſh more Uneaſineſs to a Rival, than what ſhe muſt at preſent be ſuppoſed to feel. What then remains to complete the

the Tragedy but a Murder or two, and a few moral Sentences?

But to bring our Favourites out of their preſent Anguiſh and Diſtreſs, and to land them at laſt on the Shore of Happineſs, ſeems a much harder Taſk; a Taſk indeed ſo hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In Regard to *Sophia* it is more than probable, that we ſhall ſomewhere or other provide a good Huſband for her in the End, either *Blifil*, or my Lord, or Somebody elſe; but as to poor *Jones*, ſuch are the Calamities in which he is at preſent involved, owing to his Imprudence, by which if a Man doth not become a Felon to the World, he is at leaſt a *Felo de ſe*; ſo deſtitute is he now of Friends, and ſo perſecuted by Enemies, that we almoſt Deſpair of bringing him to any good; and if our Reader delights in ſeeing Executions, I think he ought not to loſe any Time in taking a firſt Row at *Tyburn*.

This I faithfully promiſe, that notwithſtanding any Affection which we may be ſuppoſed to have for this Rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our Hero, we will lend him none of that ſupernatural Aſſiſtance with which we are entruſted, upon Condition that we uſe it only on very important Occaſions. If he doth not therefore find ſome natural Means of fairly extricating himſelf from all his Diſtreſſes, we will do no Violence to the Truth and Dignity of Hiſtory for his Sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at *Tyburn* (which may very probably be the Caſe) than forfeit our Integrity, or ſhock the Faith of our Reader.

In this the Antients had a great Advantage over the Moderns. Their Mythology, which was at that Time more firmly believed by the Vulgar than any Religion is at preſent, gave them always an Opportunity of delivering a favourite Hero. Their Deities were always ready at the Writer's Elbow, to execute any of his Purpoſes; and the more extraordinary the

Invention

Invention was, the greater was the Surprize and Delight of the credulous Reader. Thoſe Writers could with greater Eaſe have conveyed a Friend from one Country to another, nay, from one World to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumſcribed Modern can deliver him from a Gaol.

The *Arabians* and *Perſians* had an equal Advantage of Writing their Tales from the *Genii* and *Fairies*, which they believe in as an Article of their Faith, upon the Authority of the *Koran* itſelf. To natural Means alone we are confined; let us try therefore what by theſe Means may be done for poor *Jones*; though, to confeſs the Truth, ſomething whiſpers me in the Ear, that he doth not yet know the worſt of his Fortune; and that a more ſhocking Piece of News than any he hath yet heard remains for him in the unopened Leaves of Fate.

CHAP. II. *The generous and grateful Behaviour of Mrs.* Miller.

MR. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* were juſt ſat down to Breakfaſt, when *Blifil*, who had gone out very early that Morning, returned to make one of the Company.

He had not been long ſeated before he began as follows: 'Good Lord! my dear Uncle, what do you 'think hath happened? I vow I am afraid of telling 'you, for fear of ſhocking you with the Remem-'brance of ever having ſhewn any Kindneſs to ſuch 'a Villain. 'What is the Matter, Child, ſaid the 'Uncle, I fear I have ſhewn Kindneſs in my Life 'to the Unworthy more than once. But Charity 'doth not adopt the Vices of its Objects.' 'O, Sir, 'returned *Blifil*, it is not without the ſecret Direc-'on of Providence that you mentioned the Word 'Adoption. Your adopted Son, Sir, that *Jones*, 'that Wretch whom you nouriſhed in your Boſom, 'hath

'hath proved one of the greateſt Villains upon Earth.' 'By all that's ſacred, 'tis falſe,' cries Mrs. *Miller*. 'Mr. *Jones* is no Villain. He is one of the worthieſt Creatures breathing; and if any other Perſon 'had called him Villain, I would have thrown all 'this boiling Water in his Face.' Mr. *Allworthy* looked very much amazed at this Behaviour. But ſhe did not give him Leave to ſpeak, before turning to him, ſhe cry'd, 'I hope you will not be angry 'with me; I would not offend you, Sir, for the 'World; but indeed I could not bear to hear him 'called ſo.' 'I muſt own, Madam,' ſaid *Allworthy* very gravely, 'I am a little ſurprized to hear you 'ſo warmly defend a Fellow you do not know.' 'O 'I do know him, Mr. *Allworthy*,' ſaid ſhe, 'indeed 'I do; I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful of all 'Wretches if I denied it. O he hath preſerved me 'and my little Family; we have all Reaſon to bleſs 'him while we live.——And pray Heaven to bleſs 'him, and turn the Hearts of his malicious Enemies. 'I know, I find, I ſee he hath ſuch.' 'You ſurprize me, Madam, ſtill more,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'ſure you muſt mean ſome other. It is impoſſible 'you ſhould have any ſuch Obligations to the Man 'my Nephew mentions.' 'Too ſurely,' anſwered ſhe, 'I have Obligations to him of the greateſt and 'tendereſt Kind. He hath been the Preſerver of 'me and mine.——Believe me, Sir, he hath been 'abuſed, groſly abuſed to you, I know he hath, or 'you, whom I know to be all Goodneſs and Honour, would not, after the many kind and tender 'Things I have heard you ſay of this poor helpleſs 'Child, have ſo diſdainfully called him Fellow. Indeed, my beſt of Friends, he deſerves a kinder 'Appellation from you, had you heard the good, the 'kind, the grateful Things which I have heard him 'utter of you; he never mentions your Name but 'with a Sort of Adoration. In this very Room I have

'ſeen

'ſeen him on his Knees imploring all the Bleſſings 'of Heaven upon your Head. I do not love that 'Child there better than he loves you.'

'I ſee, Sir, now,' ſaid *Blifil*, with one of thoſe grinning Sneers with which the Devil marks his beſt Beloved, 'Mrs. *Miller* really don't know him. I 'ſuppoſe you will find ſhe is not the only one of your 'Acquaintance to whom he hath expoſed you. As 'for my Character, I perceive by ſome Hints ſhe 'hath thrown out, he hath been very free with it, 'but I forgive him.' 'And the Lord forgive you, 'Sir,' ſays Mrs. *Miller*, 'we have all Sins enough 'to ſtand in Need of his Forgiveneſs.'

'Upon my Word, Mrs. *Miller*,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I do not take this Behaviour of your's to my Ne-'phew, kindly; and I do aſſure you as any Reflec-'tion which you can caſt upon him muſt come only 'from that wickedeſt of Men, they would only ſerve, 'if that were poſſible, to heighten my Reſentment 'againſt him: For I muſt tell you, Mrs. *Miller*, 'the young Man, who now ſtands before you, hath 'ever been the warmeſt Advocate for the ungrateful 'Wretch whoſe Cauſe you eſpouſe. This, I think, 'when you hear it from my own Mouth, will 'make you wonder at ſo much Baſeneſs and Ingra-'titude.'

'You are deceived, Sir, anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, 'if they were the laſt Words which were to iſſue 'from my Lips, I would ſay you were deceived; 'and I once more repeat it, the Lord forgive thoſe 'who have deceived you. I do not pretend to ſay 'the young Man is without Faults; but they are the 'Faults of Wildneſs and of Youth; Faults which 'he may, nay, which I am certain he will, relinquiſh, 'and if he ſhould not, they are vaſtly over-ballanced 'by one of the moſt humane, tender, honeſt Hearts 'that ever Man was bleſſed with.'

'Indeed,

'Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'had this 'been related of you, I ſhould not have believed it.' 'Indeed, Sir, anſwered ſhe, you will believe every 'Thing I have ſaid, I am ſure you will; and when 'you have heard the Story, which I ſhall tell you, '(for I will tell you all) you will be ſo far from be-'ing offended, that you will own (I know your Juſ-'tice ſo well,) that I muſt have been the moſt deſpi-'cable and moſt ungrateful of Wretches, if I had 'acted any other Part than I have.'

'Well, Madam,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I ſhall be very 'glad to hear any good Excuſe for a Behaviour which, 'I muſt confeſs, I think wants an Excuſe. And now, 'Madam, will you be pleaſed to let my Nephew pro-'ceed in his Story without Interruption. He would 'not have introduced a Matter of ſlight Conſequence 'with ſuch a Preface. Perhaps even this Story will 'cure you of your Miſtake.'

Mrs. *Miller* gave Tokens of Submiſſion, and then Mr. *Blifil* began thus. 'I am ſure, Sir, if you 'don't think proper to reſent the ill Uſage of Mrs. '*Miller*, I ſhall eaſily forgive what affects me only. 'I think your Goodneſs hath not deſerved this In-'dignity at her Hands.' 'Well, Child, ſaid *All-'worthy*, but what is this new Inſtance? What hath 'he done of late?' 'What, cries *Blifil*, notwith-'ſtanding all Mrs. *Miller* hath ſaid, I am very ſorry 'to relate, and what you ſhould never have heard 'from me, had it not been a Matter impoſſible to 'conceal from the whole World. In ſhort he hath 'killed a Man; I will not ſay murdered——for per-'haps it may not be ſo conſtrued in Law, and I hope 'the beſt for his Sake.'

Allworthy looked ſhocked, and bleſſed himſelf; and then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, he cried, 'Well, Ma-'dam, what ſay you now?'

'Why, I ſay, Sir, anſwered ſhe, that I never was 'more concerned at any Thing in my Life; but,

'if

'if the Fact be true, I am convinced the Man, who-
'ever he is, was in Fault. Heaven knows there are
'many Villains in this Town, who make it their
'Buſineſs to provoke young Gentlemen. Nothing
'but the greateſt Provocation could have tempted
'him; for of all the Gentlemen I ever had in my
'Houſe, I never ſaw one ſo gentle, or ſo ſweet tem-
'pered. He was beloved by every Body in the Houſe,
'and every one who came near it.'

While ſhe was thus running on, a violent Knocking at the Door interrupted the Converſation, and prevented her from proceeding any further, or from receiving any Anſwer; for as ſhe concluded this was a Viſitor to Mr. *Allworthy*, ſhe haſtily retired, taking with her, her little Girl, whoſe Eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy News ſhe heard of *Jones*, who uſed to call her his little Wife, and not only gave her many Playthings, but ſpent whole Hours in playing with her himſelf.

Some Readers may perhaps be pleaſed with theſe minute Circumſtances, in relating of which we follow the Example of *Plutarch*, one of the beſt of our Brother Hiſtorians; and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at leaſt pardon them, as we are never prolix on ſuch Occaſions.

CHAP. III. *The Arrival of Mr.* Weſtern, *with ſome Matters concerning the Paternal Authority.*

MRS. *Miller* had not long left the Room, when Mr. *Weſtern* entered; but not before a ſmall wrangling Bout had paſſed between him and his Chairmen; for the Fellows, who had taken up their Burden at the *Hercules Pillars*, had conceived no Hopes of having any future good Cuſtomer in the Squire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his Generoſity, (for he had given them of his own Accord Sixpence

Sixpence more than their Fare;) they therefore very boldly demanded another Shilling, which ſo provoked the Squire, that he not only beſtowed many hearty Curſes on them at the Door, but retained his Anger after he came into the Room; ſwearing, that all the *Londoners* were like the Court, and thought of nothing but plundering Country Gentlemen. 'D—n 'me,' ſays he, 'if I won't walk in the Rain rather 'than get into one of their Handbarrows again. 'They have jolted me more in a Mile than Brown 'Beſs would in a long Fox Chaſe.'

When his Wrath on this Occaſion was a little appeaſed, he reſumed the ſame paſſionate Tone on another. 'There,' ſays he, 'there is a fine Buſineſs for-'wards now. The Hounds have changed at laſt, 'when we imagined we had a Fox to deal with, 'Od-rat-it, it turns out to be a Badger at laſt.'

'Pray, my good Neighbour,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'drop 'your Metaphors, and ſpeak a little plainer.' 'Why 'then,' ſays the Squire, 'to tell you plainly, we have 'been all this Time afraid of a Son of a Whore of 'a Baſtard of Somebody's, I don't know who's, not 'I———And now here is a confounded Son of a 'Whore of a Lord, who may be a Baſtard too for 'aught I know or care, for he ſhall never have a 'Daughter of mine by my Conſent. They have 'beggared the Nation, but they ſhall never beggar 'me. My Land ſhall never be ſent over to *Hano-'ver.*'

'You ſurprize me much, my good Friend,' ſaid *Allworthy*. 'Why, zounds! I am ſurprized my ſelf,' anſwered the Squire, 'I went to zee Siſter *Weſtern* 'laſt Night according to her own Appointment, and 'there I was a had into a whole Room-full of Wo-'men.———There was my Lady Couſin *Bellaſton*, 'and my Lady *Betty*, and my Lady *Catharine*, and 'my Lady I don't know who; d—n me if ever you 'catch me among ſuch a Kennel of Hoop-petticoat

'B——s.

'B——s. D——n me, I'd rather be run by my 'own Dogs, as one *Acton* was, that the Story Book 'ſays was turned into a Hare; and his own Dogs 'kill'd un, and eat un. Od-rabbit-it, no Mortal 'was ever run in ſuch a Manner; if I dodged one 'Way, one had me, if I offered to clap back, ano-'ther ſnapp'd me. O! certainly one of the greateſt 'Matches in *England*, ſays one Couſin (here he at-'tempted to mimic them.) A very advantageous Of-'fer indeed, cries another Couſin; (for you muſt 'know they be all my Couſins, thof I never zeed 'half oum before.) "Surely ſays that fat a—ſe "B—, my Lady *Bellaſton*, Couſin, you muſt be out "of your Wits to think of refuſing ſuch an Offer."

'Now I begin to underſtand,' ſays *Allworthy*, 'ſome 'Perſon hath made Propoſals to Miſs *Weſtern*, which 'the Ladies of the Family approve, but is not to 'your Liking.'

'My Liking! ſaid *Weſtern*, how the Devil ſhould 'it? I tell you it is a Lord, and thoſe are always 'Volks whom you know I always reſolved to have 'nothing to do with. Did unt I refuſe a matter of 'vorty Years Purchaſe now for a Bit of Land, which 'one oum had a Mind to put into a Park, only be-'cauſe I would have no Dealing with Lords, and doſt 'think I would marry my Daughter zu? Beſides, 'ben't I engaged to you, and did I ever go off any 'Bargain when I had promiſed?'

'As to that Point, Neighbour, ſaid *Allworthy*, I 'entirely releaſe you from any Engagement. No 'Contract can be binding between Parties who have 'not a full Power to make it at that Time, nor ever 'afterwards acquire the Power of fulfilling it.'

'Slud! then,' anſwered *Weſtern*, 'I tell you I have 'Power and I will fulfil it. Come along with me 'directly to *Doctors Commons*, I will get a Licence; 'and I will go to Siſter and take away the Wench 'by Force, and ſhe ſhall ha un, or I will lock her

'up,

'up, and keep her upon Bread and Water as long as 'ſhe lives.'

'Mr. *Weſtern*, ſaid *Allworthy*, ſhall I beg you 'will hear my full Sentiments on this Matter?' 'Hear 'thee! ay to be ſure I will, anſwered he.' 'Why 'then, Sir, cries *Allworthy*, I can truly ſay, with-'out a Compliment either to you or to the young 'Lady, that when this Match was propoſed, I em-'braced it very readily and heartily, from my Re-'gard to you both. An Alliance between two Fa-'milies ſo nearly Neighbours, and between whom 'there had always exiſted ſo mutual an Intercourſe 'and good Harmony, I thought a moſt deſirable 'Event; and with Regard to the young Lady, not 'only the concurrent Opinion of all who knew her, 'but my own Obſervation aſſured me, that ſhe would 'be an ineſtimable Treaſure to a good Huſband. I ſhall 'ſay nothing of her Perſonal Qualifications, which 'certainly are admirable; her Good-nature, her cha-'ritable Diſpoſition, her Modeſty are too well known 'to need any Panegyric; but ſhe hath one Quality 'which exiſted in a high Degree in that beſt of Wo-'men, who is now one of the firſt Angels, which 'as it is not of a glaring Kind, more commonly eſ-'capes Obſervation; ſo little indeed is it remarked, 'that I want a Word to expreſs it. I muſt uſe Ne-'gatives on this Occaſion. I never heard any thing 'of Pertneſs, or what is called Repartee out of her 'Mouth; no Pretence to Wit, much leſs to that 'Kind of Wiſdom, which is the Reſult only of great 'Learning and Experience; the Affectation of which, 'in a young Woman, is as abſurd as any of the Affec-'tations of an Ape. No dictatorial Sentiments, no 'judicial Opinions, no profound Criticiſms. When-'ever I have ſeen her in the Company of Men, ſhe hath 'been all Attention, with the Modeſty of a Learn-'er, not the Forwardneſs of a Teacher. You'll 'pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only, de-

'ſired

'ſired her Opinion on a Point which was controvert-
'ed between Mr. *Thwackum* and *Square*, To which
'ſhe anſwered with much Sweetneſs, "You will
"pardon me, good Mr. *Allworthy*, I am ſure you
"cannot in Earneſt think me capable of deciding
"any Point in which two ſuch Gentlemen diſagree."
'*Thwackum* and *Square*, who both alike thought
'themſelves ſure of a favourable Deciſion, ſeconded
'my Requeſt. She anſwered with the ſame good
'Humour, "I muſt abſolutely be excuſed; for I will
"affront neither ſo much, as to give my Judgment on
"his Side." 'Indeed, ſhe always ſhewed the high-
'eſt Deference to the Underſtanding of Men; a
'Quality, abſolutely eſſential to the making a good
'Wife. I ſhall only add, that as ſhe is moſt appa-
'rently void of all Affectation, this Deference muſt
'be certainly real.'

Here *Blifil* ſighed bitterly, upon which *Weſtern*, whoſe Eyes were full of Tears at the Praiſe of *Sophia*, blubbered out, 'Don't be Chicken-hearted, for ſhat
'ha her, d—n me, ſhat ha her, if ſhe was twenty
'Times as good.'

'Remember your Promiſe, Sir,' cried *Allworthy*,
'I was not to be interrupted.' 'Well, ſhat unt,
'anſwered the Squire, I won't ſpeak another Word.'

'Now, my good Friend,' continued *Allworthy*,
'I have dwelt ſo long on the Merit of this young
'Lady, partly as I really am in Love with her Cha-
'racter, and partly that Fortune (for the Match in
'that Light is really advantageous on my Nephew's
'Side) might not be imagined to be my principal View
'in having ſo eagerly embraced the Propoſal. In-
'deed I heartily wiſhed to receive ſo great a Jewel
'into my Family; but tho' I may wiſh for many
'good Things, I would not therefore ſteal them, or
'be guilty of any Violence or Injuſtice to poſſeſs
'myſelf of them. Now to force a Woman into a
'Marriage contrary to her Conſent or Approbation, is

'an

'an Act of ſuch Injuſtice and Oppreſſion, that I wiſh 'the Laws of our Country could reſtrain it; but a 'good Conſcience is never lawleſs in the worſt regu-'lated State, and will provide thoſe Laws for itſelf, 'which the Neglect of Legiſlators hath forgotten to 'ſupply. This is ſurely a Caſe of that Kind; for is 'it not cruel, nay, impious, to force a Woman into 'that State againſt her Will? for her Behaviour in 'which ſhe is to be accountable to the higheſt and 'moſt dreadful Court of Judicature, and to anſwer at 'the Peril of her Soul. To diſcharge the Matrimo-'nial Duties in an Adequate Manner is no eaſy Taſk; 'and ſhall we lay this Burthen upon a Woman, while 'we at the ſame Time deprive her of all that Aſſiſt-'ance which may enable her to undergo it? Shall we 'tear her very Heart from her, while we enjoin her 'Duties to which a whole Heart is ſcarce equal. I 'muſt ſpeak very plainly here, I think Parents who 'act in this Manner, are Acceſſaries to all the Guilt 'which their Children afterwards incur, and of 'Courſe muſt, before a juſt Judge, expect to partake 'of their Puniſhment; but if they could avoid this, 'good Heaven! is there a Soul, who can bear the 'Thoughts of having contributed to the Damnation of 'his Child?

'For theſe Reaſons, my beſt Neighbour, as I ſee 'the Inclinations of this young Lady are moſt unhap-'pily averſe to my Nephew, I muſt decline any fur-'ther Thoughts of the Honour you intended him, 'tho' I aſſure you I ſhall always retain the moſt 'grateful Senſe of it.

'Well, Sir, ſaid *Weſtern*, (the Froth burſting forth 'from his Lips the Moment they were uncorked) 'you cannot ſay but I have heard you out, and now 'I expect you'll hear me; and if I don't anſwer eve-'ry Word o't, why then I'll conſent to gee the Mat-'ter up. Firſt then I deſire you to anſwer me one 'Queſtion, Did not I beget her? Did I not beget

'her?

'her? anſwer me that. They ſay indeed it is a wiſe 'Father that knows his own Child; but I am ſure I 'have the beſt Title to her, for I bred her up. But 'I believe you will allow me to be her Father, and 'if I be, am I not to govern my own Child? I aſk 'you that, am I not to govern my own Child? And 'if I am to govern her in other Matters, ſurely I am 'to govern her in this which concerns her moſt. 'And what am I deſiring all this while? Am I de-'ſiring her to do any Thing for me? To give me any 'thing?——Zu much on t'other Side, that I am only 'deſiring her to take half my Eſtate now, and t'other 'half when I die. Well, and what is it all vor? 'Why is unt it to make her happy? It's enough to 'make one mad to hear Volks talk; if I was going 'to marry myſelf, then ſhe would ha Reaſon to cry 'and to blubber; but on the contrary, han't I offer-'ed to bind down my Land in zuch a Manner, that 'I could not marry if I would, ſeeing as narro' Wo-'man upon Earth would ha me. What the Devil 'in Hell can I do more? I contribute to her Dam-'nation!—Zounds! I'd ſee all the World d——d 'bevore her little Vinger ſhould be hurt. Indeed, 'Mr. *Allworthy*, you muſt excuſe me, but I am ſur-'prized to hear you talk in zuch a Manner, and I 'muſt ſay, take it how you will, that I thought you 'had more Senſe.'

Allworthy reſented this Reflection only with a Smile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that Smile any Mixture of Malice or Contempt. His Smiles at Folly were indeed ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the Angels beſtow on the Abſurdities of Mankind.

Bliſil now deſired to be permitted to ſpeak a few Words. 'As to uſing any Violence on the young 'Lady, I am ſure I ſhall never conſent to it. My 'Conſcience will not permit me to uſe Violence on 'any one, much leſs on a Lady for whom, however

'cruel ſhe is to me, I ſhall always preſerve the pureſt 'and ſincereſt Affection; but yet I have read, that 'Women are ſeldom Proof againſt Perſeverance. 'Why may I not hope then, by ſuch Perſeverance, 'at laſt to gain thoſe Inclinations, in which for the 'future I ſhall, perhaps, have no Rival? for, as for 'this Lord, Miſs *Weſtern* is ſo kind to prefer me to 'him; and ſure, Sir, you will not deny but that a 'Parent hath at leaſt a negative Voice in theſe Mat-'ters; nay, I have heard this very young Lady her-'ſelf ſay ſo more than once, and declare, that ſhe 'thought Children inexcuſable who married in direct 'Oppoſition to the Will of their Parents. Beſides, 'though the other Ladies of the Family ſeem to fa-'vour the Pretenſions of my Lord, I do not find the 'Lady herſelf is inclined to give him any Counte-'nance; alas! I am too well aſſured ſhe is not; I am 'too ſenſible that wickedeſt of Men remains upper-'moſt in her Heart.'

'Ay, ay, ſo he does,' cries *Weſtern*.

'But ſurely,' ſays *Blifil*, 'when ſhe hears of this 'Murder which he hath committed, if the Law 'ſhould ſpare his Life'——

'What's that?' cries *Weſtern*; 'Murder! hath 'he committed a Murder, and is there any Hopes of 'ſeeing him hanged?—Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.' Here he fell a ſinging and capering about the Room.

'Child,' ſays *Allworthy*, 'this unhappy Paſſion of 'your's diſtreſſes me beyond Meaſure. I heartily 'pity you, and would do every fair Thing to pro-'mote your Succeſs.'

'I deſire no more,' cries *Blifil*. 'I am convinc-'ed my dear Uncle hath a better Opinion of me than 'to think that I myſelf wou'd accept of more.'

'Lookee,' ſays *Allworthy*, 'you have my Leave 'to write, to viſit, if ſhe will permit it,—but I inſiſt 'on no Thoughts of Violence. I will have no Con-'finement, nothing of that Kind attempted.'

'Well,

'Well, well,' cries the Squire, 'nothing of that 'ſhall be attempted; we will try a little longer what 'fair Means will effect; and if this Fellow be not 'hanged out of the Way—Tol lol de rol. I never 'heard better News in my Life; I warrant every 'Thing goes to my Mind.—Do, prithee, dear *All-'worthy*, come and dine with me at the *Hercules Pillars*: 'I have beſpoke a Shoulder of Mutton roaſted, and a 'Spare-rib of Pork, and a Fowl and Egg Sauce. 'There will be Nobody but ourſelves, unleſs we have 'a Mind to have the Landlord; for I have ſent Par-'ſon *Supple* down to *Baſingſtoke* after my Tobacco-'Box, which I left at an Inn there, and I would not 'loſe it for the World; for it's an old Acquaintance 'of above Twenty Years ſtanding. I can tell you 'Landlord is a comical Bitch, you will like un hugely.'

Mr. *Allworthy* at laſt agreed to his Invitation, and ſoon after the Squire went off ſinging and capering at the Hopes of ſeeing the ſpeedy and tragical End of poor *Jones*.

When he was gone, Mr. *Allworthy* reſumed the aforeſaid Subject with much Gravity. He told his Nephew, 'he wiſhed with all his Heart he would en-'deavour to conquer a Paſſion, in which I cannot,' ſays he, 'flatter you with the Hopes of ſucceeding. 'It is certainly a vulgar Error, that Averſion in a 'Woman may be conquered by Perſeverance. In-'difference may, perhaps, ſometimes yield to it; 'but the uſual Triumphs gained by Perſeverance in a 'Lover, are over Caprice, Prudence, Affectation, 'and often an exorbitant Degree of Levity, which 'excites Women, not overwarm in their Conſtitu-'tions, to indulge their Vanity by prolonging the 'Time of Courtſhip, even when they are well e-'nough pleaſed with the Object, and reſolve (if they 'ever reſolve at all) to make him a very pitiful A-'mends in the End. But a fixed Diſlike, as I am 'afraid this is, will rather gather Strength, than be

'conquered, by Time. Beſides, my Dear, I have 'another Apprehenſion which you muſt excuſe. I 'am afraid this Paſſion which you have for this fine 'young Creature, hath her beautiful Perſon too much 'for its Object, and is unworthy of the Name of 'Love, which is the only Foundation of matrimonial 'Felicity. To admire, to like, and to long for the 'Poſſeſſion of a beautiful Woman, without any Re-'gard to her Sentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, 'too natural: But Love, I believe, is the Child of 'Love only; at leaſt, I am pretty confident, that to 'love the Creature who we are aſſured hates us, is 'not in human Nature. Examine your Heart, there-'fore, thoroughly, my good Boy, and if, upon 'Examination, you have but the leaſt Suſpicion of 'this Kind, I am ſure your own Virtue and Religion 'will impel you to drive ſo vicious a Paſſion from 'your Heart, and your good Senſe will ſoon enable 'you to do it without Pain.'

The Reader may pretty well gueſs *Blifil*'s Anſwer; but if he ſhould be at a Loſs, we are not, at preſent, at Leiſure to ſatisfy him, as our Hiſtory now haſtens on to Matter of higher Importance, and we can no longer bear to be abſent from *Sophia*.

CHAP. IV. *An extraordinary Scene between* Sophia *and her Aunt.*

THE lowing Heifer, and the bleating Ewe in Herds and Flocks, may ramble ſafe and unre-garded through the Paſtures. Theſe are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the Prey of Man; yet many Years are they ſuffered to enjoy their Liberty undiſ-turbed. But if a plump Doe be diſcovered to have eſ-caped from the Foreſt, and to repoſe herſelf in ſome Field or Grove, the whole Pariſh is preſently alarmed, every Man is ready to ſet his Dogs after her; and if ſhe

ſhe is preſerved from the reſt by the good Squire, it is only that he may ſecure her for his own eating.

I have conſidered a very fine young Woman of Fortune and Faſhion, when firſt found ſtrayed from the Pale of her Nurſery, to be in pretty much the ſame Situation with this Doe. The Town is immediately in an Uproar, ſhe is haunted from Park to Play, from Court to Aſſembly, from Aſſembly to her own Chamber, and rarely eſcapes a ſingle Seaſon from the Jaws of ſome Devourer or other: For if her Friends protect her from ſome, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chuſing, often more diſagreeable to her than any of the reſt: While whole Herds or Flocks of other Women ſecurely, and ſcarce regarded, traverſe the Park, the Play, the Opera, and the Aſſembly; and though, for the moſt Part at leaſt, they are at laſt devoured, yet for a long Time do they wanton in Liberty, without Diſturbance or Controul.

Of all theſe Paragons, none ever taſted more of this Perſecution than poor *Sophia*. Her ill Stars were not contented with all that ſhe had ſuffered on Account of *Blifil*, they now raiſed her another Purſuer, who ſeemed likely to torment her no leſs than the other had done. For though her Aunt was leſs violent, ſhe was no leſs aſſiduous in teazing her, than her Father had been before.

The Servants were no ſooner departed after Dinner, than Mrs. *Weſtern*, who had opened the Matter to *Sophia*, informed her, 'That ſhe expected his Lord-'ſhip that very Afternoon, and intended to take the 'firſt Opportunity of leaving her alone with him.' 'If you do, Madam,' anſwered *Sophia*, with ſome Spirit, 'I ſhall take the firſt Opportunity of leaving 'him by himſelf.' 'How! Madam!' cries the Aunt; 'is this the Return you make me for my Kindneſs, in 'relieving you from your Confinement at your Fa-'ther's?' 'You know, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'the 'Cauſe of that Confinement was a Refuſal to com-

'ply with my Father, in accepting a Man I deteſted; 'and will my dear Aunt, who hath relieved me from 'that Diſtreſs, involve me in another equally bad?' 'And do you think then, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. *Weſtern*, 'that there is no Difference between my 'Lord *Fellamar* and Mr. *Blifil*?' 'Very little, in 'my Opinion,' cries *Sophia*; 'and if I muſt be con-'demned to one, I would certainly have the Merit 'of ſacrificing myſelf to my Father's Pleaſure.' 'Then 'my Pleaſure, I find,' ſaid the Aunt, 'hath very little 'Weight with you; but that Conſideration ſhall not 'move me. I act from nobler Motives. The View 'of aggrandizing my Family, of ennobling yourſelf, 'is what I proceed upon. Have you no Senſe of 'Ambition? Are there no Charms in the Thoughts 'of having a Coronet on your Coach?' 'None, upon 'my Honour,' ſaid *Sophia*. 'A Pincuſhion on my 'Coach would pleaſe me juſt as well.' 'Never men-'tion Honour,' cries the Aunt. 'It becomes not 'the Mouth of ſuch a Wretch. I am ſorry, Niece, 'you force me to uſe theſe Words; but I cannot 'bear your groveling Temper; you have none of the 'Blood of the *Weſterns* in you. But however mean 'and baſe your own Ideas are, you ſhall bring no 'Imputation on mine. I will never ſuffer the World 'to ſay of me, that I encourage you in refuſing one of 'the beſt Matches in *England*; a Match which, be-'ſides its Advantage in Fortune, would do Honour 'to almoſt any Family, and hath indeed, in Title, the 'Advantage of our's.' 'Surely,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I am 'born deficient, and have not the Senſes with which 'other People are bleſſed: There muſt be certainly 'ſome Senſe which can reliſh the Delights of Sound 'and Show, which I have not: For ſurely Mankind 'would not labour ſo much, nor ſacrifice ſo much 'for the obtaining, nor would they be ſo elate and 'proud with poſſeſſing, what appeared to them as it 'doth to me, the moſt inſignificant of all Trifles.

'No,

'No, no, Miſs,' cries the Aunt, 'you are born 'with as many Senſes as other People; but I aſſure 'you, you are not born with a ſufficient Underſtand-'ing to make a Fool of me, or to expoſe my Con-'duct to the World. So I declare this to you upon 'my Word, and you know I believe how fixed my 'Reſolutions are, unleſs you agree to ſee his Lord-'ſhip this Afternoon, I will, with my own Hands, 'deliver you to-morrow morning to my Brother, 'and will never henceforth interfere with you, nor 'ſee your Face again.' *Sophia* ſtood a few Moments ſilent after this Speech, which was uttered in a moſt angry and peremptory Tone, and then burſting into Tears, ſhe cry'd,' Do with me, Madam, whatever 'you pleaſe; I am the moſt miſerable, undone 'Wretch upon Earth; if my dear Aunt forſakes me, 'where ſhall I look for a Protector?'—'My dear 'Niece,' cries ſhe, 'you will find a very good Pro-'tector in his Lordſhip; a Protector, whom nothing 'but a Hankering after that vile Fellow *Jones* can 'make you decline.' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid *So-phia*, 'you wrong me. How can you imagine, after 'what you have ſhewn me, if I had ever any ſuch 'Thoughts, that I ſhould not baniſh them for ever? 'If it will ſatisfy you, I will receive the Sacrament 'upon it never to ſee his Face again.'—'But, Child, 'dear Child,' ſaid the Aunt, 'be reaſonable: Can 'you invent a ſingle Objection?'—'I have already, 'I think, told you a ſufficient Objection,' anſwered *Sophia*.——'What?' cries the Aunt; 'I remember 'none.' Sure, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I told you he 'had uſed me in the rudeſt and vileſt Manner.' 'In-'deed, Child,' anſwered ſhe,'I never heard you, or did 'not underſtand you:—But what do you mean by 'this rude and vile Manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I am almoſt aſhamed to tell you. 'He caught me in his Arms, pulled me down on the 'Settee, and thruſt his Hand into my Boſom, and

'kiſſed it with ſuch Violence, that I have the Mark 'upon my Breaſt at this Moment.'——'Indeed!' ſaid Mrs. *Weſtern*. 'Yes indeed, Madam,' anſwered *Sophia*; 'my Father luckily came in that Inſtant, 'or Heaven knows what Rudeneſs he intended to 'have proceeded to.' 'I am aſtoniſhed and con-'founded,' cries the Aunt. 'No Woman of the 'Name of *Weſtern* hath been ever treated ſo, ſince 'we were a Family, I would have torn the Eyes of a 'Prince out, if he had attempted ſuch Freedoms with 'me. It is impoſſible: Sure, *Sophia*, you muſt in-'vent this to raiſe my Indignation againſt him. 'I 'hope, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'you have too good an 'Opinion of me, to imagine me capable of telling 'an Untruth. Upon my Soul it is true.' 'I ſhould 'have ſtabbed him to the Heart had I been preſent,' 'returned the Aunt. 'Yet ſurely he could have no 'diſhonourable Deſign: It is impoſſible; he durſt 'not: Beſides his Propoſals ſhew he had not; for 'they are not only honourable but generous. I don't 'know; the Age allows too great Freedoms. A 'diſtant Salute is all I would have allowed before the 'Ceremony. I have had Lovers formerly, not ſo 'long ago neither; ſeveral Lovers, tho' I never would 'conſent to Marriage, and I never encouraged the 'leaſt Freedom. It is a fooliſh Cuſtom, and what 'I never would agree to. No Man kiſſed more of 'me than my Cheek. It is as much as one can bring 'one's ſelf to, to give Lips up to a Huſband; and, in-'deed, could I ever have been perſuaded to marry, I 'believe I ſhould not have been brought to endure ſo 'much.' 'You will pardon me, dear Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'if I make one Obſervation: You own you 'had many Lovers, and the World knows it, even if 'you ſhould deny it. You refuſed them all, and I 'am convinced one Coronet at leaſt among them.' 'You ſay true, dear *Sophy*, anſwered ſhe; I had once 'the Offer of a Title.' 'Why then,' ſaid *Sophia*,

'will

'will you not ſuffer me to refuſe this once?' It is 'true, Child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have refuſed the Offer of a 'Title; but it was not ſo good an Offer; that is, 'not ſo very, very good an Offer.'——'Yes, Ma-'dam,' ſaid *Sophia*; 'but you have had very great 'Propoſals from Men of vaſt Fortunes. It was not 'the firſt, nor the ſecond, nor the third advantageous 'Match that offered itſelf.' 'I own it was not,' ſaid ſhe. 'Well, Madam, continued *Sophia*, 'and why 'may not I expect to have a ſecond perhaps better 'than this? You are now but a young Woman, and 'I am convinced would not promiſe to yield to the 'firſt Lover of Fortune, nay, or of Title too. I am 'a very young Woman, and ſure I need not deſpair.' 'Well, my dear, dear *Sophy*,' cries the Aunt, 'what 'would you have me ſay?' Why I only beg that I 'may not be left alone this Evening: Grant me that, 'and I will ſubmit, if you think, after what is paſt, I 'ought to ſee him in your Company.' 'Well, I 'will grant it,' cries the Aunt. '*Sophy*, you know 'I love you, and can deny you nothing. You know 'the Eaſineſs of my Nature; I have not always been 'ſo eaſy. I have been formerly thought cruel; by 'the Men I mean. I was called the cruel *Parthe-'niſſa*. I have broke many a Window that has had 'Verſes to the cruel *Partheniſſa* in it. *Sophy*, I was 'never ſo handſome as you, and yet I had ſomething 'of you formerly. I am a little altered. King-'doms and States, as *Tully Cicero* ſays in his Epiſtles, 'undergo Alterations, and ſo muſt the human Form.' Thus run ſhe on for near half an Hour upon herſelf, and her Conqueſts and Cruelty, 'till the Arrival of my Lord, who, after a moſt tedious Viſit, during which Mrs. *Weſtern* never once offered to leave the Room, retired, not much more ſatisfied with the Aunt than with the Niece. For *Sophia* had brought her Aunt into ſo excellent a Temper, that ſhe conſented to al-moſt every Thing the Niece ſaid; and agreed, that a

little diſtant Behaviour might not be improper to ſo forward a Lover.

Thus *Sophia* by a little well-directed Flattery, for which ſurely none will blame her, obtained a little Eaſe for herſelf, and, at leaſt, put off the evil Day. And now we have ſeen our Heroine in a better Situation than ſhe hath been for a long Time before, we will look a little after Mr. *Jones*, whom we left in the moſt deplorable Situation that can well be imagined.

CHAP. V. *Mrs.* Miller *and Mr.* Nightingale *viſit* Jones *in the Priſon.*

WHEN Mr. *Allworthy* and his Nephew went to meet Mr. *Weſtern*, Mrs. *Miller* ſet forwards to her Son-in-Law's Lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the Accident which had befallen his Friend *Jones*; but he had known it long before from *Partridge*, (for *Jones*, when he left Mrs. *Miller*, had been furniſhed with a Room in the ſame Houſe with Mr. *Nightingale*.) The good Woman found her Daughter under great Affliction on Account of Mr. *Jones*, whom having comforted as well as ſhe could, ſhe ſet forwards to the Gate-houſe where he was, and where Mr. *Nightingale* was arrived before her.

The Firmneſs and Conſtancy of a true Friend is a Circumſtance ſo extremely delightful to Perſons in any Kind of Diſtreſs, that the Diſtreſs itſelf, if it be only temporary and admits of Relief, is more than compenſated by bringing this Comfort with it. Nor are Inſtances of this Kind ſo rare, as ſome ſuperficial and inaccurate Obſervers have reported. To ſay the Truth, Want of Compaſſion is not to be numbered among our general Faults. The black Ingredient which fouls our Diſpoſition is Envy. Hence our Eye is ſeldom, I am afraid, turned upward to thoſe who are manifeſtly greater, better, wiſer, or happier than ourſelves,

ourſelves, without ſome Degree of Malignity; while we commonly look down on the mean and miſerable, with ſufficient Benevolence and Pity. In Fact, I have remarked, that moſt of the Defects which have diſcovered themſelves within my Obſervation have ariſen from Envy only; a helliſh Vice; and yet one from which I have known very few abſolutely exempt. But enough of a Subject, which, if purſued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that Fortune was apprehenſive leſt *Jones* ſhould ſink under the Weight of his Adverſity, and that ſhe might thus loſe the Opportunity of tormenting him; or whether ſhe really abated ſomewhat of her Severity towards him, ſhe ſeemed a little to relax her Perſecution, by ſending him the Company of two ſuch faithful Friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful Servant. For *Partridge*, tho' he had many Imperfections, wanted not Fidelity; and tho' Fear would not ſuffer him to be hanged for his Maſter, yet the World, I believe, could not have bribed him to deſert his Cauſe.

While *Jones* was expreſſing great Satisfaction in the Preſence of his Friends, *Partridge* brought an Account that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was ſtill alive, tho' the Surgeon declared that he had very little Hopes. Upon which *Jones* fetching a deep Sigh, *Nightingale* ſaid to him; 'My dear *Tom*, why ſhould you afflict yourſelf 'ſo upon an Accident, which, whatever be the Con-'ſequence, can be attended with no Danger to you, 'and in which your Conſcience cannot accuſe you of 'having been in the leaſt to blame. If the Fellow 'ſhould die, what have you done more than taken 'away the Life of a Ruffian in your own Defence? 'So will the Coroner's Inqueſt find it; and then you 'will be eaſily admitted to Bail: And though you 'muſt undergo the Form of a Trial, yet it is a Trial 'which many Men would ſtand for you for a Shilling.' 'Come, come, Mr. *Jones*,' ſays Mrs. *Miller*, 'cheer-

'yourſelf

'yourſelf up. I knew you could not be the Aggreſ-
'ſor, and ſo I told Mr. *Allworthy*, and ſo he ſhall
'acknowledge too before I have done with him.'

Jones gravely anſwered, 'That whatever might be
'his Fate, he ſhould always lament the having ſhed
'the Blood of one of his Fellow-Creatures, as one
'of the higheſt Misfortunes which could have befallen
'him. But I have another Misfortune of the ten-
'dereſt Kind——O! Mrs. *Miller*, I have loſt what
'I held moſt dear upon Earth.' 'That muſt be a
'Miſtreſs,' ſaid Mrs. *Miller*. 'But come, come;
'I know more than you imagine;' (for indeed *Par-
tridge* had babbled all) 'and I have heard more than
'you know. Matters go better, I promiſe you,
'than you think; and I would not give *Blifil* Six-
'pence for all the Chance which he hath of the
'Lady.'

'Indeed, my dear Friend, indeed,' anſwered *Jones*,
'you are an entire Stranger to the Cauſe of my
'Grief. If you was acquainted with the Story, you
'wou'd allow my Caſe admitted of no Comfort.
'I apprehend no Danger from *Blifil*. I have un-
'done myſelf.' 'Don't deſpair,' replied Mrs. *Mil-
ler*; 'you know what a Woman can do, and if any
'Thing be in my Power, I promiſe you I will do
'it to ſerve you. It is my Duty. My Son, my
'dear Mr. *Nightingale*, who is ſo kind to tell me he
'hath Obligatious to you on the ſame Account,
'knows it is my Duty. Shall I go to the Lady my-
'ſelf? I will ſay any Thing to her you would have
'me ſay.'

'Thou beſt of Women,' cries *Jones*, taking her
by the Hand, 'talk not of Obligations to me;——
'but as you have been ſo kind to mention it, there is
'a Favour which, perhaps, may be in your Power.
'I ſee you are acquainted with the Lady (how you
'came by your Information I know not) who ſits
'indeed very near my Heart. If you could contrive

'to

'to deliver this, (giving her a Paper from his Pocket) 'I ſhall for ever acknowledge your Goodneſs.'

'Give it me,' ſaid Mrs. *Miller*. 'If I ſee it not 'in her own Poſſeſſion before I ſleep, may my next 'Sleep be my laſt. Comfort yourſelf, my good 'young Man; be wiſe enough to take warning from 'paſt Follies, and I warrant all ſhall be well, and I 'ſhall yet ſee you happy with the moſt charming young 'Lady in the World; for ſo I hear from every one 'ſhe is.'

'Believe me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I do not ſpeak 'the common Cant of one in my unhappy Situation. 'Before this dreadful Accident happened, I had re'ſolved to quit a Life of which I was become ſenſible 'of the Wickedneſs as well as Folly. I do aſſure you 'notwithſtanding the Diſturbances I have unfortu'nately occaſioned in your Houſe, for which I hear'tily aſk your Pardon, I am not an abandoned Pro'fligate. Though I have been hurried into Vices, I 'do not approve a vicious Character; nor will I ever, 'from this Moment, deſerve it.'

Mrs. *Miller* expreſſed great Satisfaction in theſe Declarations, in the Sincerity of which ſhe averred ſhe had an entire Faith; and now, the Remainder of the Converſation paſt in the joint Attempts of that good Woman and Mr. *Nightingale*, to cheer the dejected Spirits of Mr. *Jones*, in which they ſo far ſucceeded, as to leave him much better comforted and ſatisfied than they found him; to which happy Alteration nothing ſo much contributed as the kind Undertaking of Mrs. *Miller*, to deliver his Letter to *Sophia*, which he deſpaired of finding any Means to accompliſh: For when *Black George* produced the laſt from *Sophia*, he informed *Partridge*, that ſhe had ſtrictly charged him, on Pain of having it communicated to her Father, not to bring her any Anſwer. He was moreover not a little pleaſed, to find he had ſo warm an Advocate to Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf in this good Woman,

Woman, who was in Reality one of the worthieſt Creatures in the World.

After about an Hour's Viſit from the Lady, (for *Nightingale* had been with him much longer) they both took their Leave, promiſing to return to him ſoon; during which Mrs. *Miller* ſaid, ſhe hoped to bring him ſome good News from his Miſtreſs, and Mr. *Nightingale* promiſed to enquire into the State of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*'s Wound, and likewiſe to find out ſome of the Perſons who were preſent at the Rencounter.

The former of theſe went directly in Queſt of *Sophia*, whither we likewiſe ſhall now attend her.

CHAP. VI. *In which Mrs.* Miller *pays a Viſit to* Sophia.

ACCESS to the young Lady was by no Means difficult; for as ſhe lived now on a perfect friendly Footing with her Aunt, ſhe was at full Liberty to receive what Viſitants ſhe pleaſed.

Sophia was dreſſing, when ſhe was acquainted that there was a Gentlewoman below to wait on her. As ſhe was neither afraid, nor aſhamed, to ſee any of her own Sex, Mrs. *Miller* was immediately admitted.

Curt'ſies, and the uſual Ceremonies between Women who are Strangers to each other being paſt, *Sophia* ſaid, 'I have not the Pleaſure to know you, Ma-'dam.' 'No, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, 'and 'I muſt beg Pardon for intruding upon you. But 'when you know what has induced me to give you 'this Trouble, I hope'—'Pray, what is your Buſineſs, 'Madam?' ſaid *Sophia*, with a little Emotion. 'Ma-'dam, we are not alone,' replied Mrs. *Miller*, in a low Voice. 'Go out, *Betty*,' ſaid *Sophia*.

When *Betty* was departed, Mrs. *Miller* ſaid, 'I 'was deſired, Madam, by a very unhappy young 'Gentleman, to deliver you this Letter.' *Sophia* changed

changed Colour when ſhe ſaw the Direction, well knowing the Hand; and after ſome Heſitation, ſaid, ——'I could not conceive, Madam, from your Ap-'pearance, that your Buſineſs had been of ſuch a Na-'ture.——Whomever you brought this Letter from, 'I ſhall not open it. I ſhould be ſorry to entertain 'an unjuſt Suſpicion of any one; but you are an 'utter Stranger to me.'

'If you will have Patience, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, 'I will acquaint you who I am, and 'how I came by that Letter.' 'I have no Curioſi-'ty, Madam, to know any Thing,' cries *Sophia*, 'but I muſt inſiſt on your delivering that Letter back 'to the Perſon who gave it you.'

Mrs. *Miller* then fell upon her Knees, and in the moſt paſſionate Terms, implored her Compaſſion; to which *Sophia* anſwered, 'Sure, Madam, it is 'ſurprizing you ſhould be ſo very ſtrongly intereſted 'in the Behalf of this Perſon. I would not think, 'Madam'———'No, Madam,' ſays Mrs. *Miller*, 'you ſhall not think any Thing but the Truth. I 'will tell you all, and you will not wonder that I am 'intereſted. He is the beſt-natured Creature that 'ever was born.——She then began and related the 'Story of Mr. *Anderſon*.——After this ſhe cried, 'This, Madam, this is his Goodneſs; but I have 'much more tender Obligations to him. He hath 'preſerved my Child.'——Here, after ſhedding ſome Tears, ſhe related every Thing concerning that Fact, ſuppreſſing only thoſe Circumſtances which would have moſt reflected on her Daughter, and concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Madam, you ſhall judge whe-'ther I can ever do enough for ſo kind, ſo good, ſo 'generous a young Man, and ſure he is the beſt and 'worthieſt of all Human Beings.'

The Alteration in the Countenance of *Sophia* had hitherto been chiefly to her Diſadvantage, and had inclined her Complexion to too great Paleneſs; but

ſhe

ſhe now waxed redder, if poſſible, than Vermillion, and cry'd, 'I know not what to ſay, certainly what 'ariſes from Gratitude cannot be blamed.—But what 'Service can my reading his Letter do your Friend, 'ſince I am reſolved never' —— Mrs. *Miller* fell again to her Entreaties, and begged to be forgiven, 'but ſhe could not, ſhe ſaid, carry it back.' 'Well, 'Madam,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I cannot help it, if you 'will force it upon me—Certainly you may leave it, 'whether I will or no.' What *Sophia* meant, or whether ſhe meant any Thing, I will not preſume to determine; but Mrs. *Miller* actually underſtood this as a Hint, and preſently laying the Letter down on the Table, took her Leave, having firſt begged Permiſſion to wait again on *Sophia*, which Requeſt had neither Aſſent nor Denial.

The Letter lay upon the Table no longer than till Mrs. *Miller* was out of Sight; for then *Sophia* opened and read it.

This Letter did very little Service to his Cauſe; for it conſiſted of little more than Confeſſions of his own Unworthineſs, and bitter Lamentations of Deſpair, together with the moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of his unalterable Fidelity to *Sophia*, of which, he ſaid, he hoped to convince her, if he had ever more the Honour of being admitted to her Preſence; and that he could account for the Letter to Lady *Bellaſton* in ſuch a Manner, that though it would not intitle him to her Forgiveneſs, he hoped at leaſt to obtain it from her Mercy. And concluded with vowing, that nothing was ever leſs in his Thoughts than to marry Lady *Bellaſton*.

Though *Sophia* read the Letter twice over with great Attention, his Meaning ſtill remained a Riddle to her, nor could her Invention ſuggeſt to her any Means to excuſe *Jones*. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed Lady *Bellaſton* took up ſo much of her Reſentment, that her gentle Mind had but little left to beſtow on any other Perſon.

That

That Lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very Day with her Aunt *Weſtern*, and in the Afternoon they were all three by Appointment to go together to the Opera, and thence to Lady *Thomas Hatchet*'s Drum. *Sophia* would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her Aunt; and as to the Arts of counterfeiting Illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a Stranger to them, that it never once entered into her Head. When ſhe was dreſt, therefore, down ſhe went, reſolved to encounter all the Horrors of the Day, and a moſt diſagreeable one it proved; for Lady *Bellaſton* took every Opportunity very civilly and ſlily to inſult her; to all which her Dejection of Spirits diſabled her from making any Return; and indeed, to confeſs the Truth, ſhe was at the very beſt but an indifferent Miſtreſs of Repartee.

Another Misfortune which befel poor *Sophia*, was the Company of Lord *Fellamar*, whom ſhe met at the Opera, and who attended her to the Drum. And though both Places were too publick to admit of any Particularities, and ſhe was farther relieved by the Muſick at the one Place, and by the Cards at the other, ſhe could not however enjoy herſelf in his Company: For there is ſomething of Delicacy in Women, which will not ſuffer them to be even eaſy in the Preſence of a Man whom they know to have Pretenſions to them, which they are diſinclined to favour.

Having in this Chapter twice mentioned a Drum, a Word which our Poſterity, it is hoped, will not underſtand in the Senſe it is here applied, we ſhall, notwithſtanding our preſent Haſte, ſtop a Moment to deſcribe the Entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a Moment deſcribe it.

A Drum then is an Aſſembly of well-dreſſed Perſons of both Sexes, moſt of whom play at Cards, and the reſt do nothing at all; while the Miſtreſs of the Houſe performs the Part of the Landlady at an Inn, and, like the Landlady of an Inn, prides herſelf in the

the Number of her Gueſts; though ſhe doth not always, like her, get any Thing by it.

No wonder then, as ſo much Spirits muſt be required to ſupport any Vivacity in theſe Scenes of Dulneſs, that we hear Perſons of Faſhion eternally complaining of the Want of them; a Complaint confined entirely to upper Life. How inſupportable muſt we imagine this Round of Impertinence to have been to *Sophia*, at this Time; how difficult muſt ſhe have found it to force the Appearance of Gaiety into her Looks, when her Mind dictated nothing but the tendereſt Sorrow, and when every Thought was charged with tormenting Ideas.

Night, however, at laſt reſtored her to her Pillow, where we will leave her to ſooth her Melancholy at leaſt, though incapable, we are afraid, of Reſt, and ſhall purſue our Hiſtory, which ſomething whiſpers us is now arrived at the Eve of ſome great Event.

CHAP. VII. *A pathetic Scene between Mr.* Allworthy *and Mrs.* Miller.

MRS. *Miller* had a long Diſcourſe with Mr. *Allworthy* at his Return from Dinner, in which ſhe acquainted him with *Jones*'s having unfortunately loſt all which he was pleaſed to beſtow on him at their Separation, and with the Diſtreſſes to which that Loſs had ſubjected him; of all which ſhe had received a full Account from the faithful Retailer *Partridge*. She then explained the Obligations ſhe had to *Jones*; not that ſhe was entirely explicit with regard to her Daughter; for though ſhe had the utmoſt Confidence in Mr. *Allworthy*, and though there could be no Hopes of keeping an Affair ſecret, which was unhappily known to more than half a Dozen; yet ſhe could not prevail with herſelf to mention thoſe Circumſtances which reflected moſt on the Chaſtity of poor *Nancy*; but ſmothered that Part of her Evidence as cautiouſly

as

as if ſhe had been before a Judge, and the Girl was now on her Trial for the Murder of a Baſtard.

Allworthy ſaid, there were few Characters ſo abſolutely vicious, as not to have the leaſt Mixture of Good in them. 'However,' ſays he, 'I cannot de-'ny but that you have ſome Obligations to the Fel-'low, bad as he is, and I ſhall therefore excuſe what 'has paſt already, but muſt inſiſt you never mention 'his Name to me more; for I promiſe you, it was 'upon the fulleſt and plaineſt Evidence that I reſolved 'to take the Meaſures I have taken.' 'Well, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I make not the leaſt Doubt, but Time 'will ſhew all Matters in their true and natural Co-'lours, and that you will be convinced this poor 'young Man deſerves better of you than ſome other 'Folks that ſhall be nameleſs.'

'Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, a little ruffled, 'I will 'not hear any Reflections on my Nephew, and if you 'ever ſay a Word more of that Kind, I will depart 'from your Houſe that Inſtant. He is the worthieſt 'and beſt of Men; and I once more repeat it to you, 'he hath carried his Friendſhip to this Man to a 'blameable Length, by too long concealing Facts of 'the blackeſt Dye. The Ingratitude of the Wretch 'to this good young Man is what I moſt reſent: 'For, Madam, I have the greateſt Reaſon to ima-'gine he had laid a Plot to ſupplant my Nephew in 'my Favour, and to have diſinherited him.'

'I am ſure, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, a little frightened (for though Mr. *Allworthy* had the utmoſt Sweetneſs and Benevolence in his Smiles, he had great Terror in his Frowns) 'I ſhall never ſpeak againſt 'any Gentleman you are pleaſed to think well of. I 'am ſure, Sir, ſuch Behaviour would very little be-'come me, eſpecially when the Gentleman is your 'neareſt Relation; but, Sir, you muſt not be angry 'with me, you muſt not indeed, for my good Wiſhes 'to this poor Wretch. Sure, I may call him ſo now,

'though

'though once you would have been angry with me, 'if I had ſpoke of him with the leaſt Diſreſpect. 'How often have I heard you call him your Son? 'How often have you prattled to me of him with all 'the Fondneſs of a Parent? Nay, Sir, I cannot for-'get the many tender Expreſſions, the many good 'Things you have told me of his Beauty, and his 'Parts, and his Virtues; of his Good-nature and Ge-'neroſity.——I am ſure, Sir, I cannot forget them: 'For I find them all true. I have experienced them 'in my own Cauſe. They have preſerved my Fa-'mily. You muſt pardon my Tears, Sir, indeed 'you muſt, when I conſider the cruel Reverſe of 'Fortune which this poor Youth, to whom I am ſo 'much obliged, hath ſuffered; when I conſider the 'Loſs of your Favour, which I know he valued more 'than his Life, I muſt, I muſt lament him. If you 'had a Dagger in your Hand, ready to plunge into 'my Heart, I muſt lament the Miſery of one whom 'you have loved, and I ſhall ever love.'

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this Speech, but it ſeemed not to be with Anger: For after a ſhort Silence, taking Mrs. *Miller* by the Hand, he ſaid very affectionately to her; 'Come, Madam, let us 'conſider a little about your Daughter. I cannot 'blame you for rejoicing in a Match which promiſes 'to be advantageous to her; but you know this Ad-'vantage, in a great Meaſure, depends on the Fa-'ther's Reconciliation. I know Mr. *Nightingale* very 'well, and have formerly had Concerns with him; 'I will make him a Viſit, and endeavour to ſerve 'you in this Matter. I believe he is a worldly Man; 'but as this is an only Son, and the Thing is now 'irretrieveable, perhaps he may in Time be brought 'to Reaſon. I promiſe you I will do all I can for you.'

Many were the Acknowledgments which the poor Woman made to *Allworthy*, for this kind and gene-rous Offer, nor could ſhe refrain from taking this Occaſion

Occaſion again to expreſs her Gratitude towards *Jones*, to whom, ſaid ſhe, I owe the Opportunity of giving you, Sir, this preſent Trouble. *Allworthy* gently ſtopped her; but he was too good a Man to be really offended with the Effects of ſo noble a Principle as now actuated Mrs. *Miller*; and indeed, had not this new Affair inflamed his former Anger againſt *Jones*, it is poſſible he might have been a little ſoftened towards him, by the Report of an Action, which Malice itſelf could not have derived from an evil Motive.

Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* had been above an Hour together, when their Converſation was put an End to by the Arrival of *Blifil*, and another Perſon, which other Perſon was no leſs than Mr. *Dowling*, the Attorney, who was now become a great Favourite with Mr. *Blifil*, and whom Mr. *Allworthy*, at the Deſire of his Nephew, had made his Steward, and had likewiſe recommended him to Mr. *Weſtern*, from whom the Attorney received a Promiſe of being promoted to the ſame Office upon the firſt Vacancy; and in the mean Time was employed in tranſacting ſome Affairs which the Squire then had in *London*, in Relation to a Mortgage.

This was the principal Affair which then brought Mr. *Dowling* to Town, therefore he took the ſame Opportunity to charge himſelf with ſome Money for Mr. *Allworthy*, and to make a Report to him of ſome other Buſineſs; in all which, as it was of much too dull a Nature to find any Place in this Hiſtory, we will leave the Uncle, Nephew and their Lawyer concerned, and reſort to other Matters.

CHAP. VIII. *Containing various Matters.*

BEFORE we return to Mr. *Jones* we will take one more View of *Sophia*.

Though that young Lady had brought her Aunt into great good Humour by thoſe ſoothing Methods, which

which we have before related, ſhe had not brought her in the leaſt to abate of her Zeal for the Match with Lord *Fellamar*; this Zeal was now enflamed by Lady *Bellaſton*, who had told her the preceding Evening, that ſhe was well ſatisfied from the Conduct of *Sophia*, and from her Carriage to his Lordſhip, that all Delays would be dangerous, and that the only Way to ſucceed, was to preſs the Match forward with ſuch Rapidity that the young Lady ſhould have no Time to reflect, and be obliged to conſent, while ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe did. In which Manner, ſhe ſaid, one half of the Marriages among People of Condition were brought about. A Fact very probably true, and to which I ſuppoſe is owing the mutual Tenderneſs, which afterwards exiſts among ſo many happy Couples.

A Hint of the ſame Kind was given by the ſame Lady to Lord *Fellamar*; and both theſe ſo readily embraced the Advice, that the very next Day was, at his Lordſhip's Requeſt, appointed by Mrs. *Weſtern* for a private Interview between the young Parties. This was communicated to *Sophia* by her Aunt, and inſiſted upon in ſuch high Terms, that, after having urged every Thing ſhe poſſibly could invent againſt it, without the leaſt Effect, ſhe, at laſt agreed to give the higheſt Inſtance of Complaiſance which any young Lady can give, and conſented to ſee his Lordſhip.

As Converſations of this Kind afford no great Entertainment, we ſhall be excuſed from reciting the whole that paſt at this Interview; in which, after his Lordſhip had made many Declarations of the moſt pure and ardent Paſſion, to the ſilent, bluſhing *Sophia*; ſhe at laſt collected all the Spirits ſhe could raiſe, and with a trembling low Voice, ſaid, 'My Lord, you 'muſt be yourſelf conſcious whether your former 'Behaviour to me hath been conſiſtent with the Pro-'feſſions you now make.' 'Is there,' anſwered he, 'no Way by which I can atone for Madneſs? What I did,

'I did, I am afraid muſt have too plainly convinced 'you, that the Violence of Love had deprived me 'of my Senſes.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'it 'is in your Power to give me a Proof of an Affection 'which I much rather wiſh to encourage, and to 'which I ſhall think myſelf more beholden.' 'Name 'it, Madam,' ſaid my Lord, very warmly.—'My 'Lord,' ſays ſhe, looking down upon her Fan, 'I 'know you muſt be ſenſible how uneaſy this pre-'tended Paſſion of your's hath made me.'——'Can 'you be ſo cruel to call it pretended?' ſays he. 'Yes, my Lord,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'all Profeſſions 'of Love to thoſe whom we perſecute, are moſt in-'ſulting Pretences. This Purſuit of your's is to me 'a moſt cruel Perſecution; nay, it is taking a moſt 'ungenerous Advantage of my unhappy Situation.' 'Moſt lovely, moſt adorable Charmer, do not ac-'cuſe me,' cries he, 'of taking an ungenerous Ad-'vantage, while I have no Thoughts but what are 'directly to your Honour and Intereſt, and while I 'have no View, no Hope, no Ambition but to throw 'myſelf, Honour, Fortune, every Thing at your 'Feet.' 'My Lord, ſays ſhe, 'it is that Fortune 'and thoſe Honours which give you the Advantage 'of which I complain. Theſe are the Charms which 'have ſeduced my Relations, but to me they are 'Things indifferent. If your Lordſhip will merit 'my Gratitude, there is but one Way.'—'Pardon 'me, divine Creature,' ſaid he, 'there can be none. 'All I can do for you is ſo much your due, and will 'give me ſo much Pleaſure, that there is no room 'for your Gratitude.'——'Indeed, my Lord,' an-ſwered ſhe, 'you may obtain my Gratitude, my good 'Opinion, every kind Thought and Wiſh which it 'is in my Power to beſtow, nay, you may obtain 'them with Eaſe: for ſure to a generous Mind it 'muſt be eaſy to grant my Requeſt. Let me be-'ſeech you then to ceaſe a Purſuit, in which you can never

'never have any Succeſs. For your own Sake as 'well as mine, I entreat this Favour; for ſure you 'are too noble to have any Pleaſure in tormenting 'an unhappy Creature. What can your Lordſhip 'propoſe but Uneaſineſs to yourſelf, by a Perſever-'ance, which, upon my Honour, upon my Soul, 'cannot, ſhall not, prevail with me, whatever Diſ-'treſſes you may drive me to.' Here my Lord fetched a deep Sigh, and then ſaid,——'Is it then, 'Madam, that I am ſo unhappy to be the Object of 'your Diſlike and Scorn; or will you pardon me if I 'ſuſpect there is ſome other?'—Here he heſitated, and *Sophia* anſwered with ſome Spirit, 'My Lord, 'I ſhall not be accountable to you for the Reaſons of 'my Conduct. I am obliged to your Lordſhip for 'the generous Offer you have made; I own it is be-'yond either my Deſerts or Expectations; yet I hope, 'my Lord, you will not inſiſt on my Reaſons, when 'I declare I cannot accept it.' Lord *Fellamar* returned much to this, which we do not perfectly underſtand, and perhaps it could not be ſtrictly reconciled either to Senſe or Grammar; but he concluded his ranting Speech with ſaying, 'That if ſhe has 'pre-engaged herſelf to any Gentleman, however un-'happy it would make him, he ſhould think himſelf 'bound in Honour to deſiſt.' Perhaps my Lord laid too much Emphaſis on the Word Gentleman; for we cannot elſe well account for the Indignation with which he inſpired *Sophia*, who, in her Anſwer, ſeemed greatly to reſent ſome Affront he had given her.

While ſhe was ſpeaking, with her Voice more raiſed than uſual, Mrs. *Weſtern* came into the Room, the Fire glaring in her Cheeks, and the Flames burſting from her Eyes. 'I am aſhamed,' ſays ſhe, 'my 'Lord, of the Reception which you have met with. 'I aſſure your Lordſhip we are all ſenſible of the 'Honour done us; and I muſt tell you, Miſs *Weſtern*, 'the Family expect a different Behaviour from you.'

Here

Here my Lord interfered on Behalf of the young Lady, but to no Purpoſe; the Aunt proceeded, till *Sophia* pulled out her Handkerchief, threw herſelf into a Chair, and burſt into a violent Fit of Tears.

The Remainder of the Converſation between Mrs. *Weſtern* and his Lordſhip, till the latter withdrew, conſiſted of bitter Lamentation on his Side, and on her's of the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances that her Niece ſhould and would conſent to all he wiſhed. 'Indeed, my 'Lord, ſays ſhe, the Girl hath had a fooliſh Educa-'tion, neither adapted to her Fortune nor her Fami-'ly. Her Father, I am ſorry to ſay it, is to blame 'for every Thing. The Girl hath ſilly Country 'Notions of Baſhfulneſs. Nothing elſe, my Lord, 'upon my Honour; I am convinced ſhe hath a 'good Underſtanding at the Bottom, and will be 'brought to Reaſon.'

This laſt Speech was made in the Abſence of *Sophia*, for ſhe had ſometime before left the Room with more Appearance of Paſſion than ſhe had ever ſhewn on any Occaſion; and now his Lordſhip, after many Expreſſions of Thanks to Mrs. *Weſtern*, many ardent Profeſſions of Paſſion which nothing could conquer, and many Aſſurances of Perſeverance, which Mrs. *Weſtern* highly encouraged, took his Leave for this Time.

Before we relate what now paſſed between Mrs. *Weſtern* and *Sophia*, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate Accident which had happened, and which had occaſioned the Return of Mrs. *Weſtern* with ſo much Fury as we have ſeen.

The Reader then muſt know, that the Maid, who at preſent attended on *Sophia*, was recommended by Lady *Bellaſton*, with whom ſhe had lived for ſome Time in the Capacity of a Comb-bruſh; ſhe was a very ſenſible Girl, and had received the ſtricteſt Inſtructions to watch her young Lady very carefully. Theſe Inſtructions, we are ſorry to ſay, were com-

municated to her by Mrs. *Honour*, into whoſe Favour Lady *Bellaſton* had now ſo ingratiated herſelf, that the violent Affection which the good Waiting-Woman had formerly borne to *Sophia*, was entirely obliterated by that great Attachment which ſhe had to her new Miſtreſs.

Now when Mrs. *Miller* was departed, *Betty* (for that was the Name of the Girl) returning to her young Lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long Letter, and the viſible Emotions which ſhe betrayed on that Occaſion, might have well accounted for ſome Suſpicions which the Girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a ſtronger Foundation, for ſhe had over-heard the whole Scene which paſſed between *Sophia* and Mrs. *Miller*.

Mrs. *Weſtern* was acquainted with all this Matter by *Betty*, who, after receiving many Commendations, and ſome Rewards for her Fidelity, was ordered, that if the Woman, who brought the Letter, came again, ſhe ſhould introduce her to Mrs. *Weſtern* herſelf.

Unluckily Mrs. *Miller* returned at the very Time when *Sophia* was engaged with his Lordſhip. *Betty*, according to Order, ſent her directly to the Aunt; who, being Miſtreſs of ſo many Circumſtances relating to what had paſſed the Day before, eaſily impoſed upon the poor Woman, to believe that *Sophia* had communicated the whole Affair; and ſo pumped every Thing out of her which ſhe knew, relating to the Letter, and relating to *Jones*.

This poor Creature might indeed be called Simplicity itſelf. She was one of that Order of Mortals, who are apt to believe every Thing which is ſaid to them; to whom Nature hath neither indulged the offenſive nor defenſive Weapons of Deceit, and who are conſequently liable to be impoſed upon by any one, who will only be at the Expence of a little Falſhood for that Purpoſe. Mrs. *Weſtern* having drained

drained Mrs. *Miller* of all ſhe knew, which indeed was but little, but which was ſufficient to make the Aunt ſuſpect a great deal, diſmiſſed her, with Aſſurances that *Sophia* would not ſee her, that ſhe would ſend no Anſwer to the Letter, nor ever receive another; nor did ſhe ſuffer her to depart, without a handſome Lecture on the Merits of an Office, to which ſhe could afford no better Name than that of Procureſs.——

This Diſcovery had greatly diſcompoſed her Temper, when coming into the Apartment, next to that in which the Lovers were, ſhe overheard *Sophia* very warmly proteſting againſt his Lordſhip's Addreſſes. At which the Rage, already kindled, burſt forth, and ſhe ruſhed in upon her Niece in a furious Manner, as we have already deſcribed, together with what paſt at that Time till his Lordſhip's Departure.

No ſooner was Lord *Fellamar* gone, than Mrs. *Weſtern* returned to *Sophia*, whom ſhe upbraided in the moſt bitter Terms, for the ill Uſe ſhe had made of the confidence repoſed in her; and for her Treachery in Converſing with a Man, with whom ſhe had offered but the Day before to bind herſelf, in the moſt ſolemn Oath, never more to have any Converſation. *Sophia* proteſted ſhe had maintained no ſuch Converſation. 'How! Miſs *Weſtern*,' ſaid the Aunt, 'will 'you deny your receiving a Letter from him yeſter-'day?' 'A Letter, Madam,' anſwered *Sophia*, ſomewhat ſurprized. 'It is not very well bred, Miſs,' replies the Aunt, 'to repeat my Words. I ſay a Let-'ter, and I inſiſt upon your ſhewing it me immediate-'ly.' 'I ſcorn a Lie, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I did 'receive a Letter, but it was without my Deſire, and 'indeed I may ſay againſt my Conſent.' Indeed, 'indeed, Miſs,' cries the Aunt, 'you ought to be 'aſhamed of owning you had received it at all; but 'where is the Letter? for I will ſee it.'

To this peremptory Demand *Sophia* paused some Time before she returned an Answer; and at last only excused herself by declaring she had not the Letter in her Pocket, which was indeed true; upon which her Aunt, losing all manner of Patience, asked her Niece this short Question, whether she would resolve to marry Lord *Fellamar* or no? to which she received the strongest Negative. Mrs. *Western* then replied with an Oath, or something very like one, that she would early the next Morning deliver her back into her Father's Hands.

Sophia then began to reason with her Aunt in the following Manner; 'Why, Madam, must I of Ne-'cessity be forced to marry at all? consider how cruel 'you would have thought it in your own Case, and 'how much kinder your Parents were in leaving you 'to your Liberty. What have I done to forfeit this 'Liberty? I will never marry contrary to my Fa-'ther's Consent, nor without asking your's.—— 'And when I ask the Consent of either improperly, 'it will be then Time enough to force some other 'Marriage upon me.' 'Can I bear to hear this,' cries Mrs. *Western*, 'from a Girl, who hath now a 'Letter from a Murderer in her Pocket?' 'I have no 'such Letter, I promise you,' answered *Sophia*; 'and 'if he be a *Murderer*, he will soon be in no Condi-'tion to give you any farther Disturbance.' 'How, 'Miss *Western*,' said the Aunt, 'have you the Assu-'rance to speak of him in this Manner, to own your 'Affection for such a Villain to my Face!' Sure, 'Madam,' said *Sophia*, 'you put a very strange 'Construction on my Words.' 'Indeed, Miss '*Western*,' cries the Lady, 'I shall not bear this 'Usage; you have learnt of your Father this Manner 'of treating me; he hath taught you to give me the 'Lie. He hath totally ruined you by this false Sy-'stem of Education; and please Heaven he shall have 'the Comforts of its Fruits: For once more I declare

'to

'to you, that to-morrow Morning I will carry you 'back. I will withdraw all my Forces from the 'Field, and remain henceforth, like the wiſe King 'of *Pruſſia*, in a State of a perfect Neutrality. You 'are both too wiſe to be regulated by my Meaſures; 'ſo prepare yourſelf, for to-morrow Morning you 'ſhall evacuate this Houſe.

Sophia remonſtrated all ſhe could; but her Aunt was deaf to all ſhe ſaid. In this Reſolution therefore we muſt at preſent leave her, as there ſeems to be no Hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAP. IX. *What happened to Mr.* Jones *in the Priſon.*

MR. *Jones* paſt above twenty-four melancholy Hours by himſelf, unleſs when relieved by the Company of *Partridge*, before Mr. *Nightingale* returned; not that this worthy young Man had deſerted or forgot his Friend; for indeed, he had been much the greateſt Part of the time employed in his Service.

He had heard upon Enquiry that the only Perſons who had ſeen the Beginning of the unfortunate Rencounter, were a Crew belonging to a Man of War, which then lay at *Deptford*. To *Deptford* therefore he went, in ſearch of this Crew, where he was informed that the Men he ſought after were all gone aſhore. He then traced them from Place to Place, till at laſt he found two of them drinking together with a third Perſon, at a Hedge-Tavern, near *Alderſgate*.

Nightingale deſired to ſpeak with *Jones* by himſelf (for *Partridge* was in the Room when he came in.) As ſoon as they were alone, *Nightingale*, taking *Jones* by the Hand, cried, 'Come, my brave Friend, be 'not too much dejected at what I am going to tell 'you, I am ſorry I am the Meſſenger of bad News; 'but I think it my Duty to tell you.' 'I gueſs al-'ready what that News is,' cries *Jones*. 'The

'poor Gentleman then is dead.'—I hope not, answered *Nightingale*. 'He was alive this Morning; 'though I will not flatter you; I fear, from the Accounts I could get, that his Wound is mortal. But 'if the Affair be exactly as you told it, your own 'Remorse would be all you would have reason to apprehend, let what would happen; but, forgive me, 'my dear *Tom*, if I entreat you to make the worst of 'your Story to your Friends. If you disguise any 'thing to us, you will only be an Enemy to yourself.'

'What Reason, my dear *Jack*, have I ever given you,' said *Jones*,' to stab me with so cruel a Suspicion?' 'Have Patience,' cries *Nightingale*, 'and I will tell 'you all. After the most diligent Enquiry I could 'make, I at last met with two of the Fellows who were 'present at this unhappy Accident, and am sorry to 'say, they do not relate the Story so much in your 'Favour, as you yourself have told it.' 'Why, 'what do they say?' cries *Jones*. 'Indeed, what I am 'sorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the Consequence 'of it to you. They say that they were at too great 'a Distance to overhear any Words that passed between you; but they both agree that the first Blow 'was given by you.' 'Then upon my Soul,' answered *Jones*, 'they injure me. He not only struck 'me first, but struck me without the least Provocation. 'What should induce those Villains to accuse me 'falsely?' 'Nay, that I cannot guess,' said *Nightingale*, 'and if you yourself, and I who am so heartily your Friend, cannot conceive a Reason why 'they should belie you, what Reason will an indifferent Court of Justice be able to assign why they 'should not believe them? I repeated the Question 'to them several times, and so did another Gentleman 'who was present, who, I believe, is a Sea-faring 'Man, and who really acted a very friendly Part by 'you; for he begged them often to consider, that, 'there was the Life of a Man in the Case; and asked

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'them over and over if they were certain; to which 'they both anſwered, that they were, and would abide 'by their Evidence upon Oath. For Heaven's Sake, 'my dear Friend, recollect yourſelf; for if this ſhould 'appear to be the Fact, it will be your Buſineſs to 'think in Time of making the beſt of your Intereſt. 'I would not ſhock you; but you know, I believe, 'the Severity of the Law, whatever verbal Provoca-'tions may have been given you.' 'Alas! my Friend,' cries *Jones*, 'what Intereſt hath ſuch a Wretch as I? 'Beſides, do you think I would even wiſh to live 'with the Reputation of a Murderer? If I had any 'Friends, (as alas! I have none) could I have the 'Confidence to ſollicit them to ſpeak in the Behalf of 'a Man condemned for the blackeſt Crime in Human 'Nature? Believe me I have no ſuch Hope; but I 'have ſome Reliance on a Throne ſtill greatly ſuperi-'or; which will, I am certain, afford me all the Pro-'tection I merit.' He then concluded with many ſolemn and vehement Proteſtations of the Truth of what he had firſt aſſerted.

The Faith of *Nightingale* was now again ſtaggered, and began to incline to credit his Friend, when Mrs. *Miller* appeared, and made a ſorrowful Report of the Succeſs of her Embaſſy; which when *Jones* had heard, he cried out moſt heroically, 'Well, my Friend, I 'am now indifferent as to what ſhall happen, at leaſt 'with Regard to my Life; and if it be the Will of 'Heaven that I ſhall make an Atonement with that 'for the Blood I have ſpilt, I hope the Divine Good-'neſs will one Day ſuffer my Honour to be cleared, 'and that the Words of a dying Man, at leaſt, will 'be believed ſo far as to juſtify his Character.'

A very mournful Scene now paſt between the Priſoner and his Friends, at which as few Readers would have been pleaſed to be preſent, ſo few, I believe, will deſire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, paſs on to the Entrance of the Turnkey, who

acquainted *Jones*, that there was a Lady without who desired to speak to him, when he was at Leisure.

Jones declared his Surprize at this Message. He said he knew no Lady in the World whom he could pos- 'sibly expect to see there.' However, as he saw no 'Reason to decline seeing any Person, Mrs. *Miller* and Mr. *Nightingale* presently took their Leave, and he gave Orders to have the Lady admitted.

If *Jones* was surprized at the News of a Visit from a Lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this Lady to be no other than Mrs. *Waters*. In this Astonishment then we shall leave him a while, in order to cure the Surprize of the Reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the Arrival of this Lady.

Who this Mrs. *Waters* was, the Reader pretty well knows; what she was, he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this Lady departed from *Upton* in the same Coach with Mr. *Fitzpatrick* and the other *Irish* Gentleman, and in their Company travelled to the *Bath*.

Now there was a certain Office in the Gift of Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at that Time vacant, namely that of a Wife; for the Lady who had lately filled that Office had resigned, or at least deserted her Duty. Mr. *Fitzpatrick* therefore having thoroughly examined Mrs. *Waters* on the Road, found her extremely fit for the Place, which, on their Arrival at *Bath*, he presently, conferred upon her, and she, without any Scruple, accepted. As Husband and Wife this Gentleman and Lady continued together all the Time they stayed at *Bath*, and as Husband and Wife they arrived together in Town.

Whether Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was so wise a Man as not to part with one good Thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a Prospect of regaining; or whether Mrs. *Waters* had so well discharged her Office, that he intended still to retain her

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as Principal, and to make his Wife (as is often the Caſe,) only her Deputy, I will not ſay; but certain it is, he never mentioned his Wife to her, never communicated to her the Letter given him by Mrs. *Weſtern*, nor ever once hinted his Purpoſe of re-poſſeſſing his Wife; much leſs did he ever mention the Name of *Jones*. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate thoſe prudent Perſons who think a Wife, a Mother, a Siſter, or ſometimes a whole Family, the ſafeſt Seconds on theſe Occaſions. The firſt Account therefore which ſhe had of all this, was delivered to her from his Lips, after he was brought home from the Tavern where his Wound had been dreſt.

As Mr. *Fitzpatrick* however had not the cleareſt Way of telling a Story at any Time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confuſed than uſual, it was ſome Time before ſhe diſcovered, that the Gentleman who had given him this Wound, was the very ſame Perſon from whom her Heart had received a Wound, which, though not of a mortal Kind, was yet ſo deep that it had left a conſiderable Scar behind it. But no ſooner was ſhe acquainted that Mr. *Jones* himſelf was the Man who had been committed to the Gatehouſe for this ſuppoſed Murder, than ſhe took the firſt Opportunity of committing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to the Care of his Nurſe, and haſted away to viſit the Conqueror.

She now entered the Room with an Air of Gaiety, which received an immediate Check from the melancholy Aſpect of poor *Jones*, who ſtarted and bleſſed himſelf when he ſaw her. Upon which ſhe ſaid, 'Nay, I do not wonder at your Surprize; I believe 'you did not expect to ſee me; for few Gentlemen 'are troubled here with Viſits from any Lady, unleſs 'a Wife. You ſee the Power you have over me, 'Mr. *Jones*. Indeed I little thought when we parted 'at *Upton*, that our next meeting would have been 'in ſuch a Place.' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſays *Jones*,

'I muſt look upon this Viſit as kind; few will follow the Miſerable, eſpecially to ſuch diſmal Habitations.' 'I proteſt, Mr. *Jones*,' ſays ſhe, 'I can hardly perſuade myſelf you are the ſame agreeable Fellow I ſaw at *Upton*. Why your Face is more miſerable than any Dungeon in the Univerſe. What can be the Matter with you?' 'I thought, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'as you knew of my being here, you knew the unhappy Reaſon.' Pugh,' ſays ſhe, 'you have pinked a Man in a Duel, that's all.' *Jones* expreſs'd ſome Indignation at this Levity, and ſpoke with the utmoſt Contrition for what had happened. To which ſhe anſwered, 'Well then, Sir, if you take it ſo much to Heart, I will relieve you; the Gentleman is not dead: and, I am pretty confident, is in no Danger of dying. The Surgeon indeed who firſt dreſſed him was a young Fellow, and ſeemed deſirous of repreſenting his Caſe to be as bad as poſſible, that he might have the more Honour from curing him; but the King's Surgeon hath ſeen him ſince, and ſays, unleſs from a Fever, of which there are at preſent no Symptoms, he apprehends not the leaſt Danger of Life.' *Jones* ſhewed great Satisfaction in his Countenance at this Report; upon which ſhe affirmed the Truth of it, adding, 'By the moſt extraordinary Accident in the World I lodge at the ſame Houſe, and have ſeen the Gentleman; and I promiſe you he doth you Juſtice, and ſays, Whatever be the Conſequence, that he was entirely the Aggreſſor, and that you was not in the leaſt to blame.'

Jones expreſſed the utmoſt Satisfaction at the Account which Mrs. *Waters* brought him. He then informed her of many Things which ſhe well knew before, as who Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was, the Occaſion of his Reſentment, *&c.* He likewiſe told her ſeveral Facts of which ſhe was ignorant, as the Adventure of the Muff, and other Particulars, concealing only the Name

Name of *Sophia*. He then lamented the Follies and Vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he ſaid, had been attended with ſuch ill Conſequences, that he ſhould be unpardonable if he did not take Warning, and quit thoſe vicious Courſes for the future. He laſtly concluded with aſſuring her of his Reſolution to ſin no more, leſt a worſe Thing ſhould happen to him.

Mrs. *Waters* with great Pleaſantry ridiculed all this, as the Effects of low Spirits and Confinement. She repeated ſome Witticiſms about *the Devil when he was ſick*, and told him, 'She doubted not but ſhortly 'to ſee him at Liberty, and as lively a Fellow as ever; 'and then,' ſays ſhe, 'I don't queſtion but your Con-'ſcience will be ſafely delivered of all theſe Qualms 'that it is now ſo ſick in Breeding.'

Many more Things of this Kind ſhe uttered, ſome of which it would do her no great Honour, in the Opinion of ſome Readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the Anſwers made by *Jones* would be treated with Ridicule by others. We ſhall therefore ſuppreſs the reſt of this Converſation, and only obſerve, that it ended at laſt with perfect Innocence, and much more to the Satisfaction of *Jones* than of the Lady: For the former was greatly tranſported with the News ſhe had brought him; but the latter was not altogether ſo pleaſed with the penitential Behaviour of a Man whom ſhe had at firſt Interview conceived a very different Opinion of, from what ſhe now entertained of him.

Thus the Melancholy occaſioned by the Report of Mr. *Nightingale* was pretty well effaced; but the Dejection into which Mrs. *Miller* had thrown him ſtill continued. The Account ſhe gave, ſo well tallied with the Words of *Sophia* herſelf in her Letter, that he made not the leaſt Doubt but that ſhe had diſcloſed his Letter to her Aunt, and had taken a fixed Reſolution to abandon him. The Torments this Thought gave him were to be equalled only by a Piece of News which

which Fortune yet had in Store for him, and which we ſhall communicate in the ſecond Chapter of the enſuing Book.

BOOK XVIII. *Containing about ſix Days.*

CHAP. I. *A Farewell to the Reader.*

WE are now, Reader, arrived at the laſt Stage of our long Journey. As we have therefore travelled together through ſo many Pages, let us behave to one another like Fellow-Travellers in a Stage-Coach, who have paſſed ſeveral Days in the Company of each other; and who, notwithſtanding any Bickerings or little Animoſities which may have occurred on the Road, generally make all up at laſt, and mount, for the laſt Time, into their Vehicle, with Chearfulneſs and Good-Humour; ſince, after this one Stage, it may poſſibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this Simile, give me Leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this laſt Book to imitate the good Company I have mentioned in their laſt Journey. Now it is well known, that all Jokes and Raillery are at this Time laid aſide; whatever Characters any of the Paſſengers have for the Jeſt-ſake perſonated on the Road, are now thrown off, and the Converſation is uſually plain and ſerious.

In the ſame Manner, if I have now and then, in the Courſe of this Work, indulged any Pleaſantry for thy Entertainment, I ſhall here lay it down. The Variety of Matters indeed, which I ſhall be obliged to cram into this Book, will afford no room for any of thoſe ludicrous Obſervations which I have elſewhere made, and which may ſometimes, perhaps, have prevented

vented thee from taking a Nap when it was beginning to ſteal upon thee. In this laſt Book thou wilt find nothing (or at moſt very little) of that Nature. All will be plain Narrative only; and, indeed, when thou haſt peruſed the many great Events which this Book will produce, thou wilt think the Number of Pages contained in it ſcarce ſufficient to tell the Story.

And now, my Friend, I take this Opportunity (as I ſhall have no other) of heartily wiſhing thee well. If I have been an entertaining Companion to thee, I promiſe thee it is what I have deſired. If in any Thing I have offended, it was really without any Intention. Some Things perhaps, here ſaid, may have hit thee or thy Friends; but I do moſt ſolemnly declare they were not pointed at them. I queſtion not but thou haſt been told, among other Stories of me, that thou waſt to travel with a very ſcurrilous Fellow: But whoever told thee ſo, did me an Injury. No Man deteſts and deſpiſes Scurrility more than myſelf; nor hath any Man more Reaſon; for none has ever been treated with more: And what is a very ſevere Fate, I have had ſome of the abuſive Writings of thoſe very Men fathered upon me, who in other of their Works have abuſed me themſelves with the utmoſt Virulence.

All theſe Works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this Page ſhall offer itſelf to thy Peruſal: For however ſhort the Period may be of my own Performances, they will moſt probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weakly Productions of his abuſive Cotemporaries.

CHAP. II. *Containing a very tragical Incident.*

WHILE *Jones* was employed in theſe unpleaſant Meditations, with which we left him tormenting himſelf, *Partridge* came ſtumbling into the Room with his Face paler than Aſhes, his Eyes fixed

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in his Head, his Hair ſtanding an End, and every Limb trembling. In ſhort, he looked as he would have done had he ſeen a Spectre, or had he, indeed, been a Spectre himſelf.

Jones, who was little ſubject to Fear, could not avoid being ſomewhat ſhocked at this ſudden Appearance. He did indeed himſelf change Colour, and his Voice a little faultered, while he aſked him what was the Matter.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'you will not be 'angry with me. Indeed I did not liſten, but I was 'obliged to ſtay in the outward Room. I am ſure I 'wiſh I had been a hundred Miles off, rather than 'have heard what I have heard.' 'Why what is the 'Matter?' ſaid *Jones*. 'The Matter, Sir? O good 'Heaven!' anſwered *Partridge*, 'was that Woman, 'who is juſt gone out, the Woman who was with 'you at *Upton*?' 'She was, *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*. 'And did you really, Sir, go to Bed with that Wo-'man?' ſaid he trembling.——'I am afraid what 'paſt between us is no Secret,' ſaid *Jones*.——'Nay, 'but pray, Sir, for Heaven's Sake, Sir, anſwer me,' cries *Partridge*. 'You know I did,' cries *Jones*.—— 'Why then the Lord have Mercy upon your Soul, 'and forgive you,' cries *Partridge*; 'but as ſure as 'I ſtand here alive, you have been a-Bed with your 'own Mother.'

Upon theſe Words, *Jones* became in a Moment a greater Picture of Horror than *Partridge* himſelf. He was indeed, for ſome Time, ſtruck dumb with Amazement, and both ſtood ſtaring wildly at each other. At laſt his Words found Way, and in an interrupted Voice he ſaid—'How! how! What's this you tell 'me?' 'Nay, Sir,' cries *Partridge*, 'I have not 'Breath enough left to tell you now—but what I 'have ſaid is moſt certainly true——That Woman 'who now went out is your own Mother. How un-'lucky was it for you, Sir, that I did not happen to

'ſee

'ſee her at that Time, to have prevented it? Sure 'the Devil himſelf muſt have contrived to bring a-'bout this Wickedneſs.'

'Sure,' cries *Jones*, 'Fortune will never have done 'with me, 'till ſhe hath driven me to Diſtraction. 'But why do I blame Fortune? I am myſelf the 'Cauſe of all my Miſery. All the dreadful Miſchiefs 'which have befallen me, are the Conſequences only 'of my own Folly and Vice. What thou haſt told 'me, *Partridge*, hath almoſt deprived me of my Sen-'ſes. And was Mrs. *Waters* then——But why do 'I aſk? for thou muſt certainly know her.——If 'thou haſt any Affection for me; nay, if thou haſt any 'Pity, let me beſeech thee to fetch this miſerable Wo-'man back again to me. O good Heavens! Inceſt— 'with a Mother! To what am I reſerved?' He then fell into the moſt violent and frantic Agonies of Grief and Deſpair, in which *Partridge* declared he would not leave him: But at laſt, having vented the firſt Torrent of Paſſion, he came a little to himſelf; and then having acquainted *Partridge* that he would find this wretched Woman in the ſame Houſe where the wounded Gentleman was lodged, he diſpatched him in queſt of her.

If the Reader will pleaſe to refreſh his Memory, by turning to the Scene at *Upton* in the ninth Book, he will be apt to admire the many ſtrange Accidents which unfortunately prevented any Interview between *Partridge* and Mrs. *Waters*, when ſhe ſpent a whole Day there with Mr. *Jones*. Inſtances of this Kind we may frequently obſerve in Life, where the greateſt Events are produced by a nice Train of little Circumſtances; and more than one Example of this may be diſcovered by the accurate Eye, in this our Hiſtory.

After a fruitleſs Search of two or three Hours, *Partridge* returned back to his Maſter, without having ſeen Mrs. *Waters*. *Jones*, who was in a State

of

of Deſperation at his Delay, was almoſt raving mad when he brought him this Account. He was not long however in this Condition before he received the following Letter.

'*Sir*,

'Since I left you, I have ſeen a Gentleman, from 'whom I have learned ſomething concerning you 'which greatly ſurprizes and affects me; but as I have 'not at preſent Leiſure to communicate a Matter of 'ſuch high Importance, you muſt ſuſpend your Curio-'ſity 'till our next Meeting, which ſhall be the firſt Mo-'ment I am able to ſee you. O Mr. *Jones*, little 'did I think, when I paſt that happy Day at *Upton*, 'the Reflection upon which is like to embitter all my 'future Life, who it was to whom I owed ſuch per-'fect Happineſs. Believe me to be ever ſincerely 'your unfortunate,

J. Waters.

P. S. 'I would have you comfort yourſelf as much 'as poſſible, for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* is in no manner of 'Danger; ſo that whatever other grievous Crimes 'you may have to repent of, the Guilt of Blood is 'not among the Number.'

Jones, having received the Letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had ſcarce the Uſe of any one of his Faculties) *Partridge* took it up, and having received Conſent by Silence, read it likewiſe; nor had it upon him a leſs ſenſible Effect. The Pencil, and not the Pen, ſhould deſcribe the Horrors which appeared in both their Countenances. While they both remained ſpeechleſs, the Turnkey entered the Room, and without taking any Notice of what ſufficiently diſcovered itſelf in the Faces of them both, acquainted *Jones* that a Man without deſired to ſpeak with him. This Perſon was preſently introduced, and was no other than *Black George*.

As

As Sights of Horror were not ſo uſual to *George* as they were to the Turnkey, he inſtantly ſaw the great Diſorder which appeared in the Face of *Jones*. This he imputed to the Accident that happened, which was reported in the very worſt Light in Mr. *Weſtern*'s Family; he concluded therefore that the Gentleman was dead, and that Mr. *Jones* was in a fair Way of coming to a ſhameful End. A Thought which gave him great Uneaſineſs; for *George* was of a compaſſionate Diſpoſition, and notwithſtanding a ſmall Breach of Friendſhip which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not inſenſible of the Obligations he had formerly received from Mr. *Jones*.

The poor Fellow therefore ſcarce refrained from a Tear at the preſent Sight. He told *Jones* he was heartily ſorry for his Misfortunes, and begged him to conſider if he could be of any manner of Service. 'Perhaps, Sir, ſaid he, you may want a little Matter 'of Money upon this Occaſion; if you do, Sir, 'what little I have is heartily at your Service.'

Jones ſhook him very heartily by the Hand, and gave him many Thanks for the kind Offer he had made; but anſwered, 'He had not the leaſt Want 'of that Kind.' Upon which *George* began to preſs his Services more eagerly than before. *Jones* again thanked him, with Aſſurances that he wanted nothing which was in the Power of any Man living to give. 'Come, come, my good Maſter, anſwered *George*, 'do not take the Matter ſo much to Heart. Things 'may end better than you imagine; to be ſure you 'ant the firſt Gentleman who hath killed a Man and 'yet come off.' 'You are wide of the Matter, '*George*,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'the Gentleman is not 'dead, nor like to die. Don't diſturb my Maſter at 'preſent, for he is troubled about a Matter in which 'it is not in your Power to do him any good.' 'You 'don't know what I may be able to do, Mr. *Partridge*,' anſwered *George*; 'if his Concern is about

'my

'my young Lady, I have ſome News to tell my 'Maſter.'—'What do you ſay, Mr. *George?*' cry'd *Jones*, 'hath any thing lately happened in which my 'Sophia is concerned? My *Sophia!* How dares ſuch 'a Wretch as I mention her ſo profanely.'——'I 'hope ſhe will be your's yet, anſwered *George*.—— 'Why, yes, Sir, I have ſomething to tell you about 'her. Madam *Weſtern* hath juſt brought Madam 'Sophia home, and there hath been a terrible to do. 'I could not poſſibly learn the very Right of it; but 'my Maſter hath been in a vaſt big Paſſion, and ſo 'was Madam *Weſtern*, and I heard her ſay as ſhe 'went out of Doors into her Chair, that ſhe would 'never ſet her Foot in Maſter's Houſe again. I don't 'know what's the Matter, not I, but every thing was 'very quiet when I came out; but *Robin*, who waited 'at Supper, ſaid he had never ſeen the Squire for a 'long while in ſuch good Humour with young Ma-'dam; that he kiſſed her ſeveral Times, and ſwore 'ſhe ſhould be her own Miſtreſs, and he never would 'think of confining her any more. I thought this 'News would pleaſe you, and ſo I ſlipp'd out, though 'it was ſo late, to inform you of it.' Mr. *Jones* aſſured *George* that it did greatly pleaſe him; for though he ſhould never more preſume to lift his Eyes towards that incomparable Creature, nothing could ſo much relieve his Miſery as the Satisfaction he ſhould always have in hearing of her Welfare.

The reſt of the Converſation which paſſed at the Viſit, is not important enough to be here related. The Reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleaſed to hear how this great good Will of the Squire towards his Daughter was brought about.

Mrs. *Weſtern*, on her firſt Arrival at her Brother's Lodging, began to ſet forth the great Honours and Advantages which would accrue to the Family by the Match with Lord *Fellamar*, which her Niece had abſolutely

ſolutely refuſed; in which Refuſal, when the Squire took the Part of his Daughter, ſhe fell immediately into the moſt violent Paſſion, and ſo irritated and provoked the Squire, that neither his Patience nor his Prudence could bear any longer; upon which there enſued between them both ſo warm a Bout at Altercation, that perhaps the Regions of *Billinſgate* never equalled it. In the Heat of this Scolding Mrs. *Weſtern* departed, and had conſequently no Leiſure to acquaint the Brother with the Letter which *Sophia* received, which might have poſſibly produced ill Effects; but to ſay Truth, I believe it never once occurred to her Memory at this Time.

When Mrs. *Weſtern* was gone, *Sophia*, who had been hitherto ſilent, as well indeed from Neceſſity as Inclination, began to return the Compliment which her Father had made her, in taking her Part againſt her Aunt, by taking his likewiſe againſt the Lady. This was the firſt Time of her ſo doing, and it was in the higheſt Degree acceptable to the Squire. Again he remembered that Mr. *Allworthy* had inſiſted on an entire Relinquiſhment of all violent Means; and indeed as he made no doubt but that *Jones* would be hanged, he did not in the leaſt queſtion ſucceeding with his Daughter by fair Means; he now therefore once more gave a Looſe to his natural Fondneſs for her, which had ſuch an Effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender and affectionate Heart of *Sophia*, that had her Honour given to *Jones*, and ſomething elſe perhaps in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether ſhe would not have ſacrificed herſelf to a Man ſhe did not like, to have obliged her Father. She promiſed him ſhe would make it the whole Buſineſs of her Life to oblige him, and would never marry any Man againſt his Conſent; which brought the old Man ſo near to his higheſt Happineſs, that he was reſolved to take the other Step, and went to Bed completely drunk.

CHAP.

CHAP. III. Allworthy *viſits old* Nightingale *with a ſtrange Diſcovery that he made on that Occaſion.*

THE Morning after theſe Things had happened, Mr. *Allworthy* went according to his Promiſe to viſit old *Nightingale*, with whom his Authority was ſo great, that after having ſat with him three Hours, he at laſt prevailed with him to conſent to ſee his Son.

Here an Accident happened of a very extraordinary Kind; one indeed of thoſe ſtrange Chances, whence very good and grave Men have concluded, that Providence often interpoſes in the Diſcovery of the moſt ſecret Villainy, in order to caution Men from quitting the Paths of Honeſty, however warily they tread in thoſe of Vice.

Mr. *Allworthy*, at his Entrance into Mr. *Nightingale*'s, ſaw *Black George*; he took no Notice of him, nor did *Black George* imagine he had perceived him. However, when their Converſation on the principal Point was over, *Allworthy* aſked *Nightingale* whether he knew one *George Seagrim*, and upon what Buſineſs he came to his Houſe. 'Yes, anſwered *Nightingale*, 'I know him very well, and a moſt extraordinary 'Fellow he is, who, in theſe Days, hath been able 'to hoard up 500*l.* from renting a very ſmall Eſtate 'of 30*l.* a Year.' 'And is this the Story which he 'hath told you? cries *Allworthy*.' 'Nay, it is true, 'I promiſe you, ſaid *Nightingale*, for I have the 'Money in my own Hands, in five Bank-Bills, which 'I am to lay out either in a Mortgage, or in ſome 'Purchaſe in the North of *England*.' The Bank-Bills were no ſooner produced, at *Allworthy*'s Deſire, than he bleſſed himſelf at the Strangeneſs of the Diſcovery. He preſently told *Nightingale* that theſe Bank-Bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him

him with the whole Affair. As there are no Men who complain more of the Frauds of Buſineſs than Highwaymen, Gameſters, and other Thieves of that Kind; ſo there are none who ſo bitterly exclaim againſt the Frauds of Gameſters, *&c.* as Uſurers, Brokers and other Thieves of this Kind; whether it be that the one Way of cheating is a Diſcountenance or Reflection upon the other, or that Money, which is the common Miſtreſs of all Cheats, makes them regard each other in the Light of Rivals; but *Nightingale* no ſooner heard the Story, than he exclaimed againſt the Fellow in Terms much ſeverer than the Juſtice and Honeſty of *Allworthy* had beſtowed on him.

Allworthy deſired *Nightingale* to retain both the Money and the Secret till he ſhould hear farther from him; and if he ſhould in the mean Time ſee the Fellow, that he would not take the leaſt Notice to him of the Diſcovery which he had made. He then returned to his Lodgings, where he found Mrs. *Miller* in a very dejected Condition, on Account of the Information ſhe had received from her Son-in-Law. Mr. *Allworthy*, with great Chearfulneſs, told her that he had much good News to communicate; and with little further Preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. *Nightingale* to conſent to ſee his Son, and did not in the leaſt doubt to effect a perfect Reconciliation between them; though he found the Father more ſowered by another Accident of the ſame Kind, which had happened in his Family. He then mentioned the running away of the Uncle's Daughter, which he had been told by the old Gentleman, and which Mrs. *Miller*, and her Son-in-law, did not yet know.

The Reader may ſuppoſe Mrs. *Miller* received this Account with great Thankfulneſs and no leſs Pleaſure; but ſo uncommon was her Friendſhip to *Jones*, that I am not certain whether the Uneaſineſs ſhe ſuffered

fered for his Sake, did not over-balance her Satisfaction at hearing a Piece of News tending ſo much to the Happineſs of her own Family; nor whether even this very News, as it reminded her of the Obligations ſhe had to *Jones*, did not hurt as well as pleaſe her; when her grateful Heart ſaid to her, 'While 'my own Family is happy, how miſerable is the 'poor Creature, to whoſe Generoſity we owe the 'Beginning of all this Happineſs!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the Cud (if I may uſe that Expreſſion) on theſe firſt Tidings, told her, he had ſtill ſomething more to impart, which he believed would give her Pleaſure. 'I think, ſaid he, 'I have diſcovered a pretty conſiderable Trea-'ſure belonging to the young Gentleman, your 'Friend; but perhaps, indeed, his preſent Situation 'may be ſuch, that it will be of no Service to him.'

The latter Part of the Speech gave Mrs. *Miller* to underſtand who was meant, and ſhe anſwered with a Sigh, 'I hope not, Sir.' 'I hope ſo too, cries '*Allworthy* with all my Heart, but my Nephew 'told me this Morning, he had heard a very bad Ac-'count of the Affair.'——'Good Heaven! Sir, ſaid 'ſhe—Well, I muſt not ſpeak, and yet it is certainly 'very hard to be obliged to hold one's Tongue when 'one hears'—'Madam, ſaid *Allworthy*, you may 'ſay whatever you pleaſe, you know me too well to 'think I have a Prejudice againſt any one; and as 'for that young Man, I aſſure you I ſhould be hear-'tily pleaſed to find he could acquit himſelf of every 'thing, and particularly of this ſad Affair. You 'can teſtify the Affection I have formerly borne him. 'The World, I know, cenſured me for loving him 'ſo much. I did not withdraw that Affection from 'him without thinking I had the juſteſt Cauſe. Be-'lieve me, Mrs. *Miller*, I ſhould be glad to find I 'have been miſtaken.' Mrs. *Miller* was going eagerly to reply, when a Servant acquainted her, that a Gentleman

Gentleman without deſired to ſpeak with her immediately. *Allworthy* then enquired for his Nephew, and was told that he had been for ſome Time in his Room with the Gentleman who uſed to come to him, and whom Mr. *Allworthy*, gueſſing rightly to be Mr. *Dowling*, deſired preſently to ſpeak with.

When *Dowling* attended, *Allworthy* put the Caſe of the Bank-Notes to him, without mentioning any Name, and aſked in what Manner ſuch a perſon might be puniſhed. To which *Dowling* anſwered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but ſaid, as it was a matter of ſome Nicety, it would be proper to go to Council. He ſaid he was to attend Council preſently upon an Affair of Mr. *Weſtern*'s and if Mr. *Allworthy* pleaſed, he would lay the Caſe before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. *Miller* opening the Door, cry'd, 'I aſk pardon, I did not 'know you had Company;' but *Allworthy* deſired her to come in, ſaying, he had finiſhed his Buſineſs. Upon which Mr. *Dowling* withdrew, and Mrs. *Miller* introduced Mr. *Nightingale* the younger, to return Thanks for the great Kindneſs done him by *Allworthy*; but ſhe had ſcarce Patience to let the young Gentleman finiſh his Speech before ſhe interrupted him, ſaying, 'O Sir, Mr. *Nightingale* brings great 'News about poor Mr. *Jones*; he hath been to ſee 'the wounded Gentleman, who is out of all Danger 'of Death, and what is more, declares he fell upon 'poor Mr. *Jones* himſelf, and beat him. I am ſure 'Sir, you would not have Mr. *Jones* be a Coward. 'If I was a Man myſelf, I am ſure, if any Man was 'to ſtrike me, I ſhould draw my Sword. Do pray, 'my Dear, tell Mr. *Allworthy*, tell him all yourſelf.' *Nightingale* then confirmed what Mrs. *Miller* had ſaid; and concluded with many handſome Things of *Jones*, who was, he ſaid, one of the beſt-natured Fellows in the World, and not in the leaſt inclined to be quarrelſome. Here *Nightingale* was going to ceaſe, when

when Mrs. *Miller* again begged him to relate all the many dutiful Expreſſions he had heard him make Uſe of towards Mr. *Allworthy*. 'To ſay the utmoſt 'Good of Mr. *Allworthy*, cries *Nightingale*, is doing 'no more than ſtrict Juſtice, and can have no Merit 'in it; but indeed I muſt ſay, no Man can be more 'ſenſible of the Obligations he hath to ſo good a 'Man, than is poor *Jones*. Indeed, Sir, I am con-'vinced the Weight of your Diſpleaſure is the hea-'vieſt Burthen he lies under. He hath often lament-'ed it to me, and hath as often proteſted in the moſt 'ſolemn Manner, he had never been intentionally 'guilty of any Offence towards you; nay, he hath 'ſworn he would rather die a Thouſand Deaths than 'he would have his Conſcience upbraid him with one 'diſreſpectful, ungrateful, or undutiful Thought to-'wards you. But I aſk pardon, Sir, I am afraid I 'preſume to intermeddle too far in ſo tender a Point.' 'You have ſpoke no more than what a Chriſtian 'ought,' cries Mrs. *Miller*. 'Indeed, Mr. *Night-'ingale*, anſwered *Allworthy*, 'I applaud your gene-'rous Friendſhip, and I wiſh he may merit it of you. 'I confeſs I am glad to hear the Report you bring 'from this unfortunate Gentleman; and if that Mat-'ter ſhould turn out to be as you repreſent it (and 'indeed I doubt nothing of what you ſay) I may per-'haps, in Time, be brought to think better than 'lately I have of this young Man: For this good 'Gentlewoman here, nay, all who know me, can 'witneſs that I loved him as dearly as if he had been 'my own Son. Indeed I have conſidered him as a 'Child ſent by Fortune to my Care. I ſtill remem-'ber the innocent, the helpleſs, Situation in which I 'found him. I feel the tender Preſſure of his little 'Hands at this Moment.—He was my Darling, in-'deed he was.' At which Words he ceaſed, and the Tears ſtood in his Eyes.

As

As the Anſwer which Mrs. *Miller* made may lead us into freſh Matters, we will here ſtop to account for the viſible Alteration in Mr. *Allworthy*'s Mind, and the Abatement of his Anger to *Jones*. Revolutions of this Kind, it is true, do frequently occur in Hiſtories and dramatic Writers, for no other Reaſon than becauſe the Hiſtory or Play draws to a Concluſion, and are juſtified by Authority of Authors; yet though we inſiſt upon as much Authority as any Author whatever, we ſhall uſe this Power very ſparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by Neceſſity, which we do not at preſent foreſee will happen in this Work.

This Alteration then, in the Mind of Mr. *Allworthy*, was occaſioned by a Letter he had juſt received from Mr. *Square*, and which we ſhall give the Reader in the Beginning of the next Chapter.

CHAP. IV. *Containing two Letters of very different Stiles.*

" *My worthy Friend*,

" I Informed you in my laſt, that I was forbidden " the Uſe of the Waters, as they were found by " Experience rather to encreaſe than leſſen the Symptoms of my Diſtemper. I muſt now acquaint you " with a Piece of News, which, I believe, will afflict my Friends more than it hath afflicted me. Dr. " *Harrington* and Dr. *Brewſter* have informed me " that there is no Hope of my Recovery.

" I have ſomewhere read, that the great Uſe of " Philoſophy is to learn to die. I will not therefore " ſo far diſgrace mine, as to ſhew any Surprize at " receiving a Leſſon which I muſt be thought to have " ſo long ſtudied. Yet, to ſay the Truth, one Page " of the Goſpel teaches this Leſſon better than all " the Volumes of antient or modern Philoſophers.

" The Aſſurance it gives us of another Life is a " much ſtronger Support to a good Mind, than all " the Conſolations that are drawn from the Neceſſity " of Nature, the Emptineſs or Satiety of our Enjoy- " ments here, or any other Topic of thoſe Declara- " tions which are ſometimes capable of arming " our Minds with a ſtubborn Patience in bearing the " Thoughts of Death; but never raiſing them to a " real Contempt of it, and much leſs of making us " think it a real Good. I would not here be under- " ſtood to throw the horrid Cenſure of Atheiſm, or " even the abſolute Denial of Immortality, on all " who are called Philoſophers. Many of that Sect, " as well antient as modern, have, from the Light of " Reaſon, diſcovered ſome Hopes of a future State; " but in Reality, that Light was ſo faint and glim- " mering, and the Hopes were ſo uncertain and pre- " carious, that it may be juſtly doubted on which " Side their Belief turned. *Plato* himſelf concludes " his *Phædon*, with declaring that his beſt Arguments " amount only to raiſe a Probability; and *Cicero* " himſelf ſeems rather to profeſs an Inclination to " believe, than any actual Belief in the Doctrines of " Immortality. As to myſelf, to be very ſincere " with you, I never was much in earneſt in this " Faith, till I was in earneſt a Chriſtian.

" You will perhaps wonder at the latter Expreſſi- " on; but I aſſure you it hath not been till very late- " ly, that I could, with Truth, call myſelf ſo. The " Pride of Philoſophy had intoxicated my Reaſon, " and the ſublimeſt of all Wiſdom appeared to me, as " it did to the *Greeks* of old, to be Fooliſhneſs. " God hath however been ſo gracious to ſhew me " my Error in Time, and to bring me into the Way " of Truth, before ſunk into utter Darkneſs for " ever.

" I find myſelf beginning to grow weak, I ſhall " there-

" therefore haſten to the main Purpoſe of this Let-
" ter.

" When I reflect on the Actions of my paſt Life,
" I know of nothing which ſits heavier upon my
" Conſcience, than the Injuſtice I have been guilty
" of to that poor Wretch, your adopted Son. I
" have not indeed only connived at the Villainy of
" others, but been myſelf active in Injuſtice towards
" him. Believe me, my dear Friend, when I tell
" you, on the Word of a dying Man, he has been
" baſely injured. As to the principal Fact, upon the
" Miſrepreſentation of which you diſcarded him, I
" ſolemnly aſſure you he is innocent. When you
" lay upon your ſuppoſed Death-bed, he was the
" only Perſon in the Houſe who teſtified any real
" Concern; and what happened afterwards aroſe
" from the Wildneſs of his Joy on your Recovery;
" and, I am ſorry to ſay it, from the Baſeneſs of
" another Perſon (but it is my Deſire to juſtify the
" Innocent and to accuſe none). Believe me, my
" Friend, this young Man hath the nobleſt Genero-
" ſity of Heart, the moſt perfect Capacity for Friend-
" ſhip, the higheſt Integrity, and indeed every Vir-
" tue which can ennoble a Man. He hath ſome Faults,
" but among them is not to be numbered the leaſt
" Want of Duty or Gratitude towards you. On the
" contrary, I am ſatisfied, when you diſmiſſed him
" from your Houſe, his Heart bled for you more
" than for himſelf.

" Worldly Motives were the wicked and baſe Rea-
" ſons of my concealing this from you ſo long; to
" reveal it now I can have no Inducement but the
" Deſire of ſerving the Cauſe of Truth, of doing
" Right to the Innocent, and of making all the A-
" mends in my Power for a paſt Offence. I hope
" this Declaration therefore will have the Effect de-
" ſired, and will reſtore this deſerving young Man to

" your Favour; the hearing of which while I am yet " alive will afford the utmoſt Conſolation to,

" *Sir*,

" *Your moſt obliged*,

" *Obedient humble Servant*,

" Thomas Square."

The Reader will, after this, ſcarce wonder at the Revolution ſo viſibly appearing in Mr. *Allworthy*, notwithſtanding he received from *Thwackum*, by the ſame Poſt another Letter of a very different Kind, which we ſhall here add, as it may poſſibly be the laſt Time we ſhall have occaſion to mention the Name of that Gentleman.

Sir,

' I am not at all ſurprized at hearing from your ' worthy Nephew a freſh Inſtance of the Villainy of ' Mr. *Square* the Atheiſt's young Pupil. I ſhall not ' wonder at any Murders he may commit; and I ' heartily pray that your own Blood may not ſeal up ' his final Commitment to the Place of Wailing and ' Gnaſhing of Teeth.

' Though you cannot want ſufficient Calls to Re- ' pentance for the many unwarrantable Weakneſſes ' exemplified in your Behaviour to this Wretch, ſo ' much to the Prejudice of your own lawful Family, ' and of your Character: I ſay, tho' theſe may ſuf- ' ficiently be ſuppoſed to prick and goad your Con- ' ſcience at this Seaſon; I ſhould yet be wanting to ' my Duty if I ſpared to give you ſome Admonition, ' in order to bring you to a due Senſe of your Errors. ' I therefore pray you ſeriouſly to conſider the Judg- ' ment which is likely to overtake this wicked Villain; ' and let it ſerve at leaſt as a Warning to you, that ' you may not for the future deſpiſe the Advice of ' one who is indefatigable in his Prayers for your ' Welfare.

' Had

'Had not my Hand been withheld from due Cor-
'rection, I had ſcourged much of this diabolical Spi-
'rit out of a Boy, of whom from his Infancy I diſ-
'covered the Devil had taken ſuch entire Poſſeſſion;
'but Reflections of this Kind now come too late.

'I am ſorry you have given away the Living of
'*Weſterton* ſo haſtily. I ſhould have applied on that
'Occaſion earlier, had I thought you would not have
'acquainted me previous to the Diſpoſition.———
'Your Objection to Pluralities is being righteous over-
'much. If there were any Crime in the Practice, ſo
'many godly Men would not agree to it. If the
'Vicar of *Aldergrove* ſhould die (as we hear he is
'in a declining Way) I hope you will think of me,
'ſince I am certain you muſt be convinced of my
'moſt ſincere Attachment to your higheſt Welfare.
'A Welfare, to which all worldly Conſiderations are
'as trifling, as the ſmall Tithes mentioned in Scrip-
'ture are, when compared to the weighty Matters of
'the Law.

'*I am, Sir,*
'*Your faithful humble Servant,*
'Roger Thwackum.'

This was the firſt Time that *Thwackum* ever wrote in this authoritative Stile to *Allworthy*, and of this he had afterwards ſufficient Reaſon to repent, as is the Caſe of thoſe who miſtake the higheſt Degree of Goodneſs for the loweſt Degree of Weakneſs. *Allworthy* had indeed never liked this Man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he alſo knew that his Divinity itſelf was tinctured with his Temper, and ſuch as in many Reſpects he himſelf did by no means approve: But he was at the ſame Time an excellent Scholar, and moſt indefatigable in teaching the two Lads. Add to this the ſtrict Severity of his Life and Manners, and unimpeached Honeſty, and a moſt devout Attachment to Religion. So that upon the whole, though *Allworthy* did not eſteem nor love the

Man, yet he could never bring himſelf to part with a Tutor to the Boys, who was, both by Learning and Induſtry, extremely well qualified for his Office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own Houſe, and under his own Eye, he ſhould be able to correct whatever was wrong in *Thwackum*'s Inſtructions.

CHAP. V. *In which the Hiſtory is continued.*

MR. *Allworthy*, in his laſt Speech, had recollected ſome tender Ideas concerning *Jones*, which had brought Tears into the good Man's Eyes. This Mrs. *Miller* obſerving, ſaid, 'Yes, yes, Sir, your 'Goodneſs to this poor young Man is known not-'withſtanding all your Care to conceal it; but there 'is not a ſingle Syllable of Truth in what thoſe Vil-'lains ſaid. Mr. *Nightingale* hath now diſcovered the 'whole Matter. It ſeems theſe Fellows were em-'ployed by a Lord, who is a Rival of poor Mr. '*Jones*, to have preſſed him on board a Ship.—I aſ-'ſure them I don't know who they will preſs next. 'Mr. *Nightingale* here hath ſeen the Officer himſelf, 'who is a very pretty Gentleman, and hath told him 'all, and is very ſorry for what he undertook, which 'he would never have done, had he known Mr. *Jones* 'to have been a Gentleman; but he was told that he 'was a common ſtrolling Vagabond.'

Allworthy ſtared at all this, and declared he was a Stranger to every Word ſhe ſaid. 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I believe you are.——It is a very dif-'ferent Story, I believe, from what thoſe Fellows 'told the Lawyer.'

'What Lawyer, Madam? what is it you mean?' ſaid *Allworthy*. 'Nay, nay,' ſaid ſhe, 'this is ſo 'like you to deny your own Goodneſs; but Mr. '*Nightingale* here ſaw him.' 'Saw whom, Ma-'dam?' anſwered he. 'Why, your Lawyer, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you ſo kindly ſent to enquire into the 'Affair.'

'Affair.' 'I am ſtill in the Dark, upon my Ho-'nour,' ſaid *Allworthy*. 'Why then do you tell 'him, my dear Sir,' cries ſhe. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'I did ſee that very Lawyer, who went 'from you when I came into the Room, at an Ale-'houſe in *Alderſgate*, in Company with two of the 'Fellows who were employed by Lord *Fellamar* to 'preſs Mr. *Jones*, and who were by that Means pre-'ſent at the unhappy Rencounter between him and 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick*.' 'I own, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. *Miller*, 'when I ſaw this Gentleman come into the 'Room to you, I told Mr. *Nightingale* that I ap-'prehended you had ſent him thither to enquire in-'to the Affair.' *Allworthy* ſhewed Marks of Aſtoniſhment in his Countenance at this News, and was indeed for two or three Minutes ſtruck dumb by it. At laſt, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. *Nightingale*, he ſaid, 'I muſt confeſs myſelf, Sir, more ſurprized at 'what you tell me, than I have ever been before at 'any Thing in my whole Life. Are you certain 'this was the Gentleman?' 'I am moſt certain,' anſwered *Nightingale*. 'At *Alderſgate?*' cries *Allworthy*. 'And was you in Company with this Law-'yer and the two Fellows?'—'I was, Sir,' ſaid the other, 'very near half an Hour.'——'Well, Sir,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'and in what Manner did the Law-'yer behave? Did you hear all that paſt between 'him and the Fellows?' 'No, Sir,' anſwered *Nightingale*, 'they had been together before I came.—— 'In my Preſence the Lawyer ſaid little; but after I 'had ſeveral Times examined the Fellows, who per-'ſiſted in a Story directly contrary to what I had 'heard from Mr. *Jones*, and what I find by Mr. '*Fitzpatrick* was a rank Falſhood, the Lawyer then 'deſired the Fellows to ſay nothing but what was 'the Truth, and ſeemed to ſpeak ſo much in Favour 'of Mr. *Jones*, that when I ſaw the ſame Perſon 'with you, I concluded your Goodneſs had prompted

'you to ſend him thither.'——'And did you not 'ſend him thither?' ſays Mrs. *Miller*.—'Indeed I 'did not,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'nor did I know he 'had gone on ſuch an Errand till this Moment.'—— 'I ſee it all!' ſaid Mrs. *Miller:* 'Upon my Soul, 'I ſee it all! No wonder they have been cloſeted ſo 'cloſe lately. Son *Nightingale*, let me beg you run 'for theſe Fellows immediately—find them out if 'they are above Ground. I will go myſelf.'—'Dear 'Madam,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'be patient, and do me 'the Favour to ſend a Servant up Stairs to call Mr. '*Dowling* hither, if he be in the Houſe, or, if not, 'Mr. *Blifil*.' Mrs. *Miller* went out muttering ſomething to herſelf, and preſently returned with an Anſwer, 'That Mr. *Dowling* was gone; but that the 't'other, as ſhe call'd him, was coming.'

Allworthy was of a cooler Diſpoſition than the good Woman, whoſe Spirits were all up in Arms in the Cauſe of her Friend. He was not however without ſome Suſpicions which were near a-kin to her's. When *Blifil* came into the Room, he aſked him with a very ſerious Countenance, and with a leſs friendly Look than he had ever before given him, 'Whether 'he knew any Thing of Mr. *Dowling*'s having ſeen 'any of the Perſons who were preſent at the Duel 'between *Jones* and another Gentleman?'

There is nothing ſo dangerous as a Queſtion which comes by Surprize on a Man, whoſe Buſineſs it is to conceal Truth, or defend Falſhood. For which Reaſon theſe worthy Perſonages, whoſe noble Office it is to ſave the Lives of their Fellow-Creatures at the *Old-Bailey*, take the utmoſt Care, by frequent previous Examination, to divine every Queſtion which may be aſked their Clients on the Day of Trial, that they may be ſupplied with proper and ready Anſwers, which the moſt fertile Invention cannot ſupply in an Inſtant. Beſides, the ſudden and violent Impulſe on the Blood, occaſioned by theſe Surprizes, occaſions frequently

frequently ſuch an Alteration in the Countenance, that the Man is obliged to give Evidence againſt himſelf. And ſuch indeed were the Alterations which the Countenance of *Blifil* underwent from this ſudden Queſtion, that we can ſcarce blame the Eagerneſs of Mrs. *Miller*, who immediately cry'd out, 'Guilty, 'upon my Honour! Guilty, upon my Soul!'

Mr. *Allworthy* ſharply rebuked her for this Impetuoſity; and then turning to *Blifil*, who ſeemed ſinking into the Earth, he ſaid, 'Why do you heſitate, 'Sir, at giving me an Anſwer? You certainly muſt 'have employed him, for he would not, of his own 'Accord, I believe, have undertaken ſuch an Errand, 'and eſpecially without acquainting me.'

Blifil then anſwered, 'I own, Sir, I have been 'guilty of an Offence, yet may I hope your Par-'don?——'My Pardon?' ſaid *Allworthy*, very angrily.——'Nay, Sir,' anſwered *Blifil*, 'I knew you 'would be offended; yet ſurely my dear Uncle will 'forgive the Effects of the moſt amiable of Human 'Weakneſſes. Compaſſion for thoſe who do not de-'ſerve it, I own, is a Crime; and yet it is a Crime 'from which you yourſelf are not entirely free. I 'know I have been guilty of it in more than one In-'ſtance to this very Perſon; and I will own I did ſend 'Mr. *Dowling*, not on a vain and fruitleſs Enquiry, 'but to diſcover the Witneſſes, and to endeavour to 'ſoften their Evidence. This, Sir, is the Truth; 'which, though I intended to conceal from you, I 'will not deny.'

'I confeſs,' ſaid *Nightingale*, 'this is the Light 'in which it appeared to me from the Gentleman's 'Behaviour.'

'Now, Madam,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I believe you 'will once in your Life own you have entertained a 'wrong Suſpicion, and are not ſo angry with my 'Nephew as you was.'

Mrs. *Miller* was ſilent; for though ſhe could not

ſo haſtily be pleaſed with *Blifil*, whom ſhe looked upon to have been the Ruin of *Jones*, yet in this particular Inſtance he had impoſed upon her as well as the reſt; ſo entirely had the Devil ſtood his Friend. And, indeed, I look upon the vulgar Obſervation, *That the Devil often deſerts his Friends, and leaves them in the Lurch*, to be a great Abuſe on that Gentleman's Character. Perhaps he may ſometimes deſert thoſe who are only his Cup Acquaintance; or who, at moſt, are but half his; but he generally ſtands by thoſe who are thoroughly his Servants, and helps them off in all Extremities 'till their Bargain expires.

As a conquered Rebellion ſtrengthens a Government, or as Health is more perfectly eſtabliſhed by Recovery from ſome Diſeaſes; ſo Anger, when removed, often gives new Life to Affection. This was the Caſe of Mr. *Allworthy*; for *Blifil* having wiped off the greater Suſpicion, the leſſer, which had been raiſed by *Square*'s Letter, ſunk of Courſe, and was forgotten; and *Thwackum*, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the Reflections which *Square* had caſt on the Enemies of *Jones*.

As for that young Man, the Reſentment of Mr. *Allworthy* began more and more to abate towards him. He told *Blifil*, 'he did not only forgive the 'extraordinary Efforts of his Good-Nature, but would 'give him the Pleaſure of following his Example.' Then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, with a Smile, which would have become an Angel, he cry'd, 'What ſay 'you, Madam; ſhall we take a Hackney-Coach, 'and all of us together pay a Viſit to your Friend? 'I promiſe you it is not the firſt Viſit I have made in 'a Priſon.'

Every Reader, I believe, will be able to anſwer for the worthy Woman; but they muſt have a great deal of good-Nature, and be well acquainted with Friendſhip, who can feel what ſhe felt on this Occaſion.

ſion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now paſt in the Mind of *Blifil*; but thoſe who are, will acknowledge, that it was impoſſible for him to raiſe any Objection to this Viſit. Fortune, however, or the Gentleman lately mentioned above, ſtood his Friend, and prevented his undergoing ſo great a Shock: For at the very Inſtant when the Coach was ſent for, *Partridge* arrived, and having called Mrs. *Miller* from the Company, acquainted her with the dreadful Accident lately come to Light; and hearing Mr. *Allworthy*'s Intention, begged her to find ſome Means of ſtopping him; for, ſays he, 'the Matter 'muſt at all Hazards be kept a Secret from him; and 'if he ſhould now go, he will find Mr. *Jones* and his 'Mother, who arrived juſt as I left him, lamenting 'over one another the horrid Crime they had igno-'rantly committed.'

The poor Woman, who was almoſt deprived of her Senſes at this dreadful News, was never leſs capable of Invention than at preſent. However, as Women are much readier at this than Men, ſhe bethought herſelf of an Excuſe, and, returning to *Allworthy*, ſaid, 'I am ſure, Sir, you will be ſurprized at hearing any 'Objection from me to the kind Propoſal you juſt 'now made; and yet I am afraid of the Conſequence 'of it, if carried immediately into Execution. You 'muſt imagine, Sir, that all the Calamities, which 'have lately befallen this poor young Fellow, muſt 'have thrown him into the loweſt Dejection of Spi-'rits: And now, Sir, ſhould we all on a ſudden 'fling him into ſuch a violent Fit of Joy, as I know 'your Preſence will occaſion, it may, I am afraid, 'produce ſome fatal Miſchief, eſpecially as his Ser-'vant, who is without, tells me he is very far from 'being well.'

'Is his Servant without?' cries *Allworthy*; 'pray 'call him hither. I will aſk him ſome Queſtions 'concerning his Maſter.'

Partridge

Partridge was at firſt afraid to appear before Mr. *Allworthy*; but was at length perſuaded, after Mrs. *Miller*, who had often heard his whole Story from his own Mouth, had promiſed to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected *Partridge* the Moment he came into the Room, though many Years had paſſed ſince he had ſeen him. Mrs. *Miller* therefore might have ſpared here a formal Oration, in which indeed ſhe was ſomewhat prolix: For the Reader, I believe, may have obſerved already that the good Woman, among other Things, had a Tongue always ready for the Service of her Friends.

'And are you,' ſaid *Allworthy* to *Partridge*, 'the 'Servant of Mr. *Jones?*' 'I can't ſay, Sir,' anſwered he, 'that I am regularly a Servant, but I 'live with him, an't pleaſe your Honour, at preſent. '*Non ſum qualis eram*, as your Honour very well 'knows.'

Mr. *Allworthy* then aſked him many Queſtions concerning *Jones*, as to his Health and other Matters; to all which *Partridge* anſwered, without having the leaſt Regard to what was, but conſidered only what he would have Things appear; for a ſtrict Adherence to Truth was not among the Articles of this honeſt Fellow's Morality or his Religion.

During this Dialogue Mr. *Nightingale* took his Leave, and preſently after Mrs. *Miller* left the Room, when *Allworthy* likewiſe diſpatched *Blifil*; for he imagined that *Partridge*, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before Company. They were no ſooner left in private together, than *Allworthy* began as in the following Chapter.

CHAP. VI. *In which the Hiſtory is farther continued.*

'SURE, Friend,' ſaid the good Man, 'you are 'the ſtrangeſt of all Human Beings. Not only to 'have

'have ſuffered as you have formerly, for obſtinately 'perſiſting in a Falſhood; but to perſiſt in it thus to 'the laſt, and to paſs thus upon the World for the 'Servant of your own Son? What Intereſt can you 'have in all this? What can be your Motive?

'I ſee, Sir,' ſaid *Partridge*, falling down upon his Knees, 'that your Honour is prepoſſeſſed againſt 'me, and reſolved not to believe any Thing I ſay, 'and therefore what ſignify my Proteſtations; but 'yet there is one above who knows that I am not the 'Father of this young Man.'

'How!' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'will you yet deny what 'you was formerly convicted of upon ſuch unanſwer-'able, ſuch manifeſt Evidence? Nay, what a Con-'firmation is your being now found with this very 'Man, of all which twenty Years ago appeared a-'gainſt you? I thought you had left the Country; 'nay, I thought you had been long ſince dead.—In 'what Manner did you know any Thing of this young 'Man? Where did you meet with him, unleſs you 'had kept ſome Correſpondence together? Do not 'deny this; for I promiſe you it will greatly raiſe 'your Son in my Opinion, to find that he hath ſuch 'a Senſe of filial Duty, as privately to ſupport his 'Father for ſo many Years.'

'If your Honour will have Patience to hear me,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'I will tell you all.'—Being bid to go on, he proceeded thus: 'When your Honour 'conceived that Diſpleaſure againſt me, it ended in 'my Ruin ſoon after; for I loſt my little School; 'and the Miniſter, thinking I ſuppoſe it would be a-'greeable to your Honour, turned me out from the 'Office of Clerk; ſo that I had nothing to truſt to 'but the Barber's Shop, which, in a Country Place 'like that, is a poor Livelihood; and when my Wife 'died, (for till that Time I received a Penſion of '12*l.* a Year from an unknown Hand, which indeed 'I believe was your Honour's own, for no Body

'that

'that ever I heard of doth theſe Things beſides) but 'as I was ſaying, when ſhe died, this Penſion for-'ſook me; ſo that now as I owed two or three ſmall 'Debts, which began to be troubleſome to me (par-'ticularly one * which an Attorney brought up by 'Law-charges from 15*s.* to near 30*l.*) and as I found 'all my uſual Means of living had forſook me, I pack-'ed up my little All as well as I could, and went off.

'The firſt Place I came to was *Saliſbury*, where 'I got into the Service of a Gentleman belonging to 'the Law, and one of the beſt Gentlemen that ever 'I knew; for he was not only good to me, but I know 'a thouſand good and charitable Acts which he did 'while I ſtaid with him; and I have known him of-'ten refuſe Buſineſs becauſe it was paultry and op-'preſſive.'——'You need not be ſo particular,' ſaid *Allworthy*; 'I know this Gentleman, and a very 'worthy Man he is, and an Honour to his Profeſſion.'

———'Well, Sir,' continued *Partridge*, 'from 'hence I removed to *Lymmington*, where I was a-'bove three Years in the Service of another Lawyer, 'who was likewiſe a very good Sort of a Man, and 'to be ſure one of the merrieſt Gentlemen in *En-'gland*. Well, Sir, at the End of the three Years I 'ſet up a little School, and was likely to do well a-'gain, had it not been for a moſt unlucky Accident. 'Here I kept a Pig; and one Day, as ill Fortune 'would have it, this Pig broke out, and did a Treſpaſs, 'I think they call it, in a Garden belonging to one of

* This is a Fact which I knew happen to a poor Clergyman in *Dorſetſhire*, by the Villainy of an Attorney, who, not contented with the exorbitant Coſts to which the poor Man was put by a ſingle Action, brought afterwards another Action on the Judgment, as it is called. A Method frequently uſed to oppreſs the poor, and bring Money into the Pockets of Attornies, to the great Scandal of the Law, of the Nation, of Chriſtianity, and even of human Nature itſelf.

'my

'my Neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful Man, 'and employed a Lawyer, one——one——I can't 'think of his Name; but he ſent for a Writ againſt 'me, and had me to Size. When I came there, 'Lord have Mercy upon me——to hear what the 'Counſellor ſaid. There was one that told my Lord 'a Parcel of the confoundedeſt Lies about me; he 'ſaid, that I uſed to drive my Hogs into other Folks 'Gardens, and a great deal more; and at laſt he ſaid, 'He hoped I had at laſt brought my Hogs to a fair 'Market. To be ſure, one would have thought, that 'inſtead of being Owner only of one poor little Pig, 'I had been the greateſt Hog-Merchant in *England*. 'Well'——'Pray,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'do not be ſo 'particular. I have heard nothing of your Son yet.' 'O it was a great many Years, anſwered *Partridge*, 'before I ſaw my Son, as you are pleaſed to call him. '—— I went over to *Ireland* after this, and taught 'School at *Cork*, (for that one Suit ruined me again, 'and I lay Seven Years in *Wincheſter* Gaol)'—Well,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'paſs that over till your Return to '*England*.'—'Then, Sir,' ſaid he, 'it was about 'half a Year ago that I landed at *Briſtol*, where I 'ſtayed ſome Time, and not finding it do there, and 'hearing of a Place between that and *Glouceſter*, 'where the Barber was juſt dead, I went thither, and 'there I had been about two Months, when Mr. '*Jones* came thither.' He then gave *Allworthy* a very particular Account of their firſt Meeting, and of every Thing, as well as he could remember, which had happened from that Day to this, frequently interlarding his Story with Panegyricks on *Jones*, and not forgetting to inſinuate the great Love and Reſpect which he had for *Allworthy*. He concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Sir, I have told your Honour the whole 'Truth:' And then repeated a moſt ſolemn Proteſtation, 'That he was no more the Father of *Jones*

'than

'than of the Pope of *Rome*,' and imprecated the moſt bitter Curſes on his Head if he did not ſpeak Truth.

'What am I to think of this Matter?' cries *Allworthy*. 'For what Purpoſe ſhould you ſo ſtrongly 'deny a Fact, which I think it would be rather your 'Intereſt to own?'—'Nay, Sir, anſwered *Partridge*, (for he could hold no longer) 'if your Honour will 'not believe me, you are like ſoon to have Satisfac-'tion enough. I wiſh you had miſtaken the Mother 'of this young Man, as well as you have his Father.' —And now being aſked what he meant, with all the Symptoms of Horror both in his Voice and Countenance, he told *Allworthy* the whole Story, which he had a little before expreſſed ſuch Deſire to Mrs. *Miller* to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almoſt as much ſhocked at this Diſcovery as *Partridge* himſelf had been while he related it. 'Good Heavens!' ſays he, 'in what miſerable 'Diſtreſſes do Vice and Imprudence involve Men! 'How much beyond our Deſigns are the Effects of 'Wickedneſs ſometimes carried!' He had ſcarce uttered theſe Words, when Mrs. *Waters* came haſtily and abruptly into the Room. *Partridge* no ſooner ſaw her, than he cry'd, 'Here, Sir, here is the very 'Woman herſelf. This is the unfortunate Mother 'of Mr. *Jones*; I am ſure ſhe will acquit me before 'your Honour.'—'Pray, Madam—

Mrs. *Waters*, without paying any Regard to what *Partridge* ſaid, and almoſt without taking any Notice of him, advanced to Mr. *Allworthy*. 'I believe, 'Sir, It is ſo long ſince I had the Honour of ſeeing 'you, that you do not recollect me.'—'Indeed,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'you are ſo very much altered, on 'many Accounts, that had not this Man already acquainted me who you are, I ſhould not have immediately called you to my Remembrance. Have you, 'Madam, any particular Buſineſs which brings you 'to me?'—*Allworthy* ſpoke this with great Reſerve; for

for the Reader may eaſily believe he was not well pleaſed with the Conduct of this Lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what *Partridge* had now delivered.

Mrs. *Waters* anſwered,——'Indeed, Sir, I 'have very particular Buſineſs with you; and it is 'ſuch as I can only impart to yourſelf.——I muſt 'deſire therefore the Favour of a Word with you a-'lone; for I aſſure you what I have to tell you is of 'the utmoſt Importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw, but, before he went, he begged the Lady to ſatisfy Mr. *Allworthy* that he was perfectly innocent. To which ſhe anſwered——'You need be under no Apprehen-'ſion, Sir, I ſhall ſatisfy Mr. *Allworthy* very perfect-'ly of that Matter.'

Then *Partridge* withdrew, and that paſt between Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Waters* which is written in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII. *Continuation of the Hiſtory.*

MRS. *Waters* remaining a few Moments ſilent, Mr. *Allworthy* could not refrain from ſaying, 'I am ſorry, Madam, to perceive by what I have 'ſince heard, that you have made ſo very ill a Uſe—'Mr. *Allworthy*,' ſays ſhe, interrupting him, 'I 'know I have Faults, but Ingratitude to you is not 'one of them. I never can nor ſhall forget your 'Goodneſs, which, I own, I have very little deſerved; 'but be pleaſed to wave all upbraiding me at pre-'ſent, as I have ſo important an Affair to communi-'cate to you concerning this young Man, to whom 'you have given my Maiden Name of *Jones*.' 'Have 'I then,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'ignorantly puniſhed an 'innocent Man in the Perſon of him who hath juſt 'left us? was he not the Father of the Child?—— 'Indeed he was not,' ſaid Mrs. *Waters*. 'You

'may

'may be pleaſed to remember, Sir, I formerly told 'you, you ſhould one Day know; and I acknow-'ledge myſelf to have been guilty of a cruel Neglect, 'in not having diſcovered it to you before.—Indeed 'I little knew how neceſſary it was.'—'Well, Ma-'dam,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'be pleaſed to proceed.' 'You muſt remember, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'a young Fel-'low, whoſe Name was *Summer*.' 'Very well,' cries *Allworthy*, 'he was the Son of a Clergyman 'of great Learning and Virtue, for whom I had the 'higheſt Friendſhip. 'So it appeared, Sir, an-ſwered ſhe; 'for I believe you bred the young Man 'up, and maintained him at the Univerſity; where, 'I think, he had finiſhed his Studies, when he came 'to reſide at your Houſe; a finer Man, I muſt ſay, 'the Sun never ſhone upon; for, beſides the hand-'ſomeſt Perſon I ever ſaw, he was ſo genteel, and 'had ſo much Wit and good Breeding.' 'Poor 'Gentleman,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'he was indeed un-'timely ſnatch'd away; and little did I think he had 'any Sins of this Kind to anſwer for; for I plainly 'perceive, you are going to tell me he was the Fa-'ther of your Child.' 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he was not.' 'How?' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'to what 'then tends all this Preface?' 'To a Story, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'which I am concerned it falls to my Lot 'to unfold to you.———O, Sir, prepare to hear 'ſomething which will ſurprize you, will grieve 'you.' 'Speak,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I am conſcious 'of no Crime, and cannot be afraid to hear.'—— 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Mr. *Summer*, the Son of your 'Friend, educated at your Expence, who, after living 'a Year in the Houſe as if he had been your own Son, 'died there of the ſmall Pox, was tenderly la-'mented by you, and buried as if he had been your 'own; that *Summer*, Sir, was the Father of this 'Child.'——How!' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'you contradict 'yourſelf.'—'That I do not, anſwered ſhe, 'he

'was

'was indeed the Father of this Child, but not by me.' 'Take Care, Madam, ſaid *Allworthy*, 'do not, to ſhun 'the Imputation of any Crime, be guilty of Falſe-'hood. Remember there is one from whom you 'can conceal nothing, and before whoſe Tribunal 'Falſehood will only aggravate your Guilt.' 'In-'deed, Sir, ſays ſhe, 'I am not his Mother; nor 'would I now think myſelf ſo for the World.' 'I 'know your Reaſon,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'and ſhall re-'joice as much as you to find it otherwiſe; yet you 'muſt remember, you yourſelf confeſſed it before me.' '—So far what I confeſt,' ſaid ſhe, 'was true, that 'theſe Hands conveyed the Infant to your Bed, con-'veyed it thither at the Command of its Mother; at 'her Commands I afterwards owned it, and thought 'myſelf by her Generoſity nobly rewarded, both for 'my Secrecy and my Shame.' 'Who could this Wo-'man be?' ſaid *Allworthy*.—'Indeed I tremble to name 'her,' anſwered Mrs. *Waters*. 'By all this Prepara-'tion I am to gueſs that ſhe was a Relation of mine,' cried he. 'Indeed ſhe was a near one.' At which Words *Allworthy* ſtarted, and ſhe continued.—'You 'had a Siſter, Sir.'———'A Siſter!' repeated he, looking aghaſt.———'As there is Truth in Heaven,' cries ſhe, 'your Siſter was the Mother of that Child 'you found between your Sheets.' 'Can it be 'poſſible,' cries he, 'good Heavens!' 'Have Pa-'tience, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. *Waters*, 'and I will unfold 'to you the whole Story. Juſt after your Depar-'ture for *London*, Miſs *Bridget* came one Day to the 'Houſe of my Mother. She was pleaſed to ſay ſhe 'had heard an extraordinary Character of me for my 'Learning and ſuperior Underſtanding to all the young 'Women there, ſo ſhe was pleaſed to ſay. She 'then bid me come to her to the great Houſe, where, 'when I attended, ſhe employed me to read to her. 'She expreſſed great Satisfaction in my reading, 'ſhewed great Kindneſs to me, and made me many

'Preſents.

'Preſents. At laſt ſhe began to catechiſe me on the 'Subject of Secrecy, to which I gave her ſuch ſa-'tisfactory Anſwers, that at laſt, having locked the 'Door of her Room, ſhe took me into her Cloſet, and 'then locking that Door likewiſe, ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould 'convince me of the vaſt Reliance ſhe had on my 'Integrity, by communicating a Secret in which her 'Honour and conſequently her Life was concerned. 'She then ſtopt, and after a Silence of a Minute, 'during which ſhe often wiped her Eyes, ſhe en-'quired of me, if I thought my Mother might ſafe-'ly be confided in. I anſwered I would ſtake my 'Life on her Fidelity. She then imparted to me 'the great Secret which laboured in her Breaſt, and 'which, I believe, was delivered with more Pains 'than ſhe afterwards ſuffered in Child-birth. It was 'then contrived that my Mother and myſelf only 'ſhould attend at the Time, and that Mrs. *Wilkins* 'ſhould be ſent out of the Way, as ſhe accordingly 'was to the very furtheſt Part of *Dorſetſhire* to en-'quire the Character of a Servant; for the Lady had 'turned away her own Maid near three Months be-'fore, during all which Time I officiated about her 'Perſon, upon Trial, as ſhe ſaid, tho' as ſhe after-'wards declared, I was not ſufficiently handy for 'the Place. This and many other ſuch Things 'which ſhe uſed to ſay of me, were all thrown out, 'to prevent any Suſpicion which *Wilkins* might here-'after have when I was to own the Child; for 'ſhe thought it could never be believed ſhe would 'venture to hurt a young Woman with whom ſhe 'had intruſted ſuch a Secret. You may be aſſured, 'Sir, I was well paid for all theſe Affronts, which, 'together with being informed of the Occaſion of 'them, very well contented me. Indeed the Lady had 'a greater Suſpicion of Mrs. *Wilkins* than of any other 'Perſon: not that ſhe had the leaſt Averſion to the 'Gentlewoman, but ſhe thought her incapable of

'keeping

'keeping a Secret, eſpecially from you, Sir: For I 'have often heard Miſs *Bridget* ſay, that if Mrs. '*Wilkins* had committed a Murder, ſhe believed 'ſhe would acquaint you with it. At laſt the ex-'pected Day came, and Mrs. *Wilkins*, who had 'been kept a Week in Readineſs, and put off from 'Time to Time, upon ſome Pretence or other, that 'ſhe might not return too ſoon, was diſpatched. 'Then the Child was born in the preſence only of my-'ſelf and my Mother, and was by my Mother convey-'ed to her own Houſe, where it was privately kept by 'her till the Evening of your Return, when I, by the 'Command of Miſs *Bridget*, conveyed it into the Bed 'where you found it. And all Suſpicions were after-'wards laid aſleep by the artful Conduct of your Siſ-'ter, in pretending Ill-will to the Boy, and that any 'Regard ſhe ſhew'd him was out of meer Complaiſance 'to you.' Mrs. *Waters* then made many Proteſtati-ons of the Truth of this Story, and concluded by ſay-ing, 'Thus, Sir, you have at laſt diſcovered your Ne-'phew, for ſo I am ſure you will hereafter think him, 'and I queſtion not but he will be both an Honour 'and a Comfort to you under that Appellation.' 'I 'need not, Madam, ſaid *Allworthy*, expreſs my A-'ſtoniſhment at what you have told me; and yet 'ſurely you would not, and could not, have put to-'gether ſo many Circumſtances to evidence an Un-'truth. I confeſs I recollect ſome Paſſages relating 'to that *Summer*, which formerly gave me a Con-'ceit that my Siſter had ſome Liking to him. I 'mentioned it to her: For I had ſuch a Regard to 'the young Man, as well on his own Account, as on 'his Father's, that I ſhould have willingly conſented 'to a Match between them; but ſhe expreſt the 'higheſt Diſdain of my unkind Suſpicion, as ſhe 'called it, ſo that I never more ſpoke on the Sub-'ject. Good Heaven! well, the Lord diſpoſeth all 'Things—Yet ſure it was a moſt unjuſtifiable Con-

'duct

'duct in my Siſter to carry this Secret with her out 'of the World.' 'I promiſe you, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. *Waters*, 'She always profeſt a contrary Intention, 'and frequently told me ſhe intended one Day to 'communicate it to you. She ſaid, indeed, ſhe was 'highly rejoiced that her Plot had ſucceeded ſo well, 'and that you had of your own accord taken ſuch a 'Fancy to the Child, that it was yet unneceſſary to 'make any expreſs Declaration. Oh! Sir, had that 'Lady lived to have ſeen this poor young Man turned 'like a Vagabond from your Houſe; nay, Sir, could 'ſhe have lived to hear that you had yourſelf employ-'ed a Lawyer to proſecute him for a Murder of which 'he was not guilty—Forgive me, Mr. *Allworthy*, I 'muſt ſay it was unkind.——Indeed you have been 'abuſed, he never deſerved it of you.' Indeed, Ma-'dam,' ſaid *Allworthy*,' I have been abuſed by the 'Perſon, whoever he was, that told you ſo.' 'Nay, 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I would not be miſtaken, I did not 'preſume to ſay you were guilty of any Wrong. The 'Gentleman who came to me propoſed no ſuch Mat-'ter: He only ſaid, taking me for Mr. *Fitzpatrick*'s 'Wife, that if Mr. *Jones* had murdered my Huſband, 'I ſhould be aſſiſted with any Money I wanted to 'carry on the Proſecution, by a very worthy Gentle-'man, who, he ſaid, was well apprized what a Vil-'lain I had to deal with. It was by this Man I found 'out who Mr. *Jones* was; and this Man, whoſe 'Name is *Dowling*, Mr. *Jones* tells me is your Stew-'ard. I diſcovered his Name by a very odd Acci-'dent, for he himſelf refuſed to tell it me; but *Par-'tridge*, who met him at my Lodgings the ſecond 'Time he came, knew him formerly at *Saliſbury*.'

'And did this Mr. *Dowling*,' ſays *Allworthy*, with great Aſtoniſhment in his Countenance, 'tell you that 'I would aſſiſt in the Proſecution?'——'No, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I will not charge him wrongfully. 'He ſaid, I ſhould be aſſiſted, but he mentioned no 'Name.

'Name.——Yet you muſt pardon me, Sir, if from 'Circumſtances I thought it could be no other.' '——Indeed, Madam,' ſays *Allworthy*, 'from Cir-'cumſtances I am too well convinced it was another. '——Good Heaven, by what wonderful Means is 'the blackeſt and deepeſt Villainy ſometimes diſco-'vered!—Shall I beg you, Madam, to ſtay till the 'Perſon you have mentioned comes, for I expect him 'every Minute; nay, he may be perhaps already in 'the Houſe.' *Allworthy* then ſtept to the Door, in order to call a Servant, when in came, not Mr. *Dowling*, but the Gentleman who will be ſeen in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VIII. *Further Continuation.*

THE Gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. *Weſtern*. He no ſooner ſaw *Allworthy*, than without conſidering in the leaſt the Preſence of Mrs. *Waters*, he began to vociferate in the following Manner.'Fine Doings at my Houſe! A rare 'Kettle of Fiſh I have diſcovered at laſt; who the 'Devil would be plagued with a Daughter?' 'What's 'the Matter, Neighbour, ſaid *Allworthy?*' 'Matter 'enough, anſwered *Weſtern*, when I thought ſhe was 'a juſt coming to, nay, when ſhe had in a Manner 'promiſed me to do as I would ha her, and when I 'was a hoped to have nothing more to do than to 'have a ſent for the Lawyer and finiſhed all. What 'do you think I have found out? that the little B— 'hath bin playing Tricks with me all the While, and 'carrying on a Correſpondence with that Baſtard of 'your's. Siſter *Weſtern*, whom I have a quarrelled 'with upon her Account, ſent me word o't, and I 'ordered her Pockets to be ſearched when ſhe was a-'ſleep, and here I have got un ſigned with the Son 'of a Whore's own Name. I have not had Patience 'to read half o't, for 'tis longer than one of Parſon

'*Supple*'s

'*Supple*'s Sermons; but I find plainly it is all about 'Love, and indeed what ſhould it be elſe? I have 'packed her up in Chamber again, and To-morrow 'Morning down ſhe goes into the Country, unleſs ſhe 'conſents to be married directly, and there ſhe ſhall 'live in a Garret upon Bread and Water all her Days; 'and the ſooner ſuch a B——— breaks her Heart the 'better, though d——n her, that I believe is too 'tough. She will live long enough to plague me.' 'Mr. *Weſtern*,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'you know I 'have always proteſted againſt Force, and you your-'ſelf conſented that none ſhould be uſed.' 'Ay,' cries he, 'that was only upon Condition that ſhe would 'conſent without. What the Devil and Doctor '*Fauſtus*, ſhan't I do what I will with my own 'Daughter, eſpecially when I deſire nothing but her 'own Good?' 'Well, Neighbour,' anſwered *All-worthy*, 'if you will give me Leave, I will undertake 'once to argue with the young Lady.' 'Will you,' ſaid *Weſtern*, 'why that is kind now and neighbourly, 'and mayhap you will do more than I have been 'able to do with her; for I promiſe you ſhe hath a 'very good Opinion of you.' 'Well, Sir,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'if you will go Home and releaſe the young 'Lady from her Captivity, I will wait upon her 'within this half Hour.'———'But ſuppoſe,' ſaid *Weſtern*, 'ſhe ſhould run away with un in the mean 'Time? for Lawyer *Dowling* tells me there is no 'Hopes of hanging the Fellow at laſt, for that the 'Man is alive, and like to do well, and that he thinks '*Jones* will be out of Priſon again preſently.'—— 'How,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'what, did you employ him 'then to enquire, or to do any Thing in that Mat-'ter?' 'Not I,' anſwered *Weſtern*, 'he mentioned it 'to me juſt now of his own Accord.'—'Juſt now!' cries *Allworthy*, 'why where did you ſee him then? 'I want much to ſee Mr. *Dowling*.'——'Why you 'may ſee un an you will preſently at my Lodgings;

'for

'for there is to be a Meeting of Lawyers there this 'Morning, about a Mortgage.——Icod! I ſhall loſe 'two or dree Thouſand Pounds, I believe, by that 'honeſt Gentleman, Mr. *Nigbtingale*.'—'Well, Sir,' ſaid *Allworthy*, I will be with you within the half 'Hour.' 'And do for once, cries the Squire, take 'a Fool's Advice, never think of dealing with her 'by gentle Methods, take my Word for it, thoſe 'will never do. I have try'd um long enough. She 'muſt be frightened into it, there is no other Way. 'Tell her I'm her Father, and of the horrid Sin of 'Diſobedience, and of the dreadful Puniſhment of it 'in t'other World, and then tell her about being 'locked up all her Life in a Garret in this, and be 'kept only upon Bread and Water.' 'I will do all I 'can,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'for I promiſe you there is no-'thing I wiſh more than an Alliance with this amiable 'Creature. Nay, the Girl is well enough for Matter 'o'that,' cries the Squire, 'a Man may go farther and 'meet with worſe Meat; that I may declare o' her, 'thof ſhe be my own Daughter. And if ſhe will but 'be obedient to me, there is no'orow Father within 'a hundred Miles o' the Place that loves a Daughter 'better than I do; but I ſee you are buſy with the 'Lady here, ſo I will go Huome and expect you, 'and ſo your humble Servant.'

As ſoon as Mr. *Weſtern* was gone, Mrs. *Waters* ſaid, 'I ſee, Sir, the Squire hath not the leaſt Re-'membrance of my Face. I believe, Mr. *Allworthy*, 'you would not have known me neither. I am very 'conſiderably altered ſince that Day when you ſo 'kindly gave me that Advice, which I had been 'happy had I followed.'———'Indeed, Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, 'it gave me great Concern when I 'firſt heard the contrary.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'was ruined by a very deep Scheme of Villainy, 'which if you knew, though I pretend not to think 'it would juſtify me in your Opinion, it would

'at leaſt mitigate my Offence, and induce you to pity
'me; you are not now at Leiſure to hear my whole
'Story; but this I aſſure you, I was betrayed by the
'moſt ſolemn Promiſes of Marriage; nay, in the Eye
'of Heaven I was married to him; for after much
'reading on the Subject, I am convinced that parti-
'cular Ceremonies are only requiſite to give a legal
'Sanction to Marriage, and have only a worldly
'Uſe in giving a Woman the Privileges of a Wife;
'but that ſhe who lives conſtant to one Man, after a
'ſolemn private Affiance, whatever the World may
'call her, hath little to charge on her own Conſcience.'
'I am ſorry, Madam,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'you made
'ſo ill an Uſe of your Learning. Indeed it would
'have been well that you had been poſſeſſed of much
'more, or had remained in a State of Ignorance.
'And yet, Madam, I am afraid you have more than
'this Sin to anſwer for. During his Life, anſwered
'ſhe, which was above a Dozen Years, I moſt ſo-
'lemnly aſſure you, I had not. And conſider, Sir,
'on my Behalf, what is in the Power of a Woman
'ſtript of her Reputation, and left deſtitute, whether
'the good-natured World will ſuffer ſuch a ſtray
'Sheep to return to the Road of Virtue, even if ſhe
'was never ſo deſirous. I proteſt then I would have
'choſe it had it been in my Power; but Neceſſity
'drove me into the Arms of Capt. *Waters*, with
'whom, though ſtill unmarried, I lived as a Wife
'for many Years, and went by his Name. I parted
'with this Gentleman at *Worceſter*, on his March a-
'gainſt the Rebels, and it was then I accidentally
'met with Mr. *Jones*, who reſcued me from the
'Hands of a Villain. Indeed he is the worthieſt of
'Men. No young Gentleman of his Age is, I believe,
'freer from Vice, and few have the twentieth Part
'of his Virtues; nay, whatever Vices he hath had,
'I am firmly perſuaded he hath now taken a Reſolu-
'tion to abandon them.' I hope he hath,' cries *All-*
worthy,

worthy, 'and I hope he will preſerve that Reſolu-
'tion. I muſt ſay I have ſtill the ſame Hopes with Re-
'gard to yourſelf. The World, I do agree, are apt
'to be too unmerciful on theſe Occaſions, yet Time
'and Perſeverance will get the better of this their Diſ-
'inclination, as I may call it, to Pity; for though they
'are not like Heaven ready to receive a penitent Sin-
'ner, yet a continued Repentance will at length obtain
'Mercy even with the World. This you may be aſ-
'ſured of, Mrs. *Waters*, that whenever I find you are
'ſincere in ſuch good Intentions, you ſhall want no
'Aſſiſtance in my Power to make them effectual.'

Mrs. *Waters* fell now upon her Knees before him, and in a Flood of Tears made him many moſt paſſionate Acknowledgments of his Goodneſs, which, as ſhe truly ſaid, ſavoured more of the divine than human Nature.

Allworthy, raiſed her up, and ſpoke in the moſt tender Manner, making uſe of every Expreſſion which his Invention could ſuggeſt to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the Arrival of Mr. *Dowling*, who, upon his firſt Entrance, ſeeing Mrs. *Waters*, ſtarted, and appeared in ſome Confuſion; from which he ſoon recovered himſelf as well as he could, and then ſaid, he was in the utmoſt Haſte to attend Council at Mr. *Weſtern*'s Lodgings; but however thought it his Duty to call and acquaint him with the Opinion of Council upon the Caſe which he had before told him, which was, that the Converſion of the Moneys in that Caſe could not be queſtioned in a Criminal Cauſe, but that an Action of Trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the Jury to be the Moneys of Plaintiff, that Plaintiff would recover a Verdict for the Value.

Allworthy, without making any Anſwer to this, bolted the Door, and then advancing with a ſtern Look to *Dowling*, he ſaid, 'Whatever be your Haſte,
'Sir, I muſt firſt receive an Anſwer to ſome Queſti-
'ons. Do you know this young Lady?'———

'That Lady, Sir?' anſwered *Dowling* with great Heſitation.' *Allworthy* then, with the moſt ſolemn Voice, ſaid, 'Look you, Mr. *Dowling*, as you value 'my Favour, or your Continuance a Moment lon-'ger in my Service, do not heſitate nor prevaricate; 'but anſwer faithfully and truly to every Queſtion I 'aſk.——Do you know this Lady?'——'Yes, Sir,' ſaid *Dowling*, 'I have ſeen the Lady.' 'Where, 'Sir?' 'At her own Lodgings,'——'Upon what 'Buſineſs did you go thither, Sir, and who ſent you?' 'I went, Sir, to enquire, Sir, about Mr. *Jones*.' 'And who ſent you to enquire about him?' 'Who, 'Sir? why, Sir, Mr. *Blifil* ſent me.' 'And what 'did you ſay to the Lady concerning that Matter?' 'Nay, Sir, it is impoſſible to recollect every Word.' 'Will you pleaſe, Madam, to aſſiſt the Gentleman's 'Memory?' 'He told me, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. *Waters*, 'that if Mr. *Jones* had murdered my Huſband, I 'ſhould be aſſiſted with any Money I wanted to carry 'on the Proſecution, by a very worthy Gentleman, 'who was well apprized what a Villain I had to deal 'with. Theſe I can ſafely ſwear were the very 'Words he ſpoke.'——'Were theſe the Words, 'Sir,' ſaid *Allworthy?* 'I cannot charge my Me-'mory exactly,' cries *Dowling*, 'but I believe I did 'ſpeak to that Purpoſe.'—'And did Mr. *Blifil* order 'you to ſay ſo?' 'I am ſure, Sir, I ſhould not have 'gone on my own Accord, nor have willingly exceed-'ed my Authority in Matters of this Kind. If I ſaid 'ſo, I muſt have ſo underſtood Mr. *Blifil*'s Inſtructions.' 'Look you, Mr. *Dowling*,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I pro-'miſe you before this Lady, that whatever you have 'done in this Affair by Mr. *Blifil*'s Order, I will 'forgive, provided you now tell me ſtrictly the 'Truth; for I believe what you ſay, that you would 'not have acted of your own Accord, and without 'Authority, in this Matter.——Mr. *Blifil* then like-'wiſe ſent you to examine the two Fellows at *Al-*

'*derſgate?*'

'*derſgate?*'——'He did, Sir.'——'Well, and what 'Inſtructions did he then give you? Recollect as 'well as you can, and tell me, as near as poſſible, 'the very Words he uſed.——'Why, Sir, Mr. '*Blifil* ſent me to find out the Perſons who were 'Eye-Witneſſes of this Fight. He ſaid he feared 'they might be tampered with by Mr. *Jones*, or 'ſome of his Friends. He ſaid, Blood required 'Blood; and that not only all who concealed a Mur-'derer, but thoſe who omitted any Thing in their 'Power to bring him to Juſtice, were Sharers in his 'Guilt. He ſaid, he found you was very deſirous 'of having the Villain brought to Juſtice, though it 'was not proper you ſhould appear in it.'——'Did 'he ſo?' ſays *Allworthy*.——'Yes, Sir,' cries *Dowl-ing*, 'I ſhould not, I am ſure, have proceeded ſuch 'Lengths for the ſake of any other Perſon living but 'your Worſhip.'——'What Lengths, Sir,' ſaid *Allworthy?*——'Nay, Sir,' cries *Dowling*, 'I would 'not have your Worſhip think I would on any Ac-'count be guilty of Subornation of Perjury; but 'there are two Ways of delivering Evidence. I told 'them therefore that if any Offers ſhould be made 'them on the other Side, they ſhould refuſe them, 'and that they might be aſſured they ſhould loſe no-'thing by being honeſt Men, and telling the Truth. 'I ſaid, we were told, that Mr. *Jones* had aſſaulted 'the Gentleman firſt, and that if that was the Truth, 'they ſhould declare it; and I did give them ſome 'Hints that they ſhould be no Loſers.'——'I think 'you went Lengths indeed,' cries *Allworthy*.——— 'Nay, Sir,' anſwered *Dowling*, 'I am ſure I did not 'deſire them to tell an Untruth,—nor ſhould I have 'ſaid what I did, unleſs it had been to oblige you.' 'You would not have thought, I believe,' ſays *All-worthy*, 'to have obliged me, had you known that 'this Mr. *Jones* was my own Nephew.'——'I am 'ſure, Sir,' anſwered he, 'it did not become me to

'take any Notice of what I thought you desired to 'conceal.'—'How,' cries *Allworthy*, 'and did you 'know it then?'—'Nay, Sir,' answered *Dowling*, 'if your Worship bids me speak the Truth, I am sure 'I shall do it.——Indeed, Sir, I did know it; for 'they were almost the last Words which Madam *Bli-fil* ever spoke, which she mentioned to me as I stood 'alone by her Bedside, when she delivered me the 'Letter I brought your Worship from her.'—— 'What Letter?' cries *Allworthy*.——'The Letter, 'Sir,' answered *Dowling*, 'which I brought from '*Salisbury*, and which I delivered into the Hands of 'Mr. *Blifil*.'—'O Heavens!' cries *Allworthy*, 'well, 'and what were the Words? What did my Sister say 'to you?'—'She took me by the Hand,' answered he, 'and as she delivered me the Letter, said, I 'scarce know what I have written. Tell my Bro-'ther Mr. *Jones* is his Nephew—He is my Son—'Bless him, says she, and then fell backwards, as if 'dying away. I presently call'd in the People, and 'she never spoke more to me, and dy'd within a few 'Minutes afterwards.'——*Allworthy* stood a Minute silent, lifting up his Eyes, and then turning to *Dow-ling*, said,——'How came you, Sir, not to deliver 'me this Message?' 'Your Worship,' answered he, 'must remember that you was at that Time ill in 'Bed; and being in a violent Hurry, as indeed I al-'ways am, I delivered the Letter and Message to 'Mr. *Blifil*, who told me he would carry them both 'to you, which he hath since told me he did, and that 'your Worship, partly out of Friendship to Mr. '*Jones*, and partly out of Regard to your Sister, 'would never have it mentioned; and did intend to 'conceal it from the World; and therefore, Sir, if 'you had not mentioned it to me first, I am certain I 'should never have thought it belonged to me to say 'any Thing of the Matter, either to your Worship, 'or any other Person.'

We

We have remarked ſome where already, that it is poſſible for a Man to convey a Lie in the Words of Truth: This was the Caſe at preſent; for *Blifil* had in Fact told *Dowling* what he now related; but had not impoſed upon him, nor indeed had imagined that he was able ſo to do. In Reality, the Promiſes which *Blifil* had made to *Dowling*, were the Motives which had induced him to Secrecy; and as he very plainly ſaw he ſhould not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this Confeſſion, which the Promiſes of Forgiveneſs, joined to the Threats, the Voice, the Looks of *Allworthy*, and the Diſcoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was beſides taken unawares, and had no Time to conſider of Evaſions.

Allworthy appeared well ſatisfied with this Relation, and having enjoined ſtrict Silence as to what had paſt on *Dowling*, conducted that Gentleman himſelf to the Door, leſt he ſhould ſee *Blifil*, who was returned to his Chamber, where he exulted in the Thoughts of his laſt Deceit on his Uncle, and little ſuſpected what had ſince paſſed below Stairs.

As *Allworthy* was returning to his Room, he met Mrs. *Miller* in the Entry, who, with a Face all pale and full of Terror, ſaid to him, 'O! Sir, I find this 'wicked Woman hath been with you, and you 'know all; yet do not on this Account abandon the 'poor young Man. Conſider, Sir, he was ignorant 'it was his own Mother, and the Diſcovery itſelf 'will moſt probably break his Heart, without your 'Unkindneſs.' 'Madam,' ſays *Allworthy*, 'I am un-'der ſuch an Aſtoniſhment at what I have heard, that 'I am really unable to ſatisfy you; but come with me 'into my Room. Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, I have made 'ſurpriſing Diſcoveries, and you ſhall ſoon know them.'

The poor Woman followed him trembling; and now *Allworthy* going up to Mrs. *Waters*, took her by the Hand, and then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, ſaid,

'What Reward ſhall I beſtow upon this Gentlewoman for the Services ſhe hath done me?—— O! Mrs. *Miller*, you have a Thouſand Times heard me call the young Man, to whom you are ſo faithful a Friend, my Son. Little did I then think he was indeed related to me at all.—— Your Friend, Madam, is my Nephew, he is the Brother of that wicked Viper which I ſo long nouriſhed in my Boſom.—— She will herſelf tell you the whole Story, and how the Youth came to paſs for her Son. Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, I am convinced that he hath been wronged, and that I have been abuſed, abuſed by one whom you too juſtly ſuſpected of being a Villain. He is, in Truth, the worſt of Villains.'

The Joy which Mrs. *Miller* now felt, bereft her of the Power of Speech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her Senſes, if not of Life, had not a friendly Shower of Tears come ſuddenly to her Relief. At length recovering ſo far from her Tranſport as to be able to ſpeak, ſhe cry'd, 'And is my dear Mr. *Jones* then your Nephew, Sir? and not the Son of this Lady? and are your Eyes opened to him at laſt? ſhall I live to ſee him as happy as he deſerves. 'He certainly is my Nephew,' ſays *Allworthy*, 'and I hope all the reſt.'—'And is this the dear good Woman, the Perſon,' cries ſhe, 'to whom all this Diſcovery is owing?'—'She is indeed,' ſays *Allworthy*.—'Why then,' cry'd Mrs. *Miller*, upon her Knees, 'may Heaven ſhower down its choiceſt Bleſſings upon her Head, and for this one good Action, forgive her all her Sins, be they never ſo many.'

Mrs. *Waters* then informed them, that ſhe believed *Jones* would very ſhortly be releaſed; for that the Surgeon was gone, in Company with a Nobleman, to the Juſtice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was out of all Manner of Danger, and to procure the Priſoner his Liberty.

Allworthy

Allworthy ſaid, he ſhould be glad to find his Nephew there at his Return home; but that he was then obliged to go on ſome Buſineſs of Conſequence. He then called to a Servant to fetch him a Chair, and preſently left the two Ladies together.

Mr. *Blifil*, hearing the Chair ordered, came down Stairs to attend upon his Uncle, for he never was deficient in ſuch Acts of Duty. He aſked his Uncle if he was going out, which is a civil Way of aſking a Man where he is going; to which the other making no Anſwer, he again deſired to know when he would be pleaſed to return.—*Allworthy* made no Anſwer to this neither, till he was juſt getting into his Chair, and then turning about, he ſaid—'Harkee, Sir, do you 'find out, before my Return, the Letter which your 'Mother ſent me on her Death-bed.' *Allworthy* then departed, and left *Blifil* in a ſituation to be envied only by a Man who is juſt going to be hanged.

CHAP. IX. *A farther Continuation.*

Allworthy took an Opportunity, whilſt he was in the Chair, of reading the Letter from *Jones* to *Sophia*, which *Weſtern* delivered him, and there were ſome Expreſſions in it concerning himſelf, which drew Tears from his Eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. *Weſtern*'s, and was introduced to *Sophia*.

When the firſt Ceremonies were paſt, and the Gentleman and Lady had taken their Chairs, a Silence of ſome Minutes enſued; during which the latter, who had been prepared for the Viſit by her Father, ſat playing with her Fan, and had every Mark of Confuſion both in her Countenance and Behaviour. At length *Allworthy*, who was himſelf a little diſconcerted, began thus; 'I am afraid, Miſs *Weſtern*, my Family hath 'been the Occaſion of giving you ſome Uneaſineſs; 'to which, I fear, I have innocently become more 'inſtrumental than I intended. Be aſſured, Madam,

'had I at firſt known how diſagreeable the Propoſals 'had been, I ſhould not have ſuffered you to have 'been ſo long perſecuted. I hope therefore you will 'not think the Deſign of this Viſit is to trouble you 'with any further Sollicitations of that Kind, but en-'tirely to relieve you from them.'

'Sir,' ſaid *Sophia*, with a little modeſt Heſitation, 'this Behaviour is moſt kind and generous, and ſuch 'as I could expect only from Mr. *Allworthy*: But as 'you have been ſo kind to mention this Matter, you 'will pardon me for ſaying, it hath indeed given me 'great Uneaſineſs, and hath been the Occaſion of my 'ſuffering much cruel Treatment from a Father, who 'was, 'till that unhappy Affair, the tendereſt and 'fondeſt of all Parents. I am convinced, Sir, you 'are too good and generous to reſent my Refuſal of 'your Nephew. Our own Inclinations are not in 'our Power; and whatever may be his Merit, I can-'not force them in his Favour.' 'I aſſure you, moſt 'amiable young Lady,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'I am capa-'ble of no ſuch Reſentment, had the Perſon been 'my own Son, and had I entertained the higheſt E-'ſteem for him. For you ſay truly, Madam, we 'cannot force our own Inclinations, much leſs can 'they be directed by another.' 'Oh! Sir,' anſwer-ed *Sophia*, 'every Word you ſpeak proves you to 'deſerve that good, that great, that benevolent Cha-'racter the whole World allows you. I aſſure you, 'Sir, nothing leſs than the certain Proſpect of future 'Miſery could have made me reſiſt the Commands of 'my Father.' 'I ſincerely believe you, Madam,' replied *Allworthy*, 'and I heartily congratulate you 'on your prudent Foreſight, ſince by ſo juſtifiable a 'Reſiſtance you have avoided Miſery indeed.' 'You 'ſpeak now, Mr. *Allworthy*,' cries ſhe, 'with a Deli-'cacy which few Men are capable of feeling; but 'ſurely, in my Opinion, to lead our Lives with one 'to whom we are indifferent, muſt be a State of

'Wretchedneſs

'Wretchedneſs—Perhaps that Wretchedneſs would 'be even increaſed by a Senſe of the Merits of an 'Object to whom we cannot give our Affections. 'If I had married Mr. *Blifil*———' Pardon my in-'terrupting you, Madam,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'but 'I cannot bear the Suppoſition.——— Believe me, 'Miſs *Weſtern*, I rejoice from my Heart, I rejoice 'in your Eſcape.——I have diſcovered the Wretch, 'for whom you have ſuffered all this cruel Violence 'from your Father, to be a Villain.' How, Sir!' cries *Sophia*,—'you muſt believe this ſurpriſes me.'— 'It hath ſurpriſed me, Madam,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'and ſo it will the World.——But I have acquainted 'you with the real Truth.' 'Nothing but Truth,' ſays *Sophia*, 'can, I am convinced, come from the 'Lips of Mr. *Allworthy*.——Yet, Sir, ſuch ſudden, 'ſuch unexpected News——Diſcovered, you ſay, '—may Villainy be ever ſo.'——'You will ſoon 'enough hear the Story,' cries *Allworthy*;——'at 'preſent let us not mention ſo deteſted a Name.— 'I have another Matter of a very ſerious Nature to 'propoſe.——O! Miſs *Weſtern*, I know your vaſt 'Worth, nor can I ſo eaſily part with the Ambition 'of being allied to it.———I have a near Relation, 'Madam, a young Man whoſe Character is, I am 'convinced, the very oppoſite to that of this Wretch, 'and whoſe Fortune I will make equal to what his 'was to have been.—Could I, Madam, hope you 'would admit a Viſit from him?' *Sophia*, after a Minute's Silence, anſwered, 'I will deal with the 'utmoſt Sincerity with Mr. *Allworthy*. His Charac-'ter, and the Obligation I have juſt received from 'him demand it. I have determined at preſent to 'liſten to no ſuch Propoſals from any Perſon. My 'only Deſire is to be reſtored to the Affection of my 'Father, and to be again the Miſtreſs of his Family. 'This, Sir, I hope to owe to your good Offices. 'Let me beſeech you, let me conjure you by all the

'Goodneſs,

'Goodneſs, which I, and all who know you, have 'experienced; do not the very Moment when you 'have releaſed me from one Perſecution, do not en-'gage me in another, as miſerable and as fruitleſs.' 'Indeed Miſs *Weſtern*,' replied *Allworthy*, 'I am 'capable of no ſuch Conduct; and if this be your Re-'ſolution, he muſt ſubmit to the Diſappointment, 'whatever Torments he may ſuffer under it.' 'I 'muſt ſmile now, Mr. *Allworthy*,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'when you mention the Torments of a Man whom 'I do not know, and who can conſequently have ſo 'little Acquaintance with me.' 'Pardon me, dear 'young Lady,' cries *Allworthy*, 'I begin now to be 'afraid he has had too much Acquaintance for the 'Repoſe of his future Days; ſince, if ever Man 'was capable of a ſincere, violent and noble Paſſion, 'ſuch, I am convinced, is my unhappy Nephew's 'for Miſs *Weſtern*.' 'A Nephew of yours! Mr. *Allworthy*,' anſwered *Sophia*. 'It is ſurely ſtrange, 'I never heard of him before.' 'Indeed, Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, 'It is only the Circumſtance of his 'being my Nephew to which you are a Stranger, 'and which, 'till this Day, was a Secret to me.— 'Mr. *Jones*, who has long loved you, he, he is my 'Nephew.'——'Mr. *Jones* your Nephew, Sir?" cries *Sophia*, 'Can it be poſſible?'——'He is in-'deed, Madam,' anſwered *Allworthy*: 'He is my 'own Siſter's Son—as ſuch I ſhall always own him; 'nor am I aſhamed of owning him. I am much 'more aſhamed of my paſt Behaviour to him; but 'I was ignorant of his Merit as of his Birth. In-'deed, Miſs *Weſtern*, I have uſed him cruelly—— 'Indeed I have.'———Here the good Man wiped his Eyes, and after a ſhort Pauſe proceeded——'I 'never ſhall be able to reward him for his Sufferings 'without your Aſſiſtance.———Believe me, moſt 'amiable young Lady, I muſt have a great Eſteem 'of that Offering which I make to your Worth.

'I know

'I know he hath been guilty of Faults; but there is 'great Goodneſs of Heart at the Bottom. Believe 'me, Madam, there is.'—— Here he ſtopped, ſeeming to expect an Anſwer, which he preſently received from *Sophia*, after ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the Hurry of Spirits into which ſo ſtrange and ſudden Information had thrown her: 'I 'ſincerely wiſh you Joy, Sir, of a Diſcovery in 'which you ſeem to have ſuch Satisfaction. I doubt 'not but you will have all the Comfort you can promiſe yourſelf from it. The young Gentleman hath 'certainly a thouſand good Qualities, which makes 'it impoſſible he ſhould not behave well to ſuch an 'Uncle.'——'I hope, Madam, ſaid *Allworthy*, 'he hath thoſe good Qualities which muſt make him 'a good Huſband.——He muſt, I am ſure, be of 'all Men the moſt abandoned, if a Lady of your 'Merit ſhould condeſcend'——'You muſt pardon 'me, Mr. *Allworthy*,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'I cannot 'liſten to a Propoſal of this Kind. Mr. *Jones*, I 'am convinced, hath much Merit; but I ſhall never 'receive Mr. *Jones* as one who is to be my Huſband—Upon my Honour I never will.——'Pardon me, Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, 'if I am a little 'ſurprized after what I have heard from Mr. *Weſtern* '—I hope the unhappy young Man hath done no'thing to forfeit your good Opinion, if he had ever 'the Honour to enjoy it.——Perhaps he may have 'been repreſented to you, as he was to me. The 'ſame Villain may have injured him every where '——He is no Murderer, I aſſure you, as he hath 'been called.'——Mr *Allworthy*, anſwered *Sophia*, 'I have told you my Reſolution. I wonder not at 'what my Father hath told you; but whatever his 'Apprehenſions or Fears have been, if I know my 'Heart, I have given no Occaſion for them; ſince 'it hath always been a fixed Principle with me, ne'ver to have married without his Conſent. This

'is,

'is, I think, the Duty of a Child to a Parent; and 'this, I hope, nothing could ever have prevailed with 'me to ſwerve from. I do not indeed conceive, 'that the Authority of any Parent can oblige us to 'marry, in direct Oppoſition to our Inclinations. 'To avoid a Force of this Kind, which I had Rea'ſon to ſuſpect, I left my Father's Houſe, and ſought 'Protection elſewhere. This is the Truth of my Sto'ry; and if the World, or my Father, carry my In'tentions any farther, my own Conſcience will ac'quit me.' 'I hear you, Miſs *Weſtern*,' cries *All'worthy*, 'with Admiration. I admire the Juſtneſs 'of your Sentiments; but ſurely there is more in 'this. I am cautious of offending you, young Lady; 'but am I to look on all which I have hitherto heard 'or ſeen, as a Dream only? And have you ſuffered 'ſo much Cruelty from your Father on the Account 'of a Man to whom you have been always abſolute'ly indifferent?' 'I beg, Mr. *Allworthy*,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'you will not inſiſt on my Reaſons;——— 'Yes I have ſuffered indeed: I will not, Mr. *All'worthy*, conceal———I will be very ſincere with 'you———I own I had a great Opinion of Mr. '*Jones*———I believe——I know I have ſuffered 'for my Opinion——I have been treated cruelly by 'my Aunt as well as by my Father; but that is 'now paſt———I beg I may not be farther preſs'd; 'for whatever hath been, my Reſolution is now fix'ed. Your Nephew, Sir, hath many Virtues—— 'he hath great Virtues, Mr. *Allworthy*. I queſtion 'not but he will do you Honour in the World, and 'make you happy.'——'I wiſh I could make him 'ſo, Madam,' replied *Allworthy*; 'but that I am 'convinced is only in your Power. It is that Con'viction which hath made me ſo earneſt a Sollici'tor in his Favour.' 'You are deceived; indeed, 'Sir, you are deceived,' ſaid *Sophia*———'I hope 'not by him——It is ſufficient to have deceived me.

'Mr.

'Mr. *Allworthy*, I muſt inſiſt on being preſt no 'farther on this Subject———I ſhould be ſorry— 'Nay, I will not injure him in your Favour. I wiſh 'Mr. *Jones* very well. I ſincerely wiſh him well; and 'I repeat again to you, whatever Demerit he may 'have to me, I am certain he hath many good Quali- 'ties. I do not diſown my former Thoughts; but no- 'thing can ever recal them. At preſent there is not a 'Man on Earth whom I would more reſolutely reject 'than Mr. *Jones*; nor would the Addreſſes of Mr. '*Blifil* himſelf be leſs agreeable to me.

Weſtern had been long impatient for the Event of this Conference, and was juſt now arrived at the Door to liſten; when having heard the laſt Sentiments of his Daughter's Heart, he loſt all Temper, and burſting open the Door in a Rage, cried out;—'It is a 'Lie. It is a d—n'd Lie. It is all owing to that 'd—n'd Raſcal *Juones*; and if ſhe could get at un, 'ſhe'd ha un any Hour of the Day.' Here *Allworthy* interpoſed, and addreſſing himſelf to the Squire with ſome Anger in his Looks, he ſaid, 'Mr. *Weſtern*, 'you have not kept your Word with me. You pro- 'miſed to abſtain from all Violence.'———'Why ſo 'I did,' cries *Weſtern*, 'as long as it was poſſible; 'but to hear a Wench telling ſuch confounded Lies. '———Zounds! Doth ſhe think if ſhe can make 'Vools of other Volk, ſhe can make one of me? '———No, no, I know her better than thee doſt.' 'I am ſorry to tell you, Sir,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'it doth not appear by your Behaviour to this young 'Lady, that you know her at all. I aſk Pardon for 'what I ſay; but I think our Intimacy, your own 'Deſires, and the Occaſion juſtify me. She is your 'Daughter, Mr. *Weſtern*, and I think ſhe doth Ho- 'nour to your Name. If I was capable of Envy, I 'ſhould ſooner envy you on this Account, than any 'other Man whatever.'—'Od-rabbet-it,' cries the Squire, 'I wiſh ſhe was thine with all my Heart—

'wouldſt

'wouldſt ſoon be glad to be rid of the Trouble o' 'her.'—'Indeed, my good Friend,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'you yourſelf are the Cauſe of all the Trou- 'ble you complain of. Place the Confidence in the 'young Lady which ſhe ſo well deſerves, and I am 'certain you will be the happieſt Father on Earth.' ——'I Confidence in her!' cries the Squire. ——'Sblood! what Confidence can I place in her, 'when ſhe won't do as I wou'd ha her? Let her gi 'but her Conſent to marry as I would ha her, and 'I'll place as much Confidence in her as wouldſt ha 'me.'——'You have no Right, Neighbour,' an- ſwered *Allworthy*, 'to inſiſt on any ſuch Conſent. A 'negative Voice your Daughter allows you, and God 'and Nature have thought proper to allow you no 'more.' 'A negative Voice,' cries the Squire,— 'Ay! ay! I'll ſhew you what a negative Voice I ha. '——Go along, go into your Chamber, go, you 'Stubborn'——'Indeed, Mr. *Weſtern*,' ſaid *All- worthy*,——'Indeed, you uſe her cruelly—I can- 'not bear to ſee this——You ſhall, you muſt, be- 'have to her in a kinder Manner. She deſerves 'the beſt of Treatment.' 'Yes, yes,' ſaid the Squire, 'I know what ſhe deſerves: Now ſhe's gone, I'll 'ſhew you what ſhe deſerves—See here, Sir, here 'is a Letter from my Couſin, my Lady *Bellaſton*, in 'which ſhe is ſo kind to gi me to underſtand, that 'the Fellow is got out of Priſon again; and here ſhe 'adviſes me to take all the Care I can o' the Wench. 'Odzookers! Neighbour *Allworthy*, you don't know 'what it is to govern a Daughter.'

The Squire ended his Speech with ſome Compli- ments to his own Sagacity; and then *Allworthy*, af- ter a formal Preface, acquainted him with the whole Diſcovery which he had made concerning *Jones*, with his Anger to *Blifil*, and with every Particular which hath been diſcloſed to the Reader in the preceding Chapters.

Men

Men over-violent in their Diſpoſitions are, for the moſt Part, as changeable in them. No ſooner then was *Weſtern* informed of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Intention to make *Jones* his Heir, than he joined heartily with the Uncle in every Commendation of the Nephew, and became as eager for her Marriage with *Jones*, as he had before been to couple her to *Blifil*.

Here Mr. *Allworthy* was again forced to interpoſe, and to relate what had paſſed between him and *Sophia*, at which he teſtified great Surprize.

The Squire was ſilent a Moment, and looked wild with Aſtoniſhment at this Account——At laſt he cried out, 'Why, what can be the Meaning of this, 'Neighbour *Allworthy?* Vond o un ſhe was, that 'I'll be ſworn to.——Odzookers! I have hit o't. 'As ſure as a Gun I have hit o the very right o't. 'It's all long o Ziſter. The Girl hath got a Hanker-'ing after this Son of a Whore of a Lord. I vound 'em together at my Couſin, my Lady *Bellaſton*'s. 'He hath turned the Head o' her that's certain—— 'but d——n me if he ſhall ha her——I'll ha no 'Lords nor Courtiers in my Vamily.'

Allworthy now made a long Speech, in which he repeated his Reſolution to avoid all violent Meaſures, and very earneſtly recommended gentle Methods to Mr. *Weſtern*, as thoſe by which he might be aſſured of ſucceeding beſt with his Daughter. He then took his Leave, and returned back to Mrs. *Miller*, but was forced to comply with the earneſt Entreaties of the Squire, in promiſing to bring Mr. *Jones* to viſit him that Afternoon, 'that he might,' as he ſaid, 'make 'all Matters up with the young Gentleman.' At Mr. *Allworthy*'s Departure, *Weſtern* promiſed to follow his Advice in his Behaviour to *Sophia*, ſaying, 'I 'don't know how 'tis, but d—n me, *Allworthy*, 'if you don't make me always do juſt as you pleaſe, 'and yet I have as good an Eſtate as you, and am 'in the Commiſſion of the Peace as well as yourſelf.'

CHAP.

CHAP. X. *Wherein the Hiſtory begins to draw towards a Concluſion.*

WHEN *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he heard Mr. *Jones* was juſt arrived before him. He hurried therefore inſtantly into an empty Chamber, whither he ordered Mr. *Jones* to be brought to him alone.

It is impoſſible to conceive a more tender or moving Scene, than the Meeting between the Uncle and Nephew, (for Mrs. *Waters*, as the Reader may well ſuppoſe, had at her laſt Viſit diſcovered to him the Secret of his Birth.) The firſt Agonies of Joy which were felt on both Sides, are indeed beyond my Power to deſcribe: I ſhall not therefore attempt it. After *Allworthy* had raiſed *Jones* from his Feet, where he had proſtrated himſelf, and received him into his Arms, 'O my Child,' he cried, 'how have I been to 'blame! How have I injured you! What Amends 'can I ever make you for thoſe unkind, thoſe un-'juſt Suſpicions which I have entertained; and for 'all the Sufferings they have occaſioned to you?' 'Am I not now made Amends?' cries *Jones*; 'Would 'not my Sufferings, if they had been ten Times 'greater, have been now richly repaid? O my dear 'Uncle! this Goodneſs, this Tenderneſs overpowers, 'unmans, deſtroys me. I cannot bear the Tran-'ſports which flow ſo faſt upon me. To be again 'reſtored to your Preſence, to your Favour; to be 'once more thus kindly received by my great, my 'noble, my generous Benefactor. ——— Indeed, 'Child,' cries *Allworthy*, 'I have uſed you cruelly.' ——He then explained to him all the Treachery of *Blifil*, and again repeated Expreſſions of the utmoſt Concern, for having been induced by that Treachery to uſe him ſo ill. 'O talk not ſo,' anſwered *Jones*: 'Indeed, Sir, you have uſed me nobly. The wiſeſt

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'Man might be deceived as you were, and, under 'ſuch a Deception, the beſt muſt have acted juſt as 'you did. Your Goodneſs diſplayed itſelf in the 'Midſt of your Anger, juſt as it then ſeemed. I 'owe every thing to that Goodneſs of which I have 'been moſt unworthy. Do not put me on Self-'accuſation, by carrying your generous Sentiments 'too far. Alas, Sir, I have not been puniſhed more 'than I have deſerved; and it ſhall be the whole Bu-'ſineſs of my future Life to deſerve that Happineſs 'you now beſtow on me; for, believe me, my dear 'Uncle, my Puniſhment hath not been thrown away 'upon me: Though I have been a great, I am not 'a hardened, Sinner; I thank Heaven I have had Time 'to reflect on my paſt Life, where though I cannot 'charge myſelf with any groſs Villainy, yet I can diſ-'cern Follies and Vices too ſufficient to repent and to 'be aſhamed of; Follies which have been attended 'with dreadful Conſequences to myſelf, and have 'brought me to the Brink of Deſtruction.' 'I am 'rejoiced, my dear Child,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'to 'hear you talk thus ſenſibly; for as I am convinced 'Hypocriſy (good Heaven how have I been impoſed 'on by it in others!) was never among your Faults, 'ſo I can readily believe all you ſay. You now ſee, '*Tom*, to what Dangers Imprudence alone may ſub-'ject Virtue (for Virtue, I am now convinced, you 'have in a great Degree.) Prudence is indeed the 'Duty which we owe to ourſelves; and if we will be 'ſo much our own Enemies as to neglect it, we are 'not to wonder if the World is deficient in diſcharg-'ing their Duty to us; for when a Man lays the 'Foundation of his own Ruin, others will, I am a-'fraid, be too apt to build upon it. You ſay, how-'ever, you have ſeen your Errors; and will reform 'them. I firmly believe you, my dear Child; and 'therefore, from this Moment, you ſhall never more 'be reminded of them by me. Remember them on-

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'ly yourſelf ſo far, as for the future to teach you the 'better to avoid them; but ſtill remember, for your 'Comfort, that there is this great Difference between 'thoſe Faults which Candour may conſtrue into Im-'prudence, and thoſe which can be deduced from 'Villainy only. The former, perhaps, are even 'more liable to ſubject a Man to Ruin; but if he re-'forms, his Character will, at length, be totally re-'trieved; the World, though not immediately, will 'in Time be reconciled to him; and he may reflect, 'not without ſome Mixture of Pleaſure, on the Dan-'gers he hath eſcaped: But Villainy, my Boy, when 'once diſcovered, is irretrievable; the Stains which 'this leaves behind no Time will waſh away. The 'Cenſures of Mankind will purſue the Wretch, their 'Scorn will abaſh him in Public, and if Shame drives 'him into Retirement, he will go to it with all thoſe 'Terrors with which a weary Child, who is afraid of 'Hobgoblins, retreats from Company to go to Bed 'alone. Here his murdered Conſcience will haunt 'him. Repoſe, like a falſe Friend, will fly from him. 'Wherever he turns his Eyes, Horror preſents it-'ſelf; if he looks backward, unavailable Repentance 'treads on his Heels; if forward, incurable Deſpair 'ſtares him in the Face; till, like a condemned Pri-'ſoner, confined in a Dungeon, he deteſts his preſent 'Condition, and yet dreads the Conſequence of that 'Hour which is to relieve him from it. Comfort 'yourſelf, I ſay, my Child, that this is not your Caſe; 'and rejoice, with thankfulneſs to him who hath 'ſuffered you to ſee your Errors, before they have 'brought on you that Deſtruction to which a Perſiſt-'ance in even thoſe Errors muſt have led you. You 'have deſerted them, and the Proſpect now before 'you is ſuch that Happineſs ſeems in your own Pow-'er.'——At theſe Words *Jones* fetched a deep Sigh; upon which when *Allworthy* remonſtrated, he ſaid, 'Sir, I will conceal nothing from you: I fear 'there

'there is one Conſequence of my Vices I ſhall never 'be able to retrieve. O my dear Uncle, I have loſt a 'Treaſure.'——'You need ſay no more, anſwered *Allworthy*; 'I will be explicit with you; I know 'what you lament; I have ſeen the young Lady, and 'have diſcourſed with her concerning you. This I 'muſt inſiſt on, as an Earneſt of your Sincerity in all 'you have ſaid, and of the Stedfaſtneſs of your Re-'ſolution, that you obey me in one Inſtance. To 'abide entirely by the Determination of the young 'Lady, whether it ſhould be in your Favour, or no. 'She hath already ſuffered enough from Sollicitations 'which I hate to think of; ſhe ſhall owe no further 'Conſtraint to my Family; I know her Father will 'be as ready to torment her now on your Account, 'as he hath formerly been on another; but I am de-'termined ſhe ſhall ſuffer no more Confinement, no 'more Violence, no more uneaſy Hours.'——'O 'my dear Uncle,' anſwered *Jones*, 'lay, I beſeech 'you, ſome Command on me, in which I ſhall have 'ſome Merit in Obedience. Believe me, Sir, the only 'Inſtance in which I could diſobey you, would be to 'give an uneaſy Moment to my *Sophia*. No, Sir, if 'I am ſo miſerable to have incurred her Diſpleaſure 'beyond all Hope of Forgiveneſs, that alone, with 'the dreadful Reflection of cauſing her Miſery, will 'be ſufficient to overpower me. To call *Sophia* 'mine is the greateſt, and now the only additional 'Bleſſing which Heaven can beſtow; but it is a Bleſ-'ſing which I muſt owe to her alone.' 'I will not 'flatter you, Child,' cries *Allworthy*, 'I fear your 'Caſe is deſperate: I never ſaw ſtronger Marks of an 'unalterable Reſolution in any Perſon than appeared 'in her vehement Declarations againſt receiving your 'Addreſſes; for which, perhaps, you can account 'better than myſelf.'——'Oh, Sir! I can account 'too well,' anſwered *Jones*; 'I have ſinned againſt 'her beyond all Hope of Pardon; and guilty as I am,

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'my Guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten Times 'blacker than the real Colours. O my dear Uncle, 'I find my Follies are irretrievable; and all your 'Goodneſs cannot ſave me from Perdition.'

A Servant now acquainted them, that Mr. *Weſtern* was below Stairs; for his Eagerneſs to ſee *Jones* could not wait till the Afternoon. Upon which *Jones*, whoſe Eyes were full of Tears, begged his Uncle to entertain *Weſtern* a few Minutes, till he a little recovered himſelf: To which the good Man conſented, and having ordered Mr. *Weſtern* to be ſhewn into a Parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. *Miller* no ſooner heard, that *Jones* was alone (for ſhe had not yet ſeen him ſince his Releaſe from Priſon) than ſhe came eagerly into the Room, and, advancing towards *Jones*, wiſhed him heartily Joy of his new-found Uncle, and his happy Reconciliation; adding, I wiſh I could give you Joy on another Account, my dear Child; but any thing ſo inexorable I never ſaw. *Jones*, with ſome Appearance of Surprize, aſked her, what ſhe meant. 'Why then,' ſays ſhe, 'I have been with your young Lady, and 'have explained all Matters to her, as they were 'told me by my Son *Nightingale*. She can have no 'longer any Doubt about the Letter, that I am cer-'tain; for I told her my Son *Nightingale* was ready 'to take his Oath, if ſhe pleaſed, that it was all his 'own Invention, and the Letter of his inditing. I 'told her the very Reaſon of ſending the Letter ought 'to recommend you to her the more, as it was all 'upon her Account, and a plain Proof, that you was 'reſolved to quit all your Profligacy for the future; 'that you had never been guilty of a ſingle Inſtance 'of Infidelity to her ſince your ſeeing her in Town. 'I am afraid I went too far there; but Heaven for-'give me: I hope your future Behaviour will be my 'Juſtification. I am ſure I have ſaid all I can; but 'all to no Purpoſe. She remains inflexible. She

'ſays

'ſays ſhe had forgiven many Faults on Account of 'Youth; but expreſſed ſuch Deteſtation of the Cha-'racter of a Libertine, that ſhe abſolutely ſilenced me. 'I often attempted to excuſe you; but the Juſtneſs 'of her Accuſation flew in my Face. Upon my Ho-'nour, ſhe is a lovely Woman, and one of the ſweet-'eſt and moſt ſenſible Creatures I ever ſaw. I 'could have almoſt kiſs'd her for one Expreſſion ſhe 'made uſe of. It was a Sentiment worthy of *Se-'neca*, or of a Biſhop.' "I once fancied, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "I had diſcovered great Goodneſs of Heart "in Mr. *Jones*; and for that I own I had a ſincere "Eſteem; but an entire Profligacy of Manners "will corrupt the beſt Heart in the World; and all "which a good-natured Libertine can expect is, "that we ſhould mix ſome Grains of Pity with our "Contempt and Abhorrence." 'She is an angelic 'Creature, that is the Truth on't.—'O Mrs. *Miller*, anſwered *Jones*, 'can I bear to think I have loſt ſuch 'an Angel.'——'Loſt! No,' cries Mrs. *Miller*; 'I hope you have not loſt her yet. Reſolve to leave 'ſuch vicious Courſes, and you may yet have Hopes: 'Nay, if ſhe ſhould remain inexorable, there is an-'other young Lady, a ſweet pretty young Lady, 'and a ſwinging Fortune, who is abſolutely dying 'for Love of you. I heard of it this very Morning, 'and I told it to Miſs *Weſtern*; nay, I went a little 'beyond the Truth again; for I told her you had 'refuſed her; but indeed I knew you would refuſe 'her.——And here I muſt give you a little Com-'fort: When I mentioned the young Lady's Name, 'who is no other than the pretty Widow *Hunt*, I 'thought ſhe turned pale; but when I ſaid you had 'refuſed her, I will be ſworn her Face was all over 'Scarlet in an Inſtant; and theſe were her very Words,' "I will not deny but that I believe he has ſome Af-"fection for me."

Here

Here the Converſation was interrupted by the Arrival of *Weſtern*, who could no longer be kept out of the Room even by the Authority of *Allworthy* himſelf; though this, as we have often ſeen, had a wonderful Power over him.

Weſtern immediately went up to *Jones*, crying out, 'My old Friend *Tom*, I am glad to ſee thee with all 'my Heart. All paſt muſt be forgotten. I could 'not intend any Affront to thee, becauſe, as *Allwor-* 'thy here knows, nay, doſt know it thy ſelf, I took thee 'for another Perſon; and where a Body means no 'Harm, what ſignifies a haſty Word or two; one Chriſ- 'tian muſt forget and forgive another. 'I hope, Sir,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I ſhall never forget the many Obligati- 'ons I have had to you; but as for any Offence to- 'wards me, I declare I am an utter Stranger.'—— 'A't,' ſays *Weſtern?* 'then give me thy Fiſt, a't, as 'hearty an honeſt Cock as any in the Kingdom. 'Come along with me; I'll carry thee to thy Miſtreſs 'this Moment.' Here *Allworthy* interpoſed; and the Squire, being unable to prevail either with the Uncle or Nephew, was, after ſome Litigation, obliged to conſent to delay introducing *Jones* to *Sophia* till the Afternoon; at which Time *Allworthy*, as well in Compaſſion to *Jones*, as in Compliance with the eager Deſires of *Weſtern*, was prevailed upon to promiſe to attend at the Tea-table.

The Converſation which now enſued was pleaſant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our Hiſtory, we would have entertained our Reader; but as we have now Leiſure only to attend to what is very material, it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that Matters being entirely adjuſted as to the Afternoon-Viſit, Mr. *Weſtern* again returned Home.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI. *This Hiſtory draws near to a Concluſion.*

WHEN Mr. *Weſtern* was departed, *Jones* began to inform Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller*, that his Liberty had been procured by two noble Lords, who, together with two Surgeons, and a Friend of Mr. *Nightingale*'s, had attended the Magiſtrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the Surgeons Oaths that the wounded Perſon was out of all Manner of Danger from this Wound, he was diſcharged.

One only of theſe Lords, he ſaid, he had ever ſeen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly ſurprized him, by aſking his Pardon for an Offence he had been guilty of towards him, occaſioned, he ſaid, entirely by his Ignorance who he was.

Now the Reality of the Caſe, with which *Jones* was not acquainted till afterwards, was this. The Lieutenant whom Lord *Fellamar* had employed, according to the Advice of Lady *Bellaſton*, to preſs *Jones*, as a Vagabond, into the Sea-Service, when he came to report the Event which we have before ſeen to his Lordſhip, ſpoke very favourably of the Behaviour of Mr. *Jones* on all Accounts, and ſtrongly aſſured that Lord, that he muſt have miſtaken the Perſon, for that *Jones* was certainly a Gentleman, inſomuch that his Lordſhip, who was ſtrictly a Man of Honour, and would by no Means have been guilty of an Action which the World in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the Advice which he had taken.

Within a Day or two after this, Lord *Fellamar* happened to dine with the *Iriſh* Peer, who, in a Converſation upon the Duel, acquainted his Company with the Character of *Fitzpatrick*; to which indeed he did not do ſtrict Juſtice, eſpecially in what related to his

Lady. He ſaid, ſhe was the moſt innocent, and moſt injured Woman alive, and that from Compaſſion alone he had undertaken her Cauſe. He then declared an Intention of going the next Morning to *Fitzpatrick*'s Lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if poſſible, to conſent to a Separation from his Wife, who, the Peer ſaid, was in Apprehenſions for her Life, if ſhe ſhould ever return to be under the Power of her Huſband. Lord *Fellamar* agreed to go with him, that he might ſatisfy himſelf more concerning *Jones*, and the Circumſtances of the Duel; for he was by no Means eaſy concerning the Part he had acted. The Moment his Lordſhip gave a Hint of his Readineſs to aſſiſt in the Delivery of the Lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other Nobleman, who depended much on the Authority of Lord *Fellamar*, as he thought it would greaty contribute to awe *Fitzpatrick* into a Compliance; and perhaps he was in the Right; for the poor *Iriſhman* no ſooner ſaw theſe noble Peers had undertaken the Cauſe of his Wife, than he ſubmitted, and Articles of Separation were ſoon drawn up, and ſigned between the Parties.

Fitzpatrick had been ſo well ſatisfied by Mrs. *Waters* concerning the Innocence of his Wife with *Jones* at *Upton*, or perhaps, from ſome other Reaſons, was now become ſo indifferent to that Matter, that he ſpoke highly in Favour of *Jones* to Lord *Fellamar*, took all the Blame upon himſelf, and ſaid the other had behaved very much like a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour; and upon that Lord's further Enquiry concerning Mr. *Jones*, *Fitzpatrick* told him he was Nephew to a Gentleman of very great Faſhion and Fortune, which was the Account he had juſt received from Mrs. *Waters* after her Interview with *Dowling*.

Lord *Fellamar* now thought it behoved him to do every Thing in his Power to make Satisfaction to a Gentleman whom he had ſo groſly injured, and without

out any Conſideration of Rivalſhip, (for he had now given over all Thoughts of *Sophia*) determined to procure Mr. *Jones*'s Liberty, being ſatisfied, as well from *Fitzpatrick* as his Surgeon, that the Wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the *Iriſh* Peer to accompany him to the Place where *Jones* was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he immediately carried *Jones* into his Room, and then acquainted him with the whole Matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. *Waters*, as what he had diſcovered from Mr. *Dowling*.

Jones expreſſed great Aſtoniſhment, and no leſs Concern at this Account; but without making any Comment or Obſervation upon it. And now a Meſſage was brought from Mr. *Bliſil*, deſiring to know if his Uncle was at Leiſure, and he might wait upon him. *Allworthy* ſtarted and turned pale, and then in a more paſſionate Tone than, I believe, he had ever uſed before, bid the Servant tell *Bliſil*, he knew him not. 'Conſider, dear Sir,' cries *Jones* in a trembling Voice.—'I have conſidered,' anſwered *Allworthy*, 'and you yourſelf ſhall carry my Meſſage to 'the Villain.—No one can carry him the Sentence 'of his own Ruin ſo properly, as the Man whoſe 'Ruin he hath ſo villainouſly contrived.'—'Pardon 'me, dear Sir,' ſaid *Jones*, 'a Moment's Reflection 'will, I am ſure, convince you of the contrary. 'What might be perhaps but Juſtice from another 'Tongue, would from mine be Inſult; and to whom? '—My own Brother and your Nephew.—Nor did he 'uſe me ſo barbarouſly.--Indeed that would have been 'more inexcuſable than any Thing he hath done. 'Fortune may tempt Men of no very bad Diſpoſitions to Injuſtice; but Inſults proceed only from 'black and rancorous Minds, and have no Temptations to excuſe them.—Let me beſeech you, Sir,

'to do nothing by him in the preſent Height of your 'Anger. Conſider, my dear Uncle, I was not my-'ſelf condemned unheard.' *Allworthy* ſtood ſilent a Moment, and them embracing *Jones*, he ſaid, with Tears guſhing from his Eyes, 'O my Child! to 'what Goodneſs have I been ſo long blind?'

Mrs. *Miller* entering the Room at this Moment, after a gentle Rap, which was not perceived, and ſeeing *Jones* in the Arms of his Uncle, the poor Woman, in an Agony of Joy, fell upon her Knees, and burſt forth into the moſt extatic Thankſgivings to Heaven for what had happened.——Then running to *Jones*, ſhe embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My dear-'eſt Friend, I wiſh you Joy a Thouſand and a Thou-'ſand Times of this bleſt Day;' and next Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf received the ſame Congratulations. To which he anſwered, 'Indeed, indeed, Mrs. *Mil-'ler*, I am beyond Expreſſion happy.' Some few more Raptures having paſſed on all Sides, Mrs. *Miller* deſired them both to walk down to Dinner in the Parlour, where ſhe ſaid there were a very happy Set of People aſſembled; being indeed no other than Mr. *Nightingale* and his Bride, and his Couſin *Harris* with her Bridegroom.

Allworthy excuſed himſelf from dining with the Company, ſaying he had ordered ſome little Thing for him and his Nephew in his own Apartment; for that they had much private Buſineſs to diſcourſe of, but would not reſiſt promiſing the good Woman, that both he and *Jones* would make Part of her Society at Supper.

Mrs. *Miller* then aſked what was to be done with *Blifil*; 'for indeed,' ſays ſhe, 'I cannot be eaſy 'while ſuch a Villain is in my Houſe.'—*Allworthy* anſwered, 'He was as uneaſy as herſelf on the ſame 'Account.' 'O,' cries ſhe, 'if that be the Caſe, 'leave the Matter to me; I'll ſoon ſhew him the 'Outſide of the Door, I warrant you. Here are two

'or

'or three luſty Fellows below Stairs.' 'There will 'be no need of any Violence,' cries *Allworthy*, 'if 'you will carry him a Meſſage from me, he will, I 'am convinced, depart of his own Accord.' 'Will 'I!' ſaid Mrs. *Miller*, 'I never did any Thing in 'my Life with a better Will.' Here *Jones* interfered, and ſaid, 'He had conſidered the Matter better, and 'would, if Mr. *Allworthy* pleaſed, be himſelf the 'Meſſenger. I know,' ſays he, 'already enough of 'your Pleaſure, Sir, and I beg Leave to acquaint him 'with it by my own Words. Let me beſeech you, 'Sir,' added he, 'to reflect on the dreadful Conſe-'quences of driving him to violent and ſudden De-'ſpair. How unfit, alas! is this poor Man to die in 'his preſent Situation.' This Suggeſtion had not the leaſt Effect on Mrs. *Miller*. She left the Room cry-ing, 'You are too good, Mr. *Jones*, infinitely too 'good to live in this World.' But it made a deeper Impreſſion on *Allworthy*. 'My good Child,' ſaid he, 'I am equally aſtoniſhed at the Goodneſs of your 'Heart, and the Quickneſs of your Underſtanding. 'Heaven indeed forbid that this Wretch ſhould be 'deprived of any Means or Time for Repentance. 'That would be a ſhocking Conſideration indeed. 'Go to him therefore, and uſe your own Diſcretion; 'yet do not flatter him with any Hopes of my For-'giveneſs; for I ſhall never forgive Villainy farther 'than my Religion obliges me, and that extends not 'either to our Bounty or our Converſation.'

Jones went up to *Blifil*'s Room, whom he found in a Situation which moved his Pity, though it would have raiſed a leſs amiable Paſſion in many Beholders. He had caſt himſelf on his Bed, where he lay abandoning himſelf to Deſpair, and drowned in Tears; not in ſuch Tears as flow from Contrition, and waſh away Guilt from Minds which have been ſeduced or ſurprized into it unawares, againſt the Bent of their natural Diſpoſitions, as will ſometimes happen from

human Frailty, even to the Good: No, theſe Tears were ſuch as the frighted Thief ſheds in his Cart, and are indeed the Effects of that Concern which the moſt ſavage Natures are ſeldom deficient in feeling for themſelves.

It would be unpleaſant and tedious to paint this Scene in full Length. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the Behaviour of *Jones* was kind to Exceſs. He omitted nothing which his Invention could ſupply, to raiſe and comfort the drooping Spirits of *Blifil*, before he communicated to him the Reſolution of his Uncle, that he muſt quit the Houſe that Evening. He offered to furniſh him with any Money he wanted, aſſured him of his hearty Forgiveneſs of all he had done againſt him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a Brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a Reconciliation with his Uncle.

Blifil was at firſt ſullen and ſilent, balancing in his Mind whether he ſhould yet deny all: But finding the Evidence too ſtrong againſt him, he betook himſelf at laſt to Confeſſion. He then aſked Pardon of his Brother in the moſt vehement Manner, proſtrated himſelf on the Ground, and kiſſed his Feet: In ſhort, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not ſo far check his Diſdain, but that it a little diſcovered itſelf in his Countenance at this extreme Servility. He raiſed his Brother the Moment he could from the Ground, and adviſed him to bear his Afflictions more like a Man; repeating, at the ſame Time, his Promiſes, that he would do all in his Power to leſſen them: For which *Blifil*, making many Profeſſions of his Unworthineſs, poured forth a Profuſion of Thanks: And then he having declared he would immediately depart to another Lodging, *Jones* returned to his Uncle.

Among other Matters, *Allworthy* now acquainted

Jones

Jones with the Diſcovery which he made concerning the 500*l.* Bank-Notes. 'I have,' ſaid he, 'already 'conſulted a Lawyer, who tells me, to my great 'Aſtoniſhment, that there is no Puniſhment for a 'Fraud of this Kind. Indeed, when I conſider the 'black Ingratitude of this Fellow towards you, I 'think a Highwayman, compared to him, is an in-'nocent Perſon.'

'Good Heaven!' ſays *Jones*, 'is it poſſible?—'I am ſhocked beyond Meaſure at this News. I 'thought there was not an honeſter Fellow in the 'World.——The Temptation of Such a Sum was 'too great for him to withſtand; for ſmaller Matters 'have come ſafe to me through his Hand. Indeed, 'my dear Uncle, you muſt ſuffer me to call it Weak-'neſs rather than Ingratitude; for I am convinced 'the poor Fellow loves me, and hath done me ſome 'Kindneſſes, which I can never forget; nay, I be-'lieve he hath repented of this very Act: For it is not 'above a Day or two ago, when my Affairs ſeemed 'in the moſt deſperate Situation, that he viſited me 'in my Confinement, and offered me any Money I 'wanted. Conſider, Sir, what a Temptation to a 'Man who had taſted ſuch bitter Diſtreſs, it muſt be 'to have a Sum in his Poſſeſſion, which muſt put 'him and his Family beyond any future Poſſibility 'of ſuffering the like.'

'Child,' cries *Allworthy*, 'you carry this forgiv-'ing Temper too far. Such miſtaken Mercy is not 'only Weakneſs, but borders on Injuſtice, and is ve-'ry pernicious to Society, as it encourages Vice. 'The Diſhoneſty of this Fellow I might perhaps have 'pardoned, but never his Ingratitude. And give me 'Leave to ſay, when we ſuffer any Temptation to 'atone for Diſhoneſty itſelf, we are as candid and 'merciful as we ought to be; and ſo far I confeſs I 'have gone: For I have often pitied the Fate of a 'Highwayman, when I have been on the Grand Jury;

'and have more than once applied to the Judge on 'the Behalf of ſuch as have had any mitigating Cir- 'cumſtances in their Caſe; but when Diſhoneſty is 'attended with any blacker Crime, ſuch as Cruelty, 'Murder, Ingratitude, or the like, Compaſſion and 'Forgiveneſs then become Faults. I am convinced 'the Fellow is a Villain, and he ſhall be puniſhed; 'at leaſt as far as I can puniſh him.'

This was ſpoke with ſo ſtern a Voice, that *Jones* did not think proper to make any Reply: Beſides, the Hour appointed by Mr. *Weſtern* now drew ſo near, that he had barely Time left to dreſs himſelf. Here therefore ended the preſent Dialogue, and *Jones* retired to another Room, where *Partridge* attended, according to Order, with his Cloaths.

Partridge had ſcarce ſeen his Maſter ſince the happy Diſcovery. The poor Fellow was unable either to contain or expreſs his Tranſports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almoſt as many Miſtakes while he was dreſſing *Jones*, as I have ſeen made by Herlequin in dreſſing himſelf on the Stage.

His Memory, however, was not in the leaſt deficient. He recollected now many Omens and Preſages of this happy Event, ſome of which he had remarked at the Time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the Dreams he had dreamt the Evening before his Meeting with *Jones*; and concluded with ſaying, 'I always told your Honour ſomething 'boded in my Mind, that you would one Time or 'other have it in your Power to make my Fortune.' *Jones* aſſured him, that his Boding ſhould as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other Omens had been to himſelf; which did not a little add to all the Raptures which the poor Fellow had already conceived on Account of his Maſter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII. *Approaching ſtill nearer to the End.*

JONES, being now completely dreſſed, attended his Uncle to Mr. *Weſtern*'s. He was indeed one of the fineſt Figures ever beheld, and his Perſon alone would have charmed the greater Part of Womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this Hiſtory, that Nature, when ſhe formed him, did not totally rely, as ſhe ſometimes doth, on this Merit only, to recommend her Work.

Sophia, who, angry as ſhe was, was likewiſe ſet forth to the beſt Advantage, for which I leave my female Readers to account, appeared ſo extremely beautiful, that even *Allworthy*, when he ſaw her, could not forbear whiſpering *Weſtern*, that he believed ſhe was the fineſt Creature in the World. To which *Weſtern* anſwered, in a Whiſper overheard by all preſent, 'So much the better for *Tom*;——for d—n me if 'he ſhan't ha the touſling her.' *Sophia* was all over Scarlet at theſe Words, while *Tom*'s Countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almoſt ready to ſink from his Chair.

The Tea-table was ſcarce removed, before *Weſtern* lugged *Allworthy* out of the Room, telling him, 'He had Buſineſs of Conſequence to impart, and muſt 'ſpeak to him that Inſtant in private before he for-'got it.'

The Lovers were now alone, and it will, I queſtion not, appear ſtrange to many Readers, that thoſe who had ſo much to ſay to one another when Danger and Difficulty attended their Converſation, and who ſeemed ſo eager to ruſh into each other's Arms when ſo many Bars lay in their Way, now that with Safety they were at Liberty to ſay or do whatever they pleaſed, ſhould both remain for ſome Time ſilent and motionleſs; inſomuch that a Stranger of moderate Sagacity might have well concluded they were mutu-

ally indifferent: But ſo it was, however ſtrange it may ſeem; both ſat with their Eyes caſt downwards on the Ground, and for ſome Minutes continued in perfect Silence.

Mr. *Jones*, during this Interval, attempted once or twice to ſpeak, but was abſolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather ſighing out, ſome broken Words; when *Sophia* at length, partly out of Pity to him, and partly to turn the Diſcourſe from the Subject which ſhe knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, ſaid:—

'Sure, Sir, you are the moſt fortunate Man in 'the World in this Diſcovery.' 'And can you really, Madam, think me ſo fortunate,' ſaid *Jones*, ſighing, 'while I have incurred your Diſpleaſure?' '——Nay, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'as to that you beſt know 'whether you have deſerved it.' 'Indeed, Madam,' anſwered he, 'you yourſelf are as well apprized of 'all my Demerits. Mrs. *Miller* has acquainted you 'with the whole Truth. O! my *Sophia*, am I never to hope for Forgiveneſs?'——'I think, Mr. '*Jones*,' ſaid ſhe, 'I may almoſt depend upon your 'own Juſtice, and leave it to yourſelf to paſs Sentence on your own Conduct.'—'Alas! Madam,' anſwered he, 'it is Mercy, and not Juſtice, which 'I implore at your Hands. Juſtice I know muſt condemn me—Yet not for the Letter I ſent to Lady *Bellaſton*. Of that, I moſt ſolemnly declare, you have 'had a true Account.' He then inſiſted much on the Security given him by *Nightingale* of a fair Pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their Expectations, her Ladyſhip ſhould have accepted his Offer; but confeſt, that he had been guilty of a great Indiſcretion to put ſuch a Letter as that into her Power, 'which,' ſaid he, 'I have dearly paid for, in the Effect it 'has upon you.' 'I do not, I cannot,' ſays ſhe, 'believe otherwiſe of that Letter than you would 'have me. My Conduct, I think, ſhews you clear-

'ly

'ly I do not believe there is much in that. And yet, 'Mr. *Jones*, have I not enough to reſent? After 'what paſt at *Upton*, ſo ſoon to engage in a new 'Amour with another Woman, while I fancied, 'and you pretended, your Heart was bleeding for 'me!——Indeed you have acted ſtrangely, Can 'I believe the Paſſion you have profeſt to me to 'be ſincere? Or if I can, what happineſs can I aſ-'ſure myſelf of with a Man capable of ſo much In-'conſtancy?' 'O! my *Sophia*,' cries he, 'do not 'doubt the Sincerity of the pureſt Paſſion that ever 'inflamed a human Breaſt. Think, moſt adorable 'Creature, of my unhappy Situation, of my Deſ-'pair.——Could I, my *Sophia*, have flattered my-'ſelf with the moſt diſtant Hopes of being ever per-'mitted to throw myſelf at your Feet, in the Manner 'I do now, it would not have been in the Power of 'any other Woman to have inſpired a Thought which 'the ſevereſt Chaſtity could have condemned. In-'conſtancy to you!' O *Sophia!* if you can have Good-'neſs enough to pardon what is paſt, do not let any 'cruel future Apprehenſions ſhut your Mercy againſt 'me.——No Repentance was ever more ſincere. O! 'let it reconcile me to my Heaven in this dear Bo-'ſom.' 'Sincere Repentance, Mr. *Jones*,' anſwer-ed ſhe, 'will obtain the Pardon of a Sinner, but it 'is from one who is a perfect Judge of that Sincer-'ty. A human Mind may be impoſed on; nor is 'there any infallible Method to prevent it. You 'muſt expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on 'by your Repentance to pardon you, I will at leaſt 'inſiſt on the ſtrongeſt Proof of its Sincerity.'—'O! 'name any Proof in my Power,' anſwered *Jones* eagerly. 'Time,' replied ſhe, 'Time, Mr. *Jones*, 'can alone convince me that you are a true Penitent, 'and have reſolved to abandon thoſe vicious Courſes, 'which, I ſhould deteſt you, if I imagined you capa-'ble of perſevering in.' 'Do not imagine it, cries

Jones.

Jones. 'On my Knees I entreat, I implore your 'Confidence, a Confidence which it ſhall be the Buſineſs of my Life to deſerve.' 'Let it then,' ſaid ſhe, 'be the Buſineſs of ſome Part of your Life to 'ſhew me you deſerve it. I think I have been explicit enough in aſſuring you, that when I ſee you 'merit my Confidence, you will obtain it. After 'what is paſt, Sir, can you expect I ſhould take you 'upon your Word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon my Word; 'I have a better Security, a Pledge for my Conſtancy, 'which it is impoſſible to ſee and to doubt.' 'What 'is that?' ſaid *Sophia*, a little ſurpriſed. 'I will 'ſhew you, my charming Angel,' cried *Jones*, ſeizing her Hand, and carrying her to the Glaſs; 'There, 'behold it there, in that lovely Figure, in that Face, 'that Shape, thoſe Eyes, that Mind which ſhines 'through thoſe Eyes: Can the Man who ſhall be in 'Poſſeſſion of theſe be inconſtant? Impoſſible! my 'Sophia. They would fix a *Dorimant*, a Lord *Rocheſter*. You could not doubt it, if you could ſee 'yourſelf with any Eyes but your own.' *Sophia* 'bluſhed, and half ſmiled; but forcing again her Brow 'into a Frown, 'If I am to judge,' ſaid ſhe, 'of the 'future by the paſt, my Image will no more remain 'in your Heart, when I am out of your Sight, than 'it will in this Glaſs when I am out of the Room.' 'By Heaven, by all that's ſacred,' ſaid *Jones*, 'it 'never was out of my Heart. The Delicacy of 'your Sex cannot conceive the Groſſneſs of our's, 'nor how little one Sort of Amour has to do with the 'Heart.' 'I will never marry a Man,' replied *Sophia*, very gravely, 'who ſhall not learn Refinement 'enough to be as incapable as I am myſelf of making 'ſuch a Diſtinction.' 'I will learn it,' ſaid *Jones*; 'I 'have learnt it already. The firſt Moment of Hope 'that my *Sophia* might be my Wife, taught it me at 'once; and all the reſt of her Sex from that Moment,

'became

' became as little the Objects of Deſire to my Senſe,
' as of Paſſion to my Heart.' ' Well,' ſaid *Sophia*,
' the Proof of this muſt be from Time. Your Si-
' tuation, Mr. *Jones*, is now altered, and I aſſure you
' I have great Satisfaction in the Alteration. You
' will now want no Opportunity of being near me,
' and convincing me that your Mind is altered too.'
' O! my Angel,' cries *Jones*, ' how ſhall I thank
' thy Goodneſs? And are you ſo good to own, that
' you have a Satisfaction in my Proſperity?——
' Believe me, believe me, Madam, it is you alone
' have given a Reliſh to that Proſperity, ſince I owe
' to it the dear Hope —— O! my *Sophia*, let it
' not be a diſtant one.—I will be all Obedience to
' your Commands. I will not dare to preſs any
' Thing farther than you permit me. Yet let me in-
' treat you to appoint a ſhort Trial. O! tell me,
' when I may expect you will be convinced of what
' is moſt ſolemnly true.' ' When I have gone volun-
' tarily thus far, Mr. *Jones*,' ſaid ſhe, ' I expect not
' to be preſſed. Nay, I will not.'—' O! don't look
' unkindly thus, my *Sophia*,' cries he. ' I do not,
' I dare not preſs you.—Yet permit me at leaſt once
' more to beg you would fix the Period. O! con-
' ſider the Impatience of Love.'——' A Twelve-
' month perhaps,' ſaid ſhe. —— ' O! my *Sophia*,'
cries he, ' you have named an Eternity.'——
' Perhaps it may be ſomething ſooner,' ſays ſhe, ' I
' will not be teazed. If your Paſſion for me be what
' I would have it, I think you may now be eaſy.'—
' Eaſy, *Sophia*, call not ſuch exulting Happineſs as
' mine by ſo cold a Name.——O! tranſporting
' Thought! am I not aſſured that the bleſſed Day
' will come, when I ſhall call you mine; when Fears
' ſhall be no more; when I ſhall have that dear, that
' vaſt, that exquiſite, extatic Delight of making my
' *Sophia* happy?'——' Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, ' that
' Day is in your own Power.'——' O! my dear,

' my

'my divine Angel!' cried he, 'theſe Words have 'made me mad with Joy.———But I muſt, I will 'thank thoſe dear Lips which have ſo ſweetly pro-'nounced my Bliſs.' He then caught her in his Arms, and kiſſed her with an Ardour he had never ventured before.

At this Inſtant, *Weſtern*, who had ſtood ſome Time liſtening, burſt into the Room, and with his hunting Voice and Phraſe, cry'd out, 'To her, Boy, to her, 'go to her.——That's it, little Honeys, O that's 'it. Well, what, is it all over? Hath ſhe appointed 'the Day, Boy? What, ſhall it be to-morrow or 'next Day. It ſhan't be put off a Minute longer 'than next Day, I am reſolved.' 'Let me beſeech 'you, Sir,' ſays *Jones*, 'don't let me be the Oc-'caſion'———'Beſeech mine A———,' cries *Weſtern*, 'I thought thou had'ſt been a Lad of higher 'Mettle, than to give way to a Parcel of maideniſh 'Tricks——I tell thee 'tis all Flimflam. Zoodi-'kers! ſhe'd have the Wedding to-Night with all 'her Heart. Would'ſt not, *Sophy?* Come, confeſs, 'and be an honeſt Girl for once. What, art dumb? 'Why doſt not ſpeak?' 'Why ſhould I confeſs, Sir,' ſays *Sophia*, 'ſince it ſeems you are ſo well acquainted 'with my Thoughts.'———'That's a good Girl, cries he, 'and do'ſt conſent then?' 'No indeed, Sir, ſays *Sophia*, 'I have given no ſuch Conſent.'——— 'And wunt nut ha un then to-morrow nor next 'Day?' ſays *Weſtern*.——'Indeed, Sir, ſays ſhe, 'I have no ſuch Intention.' 'But I can tell thee,' replied he, 'why haſt nut, only becauſe thou doſt 'love to be diſobedient, and to plague and vex thy 'Father.'——'Pray, Sir, ſaid *Jones* interfering. 'I tell thee, thou art a Puppy,' cries he. 'When 'I forbid her, then it was all nothing but ſighing and 'whining, and languiſhing and writing; now I am 'vor thee, ſhe is againſt thee. All the Spirit of con-'trary, that's all. She is above being guided and

'governed

'governed by her Father, that's the whole Truth 'on't. It is only to diſoblige and contradict me.' 'What would my Papa have me do?' cries *Sophia*. 'What would I have thee do?' ſays he, 'why gi 'un thy Hand this Moment.'——'Well, Sir,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'I will obey you——There is my Hand, 'Mr. *Jones*.' 'Well, and will you conſent to ha 'un to-morrow Morning?" ſays *Weſtern*.——'I 'will be obedient to you, Sir,' cries ſhe.——'Why 'then to-morrow Morning be the Day, cries he. '——Why then to-morrow Morning ſhall be the 'Day, Papa, ſince you will have it ſo,' ſays *Sophia*. *Jones* then fell upon his Knees, and kiſſed her Hand in an Agony of Joy, while *Weſtern* began to caper and dance about the Room, preſently crying out,—— 'Where the Devil is *Allworthy?* He is without now 'a-talking with that d——d Lawyer *Dowling*, when 'he ſhould be minding other Matters.' He then ſallied out in queſt of him, and very opportunely left the Lovers to enjoy a few tender Minutes alone.

But he ſoon returned with *Allworthy*, ſaying, 'If 'you won't believe me, you may aſk her yourſelf. 'Haſt nut gin thy conſent, *Sophy*, to be married to-'morrow?' 'Such are your Commands, Sir,' cries *Sophia*, 'and I dare not be guilty of Diſobedience.' 'I hope, Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, my Nephew will 'merit ſo much Goodneſs, and will be always as ſen-'ſible as myſelf of the great Honour you have done 'my Family. An Alliance with ſo charming and ſo 'excellent a young Lady would indeed be an Honour 'to the greateſt in *England*.' 'Yes,' cries *Weſtern*, 'but if I had ſuffered her to ſtand ſhill I ſhall I, 'dilly dally, you might not have had that Honour 'yet a-while; I was forced to uſe a little fatherly 'Authority to bring her to.' 'I hope not, Sir,' cries *Allworthy*. 'I hope there is not the leaſt Con-'ſtraint.' 'Why there,' cries *Weſtern*, you may 'bid her unſay all again if you will. Do'ſt repent

'heartily

'heartily of thy Promiſe, do'ſt not, *Sophy?*' Indeed, 'Papa,' cries ſhe, 'I do not repent, nor do I believe 'I ever ſhall, of any Promiſe in favour of Mr. *Jones.*' 'Then, Nephew,' cries *Allworthy*, I felicitate you 'moſt heartily; for I think you are the happieſt of 'Men. And, Madam, you will give me leave to 'congratulate you on this joyful Occaſion; indeed I 'am convinced you have beſtowed yourſelf on one 'who will be ſenſible of your great Merit, and who 'will at leaſt uſe his beſt Endeavours to deſerve it.' 'His beſt Endeavours!' cries *Weſtern*, that he will 'I warrant un.——Harkee, *Allworthy*, I'll bet thee 'five Pound to a Crown we have a Boy to-morrow 'nine Months; but prithee tell me what wut ha? 'wut ha Burgundy, Champaigne or what? for 'pleaſe *Jupiter*, we'll make a Night on't.' 'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'you muſt excuſe me; both 'my Nephew and I were engaged before I ſuſpected 'this near Approach of his Happineſs.' Engaged!' quoth the Squire, 'never tell me.——I won't part 'with thee to-night upon any Occaſion. Shalt ſup 'here, pleaſe the Lord *Harry.*' 'You muſt pardon 'me, my dear Neighbour, anſwered *Allworthy*; I 'have given a ſolemn Promiſe, and that you know I 'never break.' 'Why prithee, who art engaged 'to?' cries the Squire——*Allworthy* then informed him, as likewiſe of the Company.——'Odzookers!' anſwered the Squire, 'I will go with thee, and ſo 'ſhall *Sophy*; for I won't part with thee to-night; 'and it would be barbarous to part *Tom* and the Girl. This Offer was preſently embraced by *Allworthy*; and *Sophia* conſented, having firſt obtained a private Promiſe from her Father, that he would not mention a Syllable concerning her Marriage.

CHAP.

CHAP. *The laſt. In which the Hiſtory is concluded.*

YOUNG *Nightingale* had been that Afternoon by Appointment to wait on his Father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewiſe he met his Uncle, who was returned to Town in queſt of his new-married Daughter.

This Marriage was the luckieſt Incident which could have happened to the young Gentleman; for theſe Brothers lived in a conſtant State of Contention about the Government of their Children, both heartily deſpiſing the Method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the Offence which his own Child had committed, and to aggravate the Match of the other. This Deſire of triumphing over his Brother, added to the many Arguments which *Allworthy* had uſed, ſo ſtrongly operated on the old Gentleman, that he met his Son with a ſmiling countenance, and actually agreed to ſup with him that Evening at Mrs. *Miller*'s.

As for the other, who really loved his Daughter with the moſt immoderate Affection, there was little Difficulty in inclining him to a Reconciliation. He was no ſooner informed by his Nephew where his Daughter and her Huſband were, than he declared he would inſtantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he ſcarce ſuffered her to fall upon her Knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a Tenderneſs which affected all who ſaw him; and in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour was as well reconciled to both her and her Huſband, as if he had himſelf joined their Hands.

In this Situation were Affairs when Mr. *Allworthy* and his Company arrived to complete the Happineſs of Mrs. *Miller*, who no ſooner ſaw *Sophia*, than ſhe gueſſed every Thing that had happened; and ſo great

was

was her Friendſhip to *Jones*, that it added not a few Tranſports to thoſe ſhe felt on the Happineſs of her own Daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many Inſtances of a Number of People met together, where every one was ſo perfectly happy, as in this Company. Amongſt whom the Father of young *Nightingale* enjoyed the leaſt perfect Content; for notwithſtanding his Affection for his Son, notwithſtanding the Authority and the Arguments of *Allworthy*, together with the other Motive mentioned before, he could not ſo entirely be ſatisfied with his Son's Choice; and perhaps the Preſence of *Sophia* herſelf tended a little to aggravate and heighten his Concern, as a Thought now and then ſuggeſted itſelf, that his Son might have had that Lady, or ſome ſuch other. Not that any of the Charms, which adorned either the Perſon or Mind of *Sophia*, created the Uneaſineſs: It was the Contents of her Father's Coffers which ſet his Heart a longing. Theſe were the Charms which he could not bear to think his Son had ſacrificed to the Daughter of Mrs. *Miller*.

The Brides were both very pretty Women; but ſo totally were they eclipſed by the Beauty of *Sophia*, that had they not been two of the beſt-tempered Girls in the World, it would have raiſed ſome Envy in their Breaſts; for neither of their Huſbands could long keep his Eyes from *Sophia*, who ſat at the Table like a Queen receiving Homage, or rather like a ſuperior Being receiving Adoration from all around her. But it was an Adoration which they gave, not which ſhe exacted: For ſhe was as much diſtinguiſhed by her Modeſty and Affability, as by all her other Perfections.

The Evening was ſpent in much true Mirth. All were happy, but thoſe the moſt, who had been moſt unhappy before. Their former Sufferings and Fears gave ſuch a Reliſh to their Felicity, as even Love and Fortune in their fulleſt Flow could not have given without

cut the Advantage of ſuch a Compariſon. Yet as great Joy, eſpecially after a ſudden Change and Revolution of Circumſtances, is apt to be ſilent, and dwells rather in the Heart than on the Tongue, *Jones* and *Sophia* appeared the leaſt merry of the whole Company. Which *Weſtern* obſerved with great Impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'ſt not 'talk, Boy! Why doſt look ſo grave! Haſt loſt thy 'Tongue, Girl! Drink another Glaſs of Wine, ſha't 'drink another Glaſs.' And the more to enliven her, he would ſometimes ſing a merry Song, which bore ſome Relation to Matrimony, and the Loſs of a Maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded ſo far on that Topic, as to have driven her out of the Room, if Mr. *Allworthy* had not checkt him ſometimes by Looks, and once or twice by a *Fie*, Mr. *Weſtern*. He began indeed once to debate the Matter, and aſſert his Right to talk to his own Daughter as he thought fit: but as no Body ſeconded him, he was ſoon reduced to Order.

Notwithſtanding this little Reſtraint, he was ſo pleaſed with the Chearfulneſs and good-Humour of the Company, that he inſiſted on their meeting the next Day at his Lodgings. They all did ſo; and the lovely *Sophia*, who was now in private become a Bride too, officiated as the Miſtreſs of the Ceremonies, or, in the polite Phraſe, did the Honours of the Table. She had that Morning given her Hand to *Jones*, in the Chapel at *Doctors Commons*, where Mr. *Allworthy*, Mr. *Weſtern*, and Mrs. *Miller* were the only Perſons preſent.

Sophia had earneſtly deſired her Father, that no others of the Company, who were that Day to dine with him, ſhould be acquainted with her Marriage. The ſame Secrecy was enjoined to Mrs. *Miller*, and *Jones* undertook for *Allworthy*. This ſomewhat reconciled the Delicacy of *Sophia* to the public Entertainment, which, in Compliance with her Father's Will,

Will, ſhe was obliged to go to, greatly againſt her own Inclinations. In Confidence of this Secrecy, ſhe went through the Day pretty well, till the Squire, who was now advanced into the ſecond Bottle, could contain his Joy no longer, but filling out a Bumper, drank a Health to the Bride. The Health was immediately pledged by all preſent, to the great Confuſion of our poor bluſhing *Sophia*, and the great Concern of *Jones* upon her Account. To ſay Truth, there was not a Perſon preſent made wiſer by this Diſcovery; for Mrs. *Miller* had whiſpered it to her Daughter, her Daughter to her Huſband, her Huſband to his Siſter, and ſhe to all the reſt.

Sophia now took the firſt Opportunity of withdrawing with the Ladies, and the Squire ſat in to his Cups, in which he was, by Degrees, deſerted by all the Company, except the Uncle of young *Nightingale*, who loved his Bottle as well as *Weſtern* himſelf. Theſe two therefore ſat ſtoutly to it, during the whole Evening, and long after that happy Hour which had ſurrendered the charming *Sophia* to the eager Arms of her enraptured *Jones*.

Thus, Reader, we have at length brought our Hiſtory to a Concluſion, in which, to our great Pleaſure, though contrary perhaps to thy Expectation, Mr. *Jones* appears to be the happieſt of all human Kind: For what Happineſs this World affords, equal to the Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Woman as *Sophia*, I ſincerely own I have never yet diſcovered.

As to the other Perſons who have made any conſiderable Figure in this Hiſtory, as ſome may deſire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed in as few Words as poſſible to ſatisfy their Curioſity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to ſee *Blifil*; but he hath yielded to the Importunity of *Jones*, backed by *Sophia*, to ſettle 200*l.* a Year upon him; to which *Jones* hath privately added a third. Upon this Income he lives in one of the northern Counties, about

about 200 Miles diſtant from *London*, and lays up 200 *l.* a Year out of it, in order to purchaſe a Seat in the next Parliament for a neighbouring Borough, which he has bargained for with an Attorney there. He is alſo lately turned Methodiſt, in Hopes of marrying a very rich Widow of that Sect, whoſe Eſtate lies in that Part of the Kingdom.

Square died ſoon after he wrote the before-mentioned Letter; and as to *Thwackum*, he continues at his Vicarage. He hath made many fruitleſs Attempts to regain the Confidence of *Allworthy*, or to ingratiate himſelf with *Jones*, both of whom he flatters to their Faces, and abuſes behind their Backs. But in his ſtead Mr. *Allworthy* hath lately taken Mr. *Abraham Adams* into his Houſe, of whom *Sophia* is grown immoderately fond, and declares he ſhall have the Tuition of her Children.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* is ſeparated from her Huſband, and retains the little Remains of her Fortune. She lives in Reputation at the polite End of the Town, and is ſo good an Oeconomiſt, that ſhe ſpends three Times the Income of her Fortune, without running in Debt. She maintains a perfect Intimacy with the Lady of the *Iriſh* Peer; and in Acts of Friendſhip to her, repays all the Obligations ſhe owes to her Huſband.

Mrs. *Weſtern* was ſoon reconciled to her Niece *Sophia*, and hath ſpent two Months together with her in the Country. Lady *Bellaſton* made the latter a formal Viſit at her Return to Town, where ſhe behaved to *Jones*, as to a perfect Stranger, and with great Civility, wiſhed him Joy on his Marriage.

Mr. *Nightingale* hath purchaſed an Eſtate for his Son in the Neighbourhood of *Jones*, where the young Gentleman, his Lady, Mrs. *Miller*, and her little Daughter reſide, and the moſt agreeable Intercourſe ſubſiſts between the two Families.

As to thoſe of lower Account, Mrs. *Waters* returned into the Country, had a Penſion of 60 *l.* a Year

Year ſettled upon her by Mr. *Allworthy*, and is married to Parſon *Supple*, on whom, at the Inſtance of *Sophia*, *Weſtern* hath beſtowed a conſiderable Living.

Black George hearing the Diſcovery that had been made, ran away, and was never ſince heard of; and *Jones* beſtowed the Money on his Family; but not in equal Proportions, for *Molly* had much the greateſt Share.

As for *Partridge*, *Jones* hath ſettled 50*l.* a Year on him; and he hath again ſet up a School, in which he meets with much better Encouragement than formerly; and there is now a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between him and Miſs *Molly Seagrim*, which, through the Mediation of *Sophia*, is likely to take Effect.

We now return to take Leave of Mr. *Jones* and *Sophia*, who, within two Days after their Marriage, attended Mr. *Weſtern* and Mr. *Allworthy* into the Country. *Weſtern* hath reſigned his Family-Seat, and the greater Part of his Eſtate to his Son-in-law, and hath retired to a leſſer Houſe of his, in another Part of the Country, which is better for Hunting. Indeed he is often as a Viſitant with Mr. *Jones*, who, as well as his Daughter, hath an infinite Delight in doing every Thing in their Power to pleaſe him. And this Deſire of their's is attended with ſuch Succeſs, that the old Gentleman declares he was never happy in his Life till now. He hath here a Parlour and Antichamber to himſelf, where he gets drunk with whom he pleaſes, and his Daughter is ſtill as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he deſires it; for *Jones* hath aſſured her, that as next to pleaſing her, one of his higheſt Satisfactions is to contribute to the Happineſs of the old Man; ſo the great Duty which ſhe expreſſes and performs to her Father, renders her almoſt equally dear to him, with the Love which ſhe beſtows on himſelf.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine Children, a Boy and a Girl, of whom the old Gentleman

is

is ſo fond, that he ſpends much of his Time in the Nurſery, where he declares the Tattling of his little Grand-Daughter, who is above a Year and half old, is ſweeter Muſic than the fineſt Cry of Dogs in *England*.

Allworthy was likewiſe greatly liberal to *Jones* on the Marriage, and hath omitted no Inſtance of ſhewing his Affection to him and his Lady, who love him as a Father. Whatever in the Nature of *Jones* had a Tendency to Vice, has been corrected by continual Converſation with this good Man, and by his Union with the lovely and virtuous *Sophia*. He has alſo, by Reflection on his paſt Follies, acquired a Diſcretion and Prudence very uncommon in one of his lively Parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier Man and Woman than this fond Couple, ſo neither can any be imagined more happy. They preſerve the pureſt and tendereſt Affection for each other, an Affection daily encreaſed and confirmed by mutual Endearments and mutual Eſteem. Nor is their Conduct towards their Relations and Friends leſs amiable, than towards one another. And ſuch is their Condeſcenſion, their Indulgence, and their Beneficence to thoſe below them, that there is not a Neighbour, a Tenant, or a Servant, who doth not moſt gratefully bleſs the Day when Mr. *Jones* was married to his *Sophia*.

F I N I S.